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No. CCXCVII.

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- ART. I.—1. *Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation.* In 2 vols. Sixth Edition, carefully revised. Part III. London: 1875.
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3. *St. John the Author of the Fourth Gospel.* By CHRISTOPH ERNST LUTHARDT, Professor of Theology at Leipzig, &c. &c. Revised, Translated, and the Literature much enlarged by CASPAR RENÉ GREGORY, Leipzig. Edinburgh: 1875.
4. *Historisch-Kritische Einleitung in das Neue Testament.* Von Dr. ADOLF HILGENFELD, Professor der Theologie in Jena. Leipzig: 1875.

THE inquiry into the origin of the fourth Gospel, which has been recently revived by the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' presents many points of interest to the general reader as well as to the theological student. It may, at first sight, seem strange that so fierce a battle should be fought over a book the pervading spirit of which is aptly represented in the traditional saying of its reputed author, 'Little children, love one another.' But the surprise thus awakened is speedily dispelled when we take a comprehensive survey of the issues which are involved in the determination of the present controversy. It is, in every respect, undesirable that the importance of those issues should be unduly magnified. Christianity existed as an historical fact, amply attested by credible witnesses, long before the earliest date which has been assigned to the com-



position of the fourth Gospel; and Christianity would still repose on the same unshaken foundation if that Gospel could be proved to have been written—not by an eye-witness of the events which are recorded in it, but—by some unknown author, in the middle, or the latter end, of the second century. On the other hand, it will be admitted by the apologists of Christianity—as it is eagerly urged by its assailants—that there is a sense in which the genuineness of the fourth Gospel is justly regarded as an *articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ*. If it may be affirmed with truth respecting St. Augustine that he moulded for many centuries the creed of Western Christendom, it may be said with yet greater truth of the writer of the fourth Gospel that he has moulded the outward form of Christianity itself; the theology of that Gospel being stamped on the teaching of the earliest ecclesiastical writers, both orthodox and heterodox, and its doctrinal statements having furnished materials alike for the assaults which have been directed against Christianity, and for the apologies which have been made on its behalf, from the middle of the second century down to the present time.

It is true, indeed, that the fourth Gospel, so far from introducing into the Church any new teaching concerning Christ or Christianity, does but reaffirm that which had been taught ‘from the beginning,’ and which is embodied in the three earlier, commonly known as the Synoptic Gospels, and in the Epistles of St. Paul. It is equally true, however, that the negative criticism of our own times has discovered methods of disparaging the contents of those writings which are inapplicable to the fourth Gospel; and, consequently, that this Gospel has been found to present the most insuperable obstacle in the way of modern unbelief. With a view to the removal of this obstacle, the author of ‘Supernatural Religion’ has exerted his utmost efforts and ingenuity to disparage both the external and internal evidence which attest the genuineness of this Gospel. We shall deal very briefly with the former of these topics, (1) because the external evidence in favour of the fourth Gospel—even as it has been exhibited by the author of ‘Supernatural Religion’—is too strong to be shaken by his attempts to invalidate it; and (2) because Professor Lightfoot, in a series of articles of unrivalled learning and ability, recently contributed to the ‘Contemporary Review,’ has not only proved the incapacity of the writer of that book to deal with the subject which he has taken in hand, but has clearly exposed the fallacy of his statements, and supplied conclusive answers to the strongest of his objections.

We are content, so far as concerns our present purpose, to accept the date assigned by the author of 'Supernatural Religion' to the first three books of the great work of Irenæus against Heresies, viz. 190 A.D. Within the space of one hundred years, then, after the composition of the fourth Gospel, as we allege, and almost immediately upon its first publication, according to the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' we find Irenæus not only appealing to the four Gospels as the unquestioned and universally accepted depositories of the earliest Christian traditions, and ascribing each Gospel to the author whose name it now bears, but also assigning reasons—and the more fanciful these reasons may be deemed, the stronger becomes the evidence which they afford for our present purpose—why there must be four Gospels, and only four, in which the original records of the Evangelical history were contained. Now, independently of the time at which he wrote, there are reasons which impart peculiar weight to the testimony of Irenæus on this subject. He is supposed to have been born at Smyrna, the seat of a church to which one of the Epistles contained in the Apocalypse was addressed, and in the vicinity of which the fourth Gospel is said to have been composed. And further, when Irenæus wrote his book on Heresies, he was no recent convert to Christianity. He had been brought up from his infancy in the Christian faith. He had had as his teacher Polycarp, himself the disciple of St. John; and he relates how Polycarp used to speak of the sayings of those who had been 'eye-witnesses of the word of life.' The following quotation will sufficiently elucidate the general nature of the testimony of Irenæus both to the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel, and also to the identity of that Gospel in the form in which we now possess it with that from which Irenæus quotes:—

'And moreover John, the disciple of our Lord, by their teaching (i.e. the teaching of the Gnostics) indicated the first ogload, these being their very words: "John the disciple of the Lord, meaning to 'speak of the generation of all things, wherein the Father produced them all, supposes a beginning, the first thing begotten of God; the 'same whom he called both the only begotten Son, and God in 'whom the Father produced all as from seed. . . . And thus he 'speaks: *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with 'God, and the Word was God; He was in the beginning with God. ' . . . All things were made by Him, and without Him was not any 'thing made: that is to all Æons after him the Word was the Cause 'of Form and Birth.*" . . . And he adds, *and the Life was the light of man.*'\*

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\* Library of the Fathers. St. Irenæus, pp. 27, 28. Oxford, 1872.

After further reference to the first chapter of the fourth Gospel, and the quotation of the fourteenth verse of that chapter at length, Irenæus observes, in regard to the use made by the early Gnostics of this Gospel, 'Thou seest, dearly 'beloved, their craft, which they that use deceive themselves, 'dealing rudely with the Scriptures.'\*

It will be observed here that Irenæus who, as a native of the East and a bishop of one of the most flourishing Churches of the West, may be regarded as expressing the common faith or both, refers to the fourth Gospel in terms which leave no room for doubt that he possessed the same Gospel which we now possess, and that he regarded that Gospel as the genuine production of St. John. Nor is this all. Irenæus expressly ascribes to the disciples of Valentinus, whose errors it was his object to expose, the same belief which he himself held respecting the fourth Gospel. We may reasonably assume that the opinions of the disciples of Valentinus were, in the main, in accordance with those of their master. This inference, as regards the fourth Gospel, is confirmed by two considerations: (1) We have the express testimony of Clemens Alexandrinus to the fact that Valentinus professed to use the whole 'instrument;' i.e. to accept the whole Evangelic teaching; and (2) The general resemblance between his system and the Logos doctrine of the fourth Gospel is so fully admitted on all hands that it has even been alleged by its opponents that its author borrowed from the writings of Valentinus.† It is not unfair, then, to assume that the acceptance of the fourth Gospel by the followers of Valentinus affords presumptive evidence of its acceptance by their teacher; ‡ and, inasmuch as Valentinus flourished before the middle of the second century, we are thus brought within a generation of the lifetime of St. John himself.

\* Library of the Fathers. St. Irenæus, p. 29. Oxford, 1872.

† It will suffice to refer by way of illustration to the fact, that two of the constituents of the *ogdoad* of Valentinus are the *Word* and the *Life*.

‡ For further evidence on this point the reader is referred to the able and learned work of the late Dean Mansel, entitled 'Gnostic 'Heresies,' pp. 176-178. The unfairness of Baur's arguments, in dealing with the testimony of Irenæus, is here exposed, as is also the fallacy of his conclusions. The writer, however, observes that the testimony of Valentinus to the fourth Gospel is no longer needed, inasmuch as in the work of Hippolytus against heresies, written at latest during the reign of Hadrian, we have a direct quotation from that Gospel as made by Basilides. (Ibid. p. 148.)

Again, in the writings of Justin Martyr, which belong to the former half of the second century, we have another link connecting the age of Irenæus with that of the disciples of the Apostles themselves. Justin Martyr was of Greek descent, but his family had been long settled in Flavia Neapolis, near the site of the ancient Sichem. During his earlier years he addicted himself to the study of various forms of Greek philosophy, but having become persuaded of the truth of Christianity, he devoted himself to the propagation of that faith which he had found to be alone 'sure and suited to the wants of man.'

When we consider the general scope and design of Justin's writings, coupled with the facts that the two Apologies were addressed to heathens, and that the dialogue was held with a Jew, we shall be prepared to find—as is actually the case—that the allusions to incidents recorded by the Synoptists are of much more frequent occurrence than to those which are recorded only in the fourth Gospel. We think, however, notwithstanding the confident denial of the author of 'Super-natural Religion,' that we shall be able to show that the allusions to the fourth Gospel are sufficiently clear and explicit to warrant the conclusions (1) that this Gospel was known to Justin; and (2) that it was acknowledged by him as an authentic record of the Evangelic history. We shall not now insist, though we fairly might do so, upon the source from which Justin obtained his account of the miracle of healing wrought upon the man who was born blind, of our Lord's retort on the Jews who accused Him of breaking the Sabbath, or, once more, his doctrine of the Incarnate Logos as propounded so fully in the dialogue with Trypho. We shall restrict our examination to one single passage, in which the allusion to the fourth Gospel appears to us too palpable to admit of reasonable doubt. It occurs in the ninety-fourth chapter of the dialogue with Trypho, and it is as follows: 'Yet He Himself (i.e. God) 'in the desert caused a brazen serpent to be made by the same 'Moses, and set up as a sign by which they who had been bitten 'by the serpents were healed . . . for by this He taught a 'mystery, signifying thereby that He would destroy the power 'of the serpent . . . and proclaim to those who believe on Him 'who was typified by this sign (that is on Him who was crucified), salvation from the wounds of the serpent.'\*

This passage should be compared with one in the first Apology (c. 60) in which Justin, giving a somewhat free account of the same incident, states that Moses took brass and

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\* Library of the Fathers. Justin Martyr, p. 191. Oxford, 1861.

formed it into the shape of a cross; and said to the people, 'If you look upon that figure, and believe (πιστεύετε), you 'shall be saved in (or by).it.'

It is easy to assert that Justin's allusion is solely to Numbers xxi., and that there is no proof of his acquaintance with the account which the fourth Gospel contains of our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus. We think, however, that those who, without strong prepossession, will take the trouble to compare Justin's language with that of our Lord as recorded in St. John iii. 14-18, more especially the πιστεύετε and the τοῖς πιστεύουσιν of the one, with the πᾶς ὁ πιστεύων \* of the other; and again, the σωτηρίαν, the ἐσώζοντο and the ἐν αὐτῷ σωθήσεσθε of the one, with the ἵνα σωθῇ δι' αὐτοῦ † of the other, will scarcely fail to arrive at a different conclusion from that which has been reached by the author of 'Supernatural Religion.' ‡

In regard to other ecclesiastical writers of the second century the following observations must suffice:—

(1.) A passage assigned on good evidence to Melito of Sardis (about 170 A.D.) refers to the miracles wrought by our Lord during the *three* years after His baptism. It can hardly admit of doubt that the period here assigned to the duration of our Lord's ministry rests upon the three Passovers of the fourth Gospel.

(2.) We find in a passage assigned to Claudius Apollinaris, the contemporary of Melito, an allusion to the piercing of our Lord's side, and to the water and blood which proceeded from it; and, in another passage by the same writer, there is an allusion to the apparent discrepancy in the Gospels as to the day of the Passion. The allusions in these passages to the fourth Gospel are too apparent to admit of question.

(3.) In a fragment assigned by Eusebius to Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus (about 190 A.D.), there is a reference to St. John as the disciple who 'lay on the Lord's bosom.'

Concerning these and other testimonies of a yet earlier date to the existence and reception of the fourth Gospel, Professor Lightfoot writes thus:—

'In every one of the writers, from Polycarp and Papias to Polycrates, we have observed phenomena which bear witness directly or indirectly, and with different degrees of distinctness, to its recognition.

\* iii. 15.

† iii. 17.

‡ The perversion of our Lord's language to Nicodemus by the Peratics or Peratæ of Hippolytus, one of the Ophite sects, affords additional evidence of the reception of the fourth Gospel before the middle of the second century. See Bunsen's 'Hippolytus,' vol. i. pp. 36-38, and Dean Mansel's 'Gnostic Heresies,' p. 99.

It is quite possible for critical ingenuity to find a reason for discrediting each instance in turn. An objector may urge in one case, that the writing itself is a forgery; in a second, that the particular passage is an interpolation; in a third, that the supposed quotation is the original, and the language of the Evangelist the copy; in a fourth, that the incident or saying was not deduced from this Gospel, but from some apocryphal work containing a parallel narrative. By a sufficient number of assumptions, which lie beyond the range of verification, the evidence may be set aside. But the early existence and recognition of the fourth Gospel is the one simple postulate which explains all the facts.'

But before we proceed to consider the nature and strength of the positive evidence which the fourth Gospel affords that it was written by an eye-witness, or the nature and force of the objections upon which alone the genuineness of any writing in favour of which so much of direct evidence may be adduced can be disputed, we shall do well to advert to the comparative merits of the two theories respecting the composition of the fourth Gospel between which we are summoned to decide.

Assuming the date commonly assigned by orthodox writers to the fourth Gospel, i.e. the close of the first century, we have no external hostile evidence which deserves the name, whether direct or indirect, to encounter. We have simply to account for the real or, as we maintain, the imaginary absence of any direct evidence in its favour for a period of about eighty years. This period, it must be remembered, was singularly barren in theological works, and indeed in literature of any description; a period of which the writings most likely to refer directly to the fourth Gospel have, in part or in whole, perished; whilst the absence of specific allusions in those which remain is, in some cases, accounted for by the general design of the writers, or may be adduced, as Professor Lightfoot has conclusively proved, as positive evidence in favour of the genuineness of the fourth Gospel.\*

On the other hand, if the date assigned by the author of 'Supernatural Religion' to the fourth Gospel, i.e. the last quarter of the second century, be accepted, we have to account

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\* It is well known that we are indebted to Eusebius for a large portion of the literary remains of this period. Now the object of Eusebius was to adduce evidence in favour of those books only the canonical authority of which was called in question. It follows, then, that the absence of specific allusions to the fourth Gospel in the citations made by Eusebius from the early ecclesiastical writers—so far from affording presumptive evidence, as the author of 'Supernatural Religion' urges, against its genuineness—proves only that its authority was not disputed.

for the fact that a work professing to be the production of one who had been an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes, overleapt at one bound those obstacles which our author justly supposes to have delayed the general circulation and reception of other productions of the same period, and was simultaneously received, both in the East and in the West, as the undoubted production of that disciple whose name and whose authority its writer had assumed. We think it will not be denied—even in the absence of all direct evidence in support of the genuineness of the fourth Gospel—that the latter of these two theories must either be sustained by arguments of no ordinary strength, or that it must rely for its reception on such dogmatic prepossessions as no conflicting evidence would be likely to overcome. Here then we must pause to notice the manner in which our author attempts to dispose, by way of anticipation, of the great, and, as we think, insuperable difficulty which he has to encounter. He writes thus :—

‘It is constantly asserted that the minuteness of the details in the fourth Gospel indicates that it must have been written by one who was present at the scenes he records. With regard to this point we need only generally remark, that in the works of imagination of which the world is full, and the singular realism of many of which is recognised by all, we have the most minute and natural details of scenes which never occurred, and of conversations which never took place, the actors in which never actually existed. . . . Details of scenes at which we were not present may be admirably supplied by imagination; and as we cannot compare what is here described as taking place with what actually took place, the argument that the author must have been an eye-witness because he gives such details is without validity. Moreover, the details of the fourth Gospel in many cases do not agree with those of the three Synoptics, and it is an undoubted fact that the author of the fourth Gospel gives the details of scenes at which the Apostle John was not present, and reports the discourses and conversations on such occasions, with the very same minuteness as those at which he is said to have been present; as for instance the interview between Jesus and the woman of Samaria. It is perfectly undeniable that the writer had other Gospels before him when he composed his work, and that he made use of other materials than his own.’\*

We readily admit the truth of the assertion that ‘the world is full of works of imagination;’ and we cannot refrain from an expression of regret that our author has deemed it necessary to add to their number. But had he paused to reflect for a single moment upon the impassable gulf which separates works of imagination composed in modern times

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\* Vol. ii. pp. 444, 445.

from works of imagination composed in the second century, he would surely have avoided the literary anachronism—we had almost said the palpable absurdity—which is involved in the supposition that there is any proper analogy between the two.

He asserts, indeed, with justice in respect to those books which are confessedly works of imagination, that no comparison can be drawn between what is described as taking place with what has actually taken place; and he infers, with equal reason, that by reason of the absence of this restraint, the writer has free scope for his imagination. But he has here overlooked the essential distinction which exists between a work which professes to be a history, and a work which professes to be a fiction; or—to state the case in the manner most favourable to our opponent's argument—between a work which purports to be a history of events of which no other records exist (as e.g. Psalmanazar's so-called 'History of the Island of Formosa'), and one which purports to record events of which other histories were in existence at the time of its composition, and of which other histories are still in existence at the present day.

The author alleges, indeed, that it is just here that the evidence in favour of the genuineness of the fourth Gospel fails, inasmuch as its details do not agree with the Synoptic Gospels. We shall have occasion to examine the manner in which he attempts to support this assertion hereafter; and we hope to show not only that he fails to establish his position, but further, that the evidence which he has adduced is, in some important particulars, directly subversive of the conclusion which he desires to establish. For the present, however, we are content to admit *absolutely* a fundamental difference, in conception and in execution, between the Synoptic Gospels and the fourth Gospel, and, *hypothetically*, the existence of certain positive discrepancies between them; and we think that these admissions—so far from militating against the genuineness of the fourth Gospel—will be found strongly corroborative of it.

The writer of 'Supernatural Religion' has cautiously abstained—so far as we are aware—from committing himself to any positive opinion respecting the identity of the three Synoptic Gospels which we now possess with those 'other gospels' which the writer of the fourth Gospel had 'before him when he composed his work.' We are content to give him the benefit of either hypothesis. If the writer of the fourth Gospel had not the Synoptic Gospels before him when he composed his own, then—inasmuch as no one will maintain the dependence of those Gospels upon the fourth Gospel—we submit that not only the substantial harmony, but also the striking coincidences,



which exist between them, are so much more remarkable than the alleged discrepancies, that it is far more difficult, upon our author's hypothesis, to account for the agreement, than it is, upon our own hypothesis, to account for the diversity.

We must now, however, contemplate the other alternative, viz. that the writer of the fourth Gospel had the Synoptic Gospels before him when he composed his own. We have already observed that the author of 'Supernatural Religion' does not formally commit himself to this position. He has however, with a view to dispute the originality of the fourth Gospel, alleged what few, we think, will be anxious to deny, viz. that the writer of the fourth Gospel 'had other Gospels before him 'when he composed his work;' and we think that the readers of 'Supernatural Religion' will have little difficulty in arriving at the conclusion—even upon the evidence adduced in that work—that the early Gospels to which the writer alludes were either identical with our present Synoptic Gospels, or substantially in accordance with them. Now, if this identity or substantial agreement be conceded, we submit that in precisely the same degree in which the fourth Gospel differs from, or, as our author alleges, is inconsistent with the other three, in that same proportion does it become incredible that the fourth Gospel should be a production of the later portion of the second century, or, indeed, any other than an original document.

Our position may be illustrated in the following manner:—Lord Macaulay wrote his 'History of England' at about the same interval after the death of King William III. as that which, as it is now alleged, separated the author of the fourth Gospel from the Crucifixion. Could that accomplished writer have composed, under the assumed character of an intimate friend and companion of the King, a book, such as Bishop Burnet's 'Memoirs,' which would have been accepted as the genuine production of a contemporary writer? Or—to take another illustration—could the ablest writer of fiction at the present day produce such a supplementary sketch of the life and times of Johnson as would be received as the work of a second Boswell? If the reply to these inquiries be in the negative, though the writers be supposed to have availed themselves of all existing materials, and to have accommodated their style and terminology to those of their respective models, how much more improbable is it that a forgery—such as the fourth Gospel is now represented to be—should have imposed alike upon the Jewish and the Christian contemporaries of the writer, whilst not only differing in its entire conception from all existing memoirs of its subject, but abounding—as it is

alleged—with errors in regard to places and customs, such as no Jew could have committed, and betraying throughout its Grecian origin and its anti-Jewish prejudices?

Our readers will not need to be informed that we are very far from admitting the existence of those numerous and serious discrepancies between the fourth Gospel and the Synoptic Gospels, which our author has diligently collected from various sources, and which, as we shall have occasion to observe, he has unsuccessfully attempted to magnify. Our present concern is only to show that in exact proportion to his success in this portion of his undertaking, he has furnished strong presumptive evidence—we had almost said conclusive proof—of the fallacy of his main proposition. It is so obvious, that we should have imagined it could hardly have escaped the observation of the author of ‘*Supernatural Religion*,’ that had the fourth Gospel been the invention of the age to which he assigns it, it would infallibly have presented literary characteristics precisely the opposite of those which our author has ascribed to it. The great outline of the evangelic history, as it is presented in the narratives of the Synoptic Gospels, was, at the period in question, so widely circulated and so generally received, that a literary forger, in order to procure currency for his work, would have been constrained to construct it upon the lines already laid down; in other words, he would have avoided those discrepancies, whether real or only apparent, which the impugnors of the fourth Gospel, with shortsighted policy, have brought so prominently into view.

For our own part we believe that whilst a large number of these alleged discrepancies, when carefully examined, will be found to be really so many points of coincidence, the more valuable because undesigned, between the earlier and the later narratives, the real and universally admitted differences between the Synoptic Gospels and the fourth Gospel owe their origin to the difference of time, and of circumstances under which they were composed, and to the different objects contemplated in their respective composition. But, whether capable of reconciliation or not, we maintain that these discrepancies afford strong presumptive evidence in favour of the genuineness and the authenticity of the fourth Gospel—evidence, the strength of which bears a direct proportion to the number and to the magnitude of the discrepancies themselves. Had these discrepancies been detected exclusively or even chiefly in minute points—points in which a forger might, and would, inadvertently have betrayed himself, they might reasonably have been adduced in support of an adverse conclusion. But

a large proportion of the discrepancies between the fourth Gospel and the Synoptic Gospels are, alike by its impugnors and by its apologists, admitted to be of an essentially different kind. They are not so much indeed discrepancies in the proper sense of the word, as fundamental differences which are apparent even to the most superficial observer. They are differences such as no forger of a later period was likely to invent, and which none but an eye-witness, and one who knew that his work would be received as that of an eye-witness, would have ventured to introduce.

It would obviously be impracticable, within the limits of an article like the present, to adduce at length the internal evidence of originality which pervades the fourth Gospel. The necessity for such an undertaking, moreover, has been, to a great extent, superseded by the able work of Mr. Sanday, to which, notwithstanding certain points of difference between his conclusions and our own, we hold ourselves greatly indebted.\* Inasmuch, however, as the question before us is one which must be decided in great measure by the weight of internal evidence, we think we should not do justice either to our subject or to our readers, were we to omit to lay before them so much of the evidence on which we rely as will enable them to form some estimate of its general character. Premising only that such evidence is, in its very nature, independent and cumulative, we proceed to examine certain portions of the first and second chapters of the fourth Gospel with a view to elicit some of the indications which they afford that the writer was an eye-witness of the facts which he has recorded.

We will refer first to the scene, so graphically delineated in the first chapter, of the call—as we will venture to assume—of the writer himself:—

‘Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples; And looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God! And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi (which is to say, being interpreted, Master), where dwellest thou? He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour. One of the two which heard John *speak*, and followed him, was Andrew. Simon Peter’s brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him,

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\* The Authorship and Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel considered in reference to the Contents of the Gospel itself. A Critical Essay, by William Sanday, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Macmillan & Co. 1872.

We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone.' (Chap. i. 35-43.)

Now here we observe first, that the day and the hour of the occurrence are minutely marked. It was the day which followed the testimony of John the Baptist to Christ; it was two days after the mission of the priests and Levites from Jerusalem who came to inquire into the claims of John; and it was the tenth hour of the day, i. e. (if the Evangelist followed the Jewish computation), two hours before sunset. (2) We find the position of the two principal actors in the scene minutely described, the one standing, the other walking. John, looking upon Christ, directs the attention of his two disciples to Him; and the exact words which he utters—the same as those which he had employed the preceding day—are recorded. (3) The act of the two disciples consequent upon the words of John, and that of Christ, as He turned, and saw, and addressed them, are described in words so simple, so natural, and yet so precise that the whole picture becomes at once present to the eye. (4) The inquiry of our Lord, which is met, not by a direct answer, but by another question—so natural if we are reading a real narrative, so unlike an artificial scene—and that of the disciples, as well as the following invitation of Christ, are all expressed in the direct, not in the oblique form,—‘What seek ye?’ ‘Where dwellest thou?’ ‘Come and see.’ (5) The Hebrew appellation *Rabbi*, an appellation perfectly natural at that time, but one which had only just grown into use amongst the Jews,\* is as naturally interpreted for the benefit of those who were not acquainted with the Hebrew language.

The same minuteness of detail characterises also the account which follows of Nathanael's introduction to Christ, terminating with that double *Amen* (‘Verily, Verily’) which a Greek forger of the second century would have been unlikely to introduce, and with that significant allusion to Jacob's ladder which such a writer would have been as unlikely to invent. Each particular in the narrative is stamped with the impress of truth. Thus e.g. it may be inferred from chap. i. 50, that the fig-tree was already in leaf when Nathanael was seen under it. This precisely accords with chap. ii. 12, where the feast of the Passover is assigned to a date very shortly subsequent to the call of Nathanael. The coincidence is too minute to admit of the supposition that it was designed.

Again, the account of the miracle wrought at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee is, in many respects, strongly corroborative of the genuineness of the fourth Gospel. The position of the miracle at the beginning of our Lord's ministry, before those dark shadows had fallen which obscured its close, is in itself suggestive rather of a genuine narrative than of a late invention. The geographical objection raised by Schenkel is founded on the erroneous supposition that the 'Bethany beyond Jordan where John was baptising' was in the neighbourhood of Jericho, and consequently that our Lord must have traversed a distance of about ninety miles within one, or at most two days. The identification of Tell Anihje (the Arabs often substitute *Tell*, hill, for the ancient *Beth*, house) with Beth Anihje, or Bethania, not only removes the whole of the alleged difficulty but affords strong evidence of the minute accuracy of the incidents recorded in the first and second chapters.\* On the day following that of the writer's introduction to the Lord, as we suggest, 'Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip.'† Philip, we are told, in verse 44 (and again incidentally, chap. xii. 21), was of the city of Bethsaida.‡ Now had our Lord come direct from Bethania to Cana in one day, He would have had to traverse a distance of about twenty-one miles, but had He gone round the head of the lake to Bethsaida on the day in which He found Philip, and from thence on the third day to Cana, He would have travelled, on the latter day, about fifteen miles, and might easily have arrived at Cana in time for a feast which was ordinarily celebrated in the evening. The fact recorded in chap. ii. v. 1, that the 'Mother of Jesus was there,' accords precisely with the statements of the Synoptists respecting the

\* The grounds upon which this identification rests are stated by Dr. Caspari with much clearness and cogency. (See 'Chronological Introduction to the Life of Christ,' pp. 92, 93, 112. T. and T. Clark. Edin. 1876.)

† i. 43.

‡ It deserves notice that Nathanael, who was called at the same time as Philip, is *elsewhere* said to have belonged to the city of Cana (xxi. 2). This accounts for his acquaintance with the general reputation in which the neighbouring city of Nazareth was held (v. 46), and possibly may afford an explanation of the fact recorded in ii. 2, that not only our Lord but also His disciples, who had been so recently called, were invited to attend the marriage feast in the city of Cana. If 'the mother of Zebedee's children' (St. Matt. xxvii. 56) be rightly identified with the 'mother's sister' of our Lord (St. John xix. 25), we have a sufficient explanation of the presence of St. John on this occasion.

abode of Joseph in the neighbouring city of Nazareth, but ill accords with the arbitrary supposition that the writer of the fourth Gospel 'deliberately desired to deny the connexion of 'Jesus with Nazareth and Galilee.\* The mention of the number, the capacity, and the use of the water-pots, betokens the presence of an eye-witness acquainted with Jewish customs, as the familiar phrase, 'What have I to do with thee?' (Lit. '*What to me and to thee*') indicates the familiarity of the writer with Hebrew phraseology. Those who are accustomed to compare genuine narratives with works of imagination will not fail to be struck with the vividness and life-like character of each incident which is recorded, and with the fidelity to the natural sequence of events with which the whole scene is portrayed. They will observe, for example, the rehearsal, in the words of the speakers, of the conversation between our Lord and His mother, and of the directions given by both to the servants. They will notice the simple and natural manner in which the observance of the directions given is related. They will take account of what may be called the side-lights of the narrative, such as the casual but important notice, parenthetically introduced, that whilst 'the table-master' was ignorant whence the new supply of wine had been obtained, 'the servants 'which drew the water knew;' or such again as the notice of the 'calling' of the bridegroom—perhaps from his place at the table—and of the remark addressed to him by 'the 'table-master,' respecting the superiority of the wine last produced over that which had been already drunk.

The closing remark of the Evangelist affords another, and perhaps even a more striking, proof that we have here the account of a contemporary writer, personally concerned in the transactions which he records: 'This beginning of miracles 'did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory; 'and His disciples believed on Him.' It will at once commend itself to the mind of every impartial reader that these are not the words of one who invented the miracle with the preconceived idea of exalting the Divine Logos, or of magnifying the impression produced by the first 'manifestation of His glory.' Whilst such an one would have enlarged upon the effect produced upon the whole company by the miracle recorded, the writer of the fourth Gospel, mindful of the effect produced upon his own mind, and upon that of his companions, contents himself with the simple assertion—so natural, if his own experience be recorded, so unnatural, if the utterance of a Greek

writer of the close of the following century—‘And His disciples believed on Him.’

The general truth of the narrative is strongly corroborated by the words which follow: ‘After this He went down to Capernaum, He and His mother, and His brethren, and His disciples.’ The first point which strikes the observant reader here is the aptitude of the expression ‘went down,’ inasmuch as Cana, if rightly identified with Kana el-Jelil, lies on the broad plateau to the west of the Sea of Gennesaret, whilst Capernaum lay on much lower land, on the shore of the same sea. The next point for remark is that we find the ‘brethren’ of Christ included amongst those who accompanied Him to Capernaum. Now, no mention has been made of the presence of our Lord’s brethren at Cana. Nazareth, however, was but six or eight miles distant from it. The report of a miracle wrought at Cana may well have reached the ears of Christ’s brethren who may have joined Him and His mother at that place; or, which is equally probable, He and His mother may have visited Nazareth before proceeding to Capernaum. In any case, when viewed in connexion with the Synoptical account of the departure from Nazareth at a subsequent period, and of the abode in Capernaum,\* the remark that Christ was accompanied by His brethren in His journey to the latter place deserves attention; and it may, we think, not unreasonably be inferred from the words, ‘And they continued there not many days,’ that the writer was aware of that other and more prolonged sojourn at Capernaum which, according to the Synoptical accounts, followed upon the imprisonment of John the Baptist.

One more illustration must suffice—viz. the account of the dialogue with Nicodemus; and we select this the rather because the discourses of our Lord, as recorded in the fourth Gospel, have been made the special subject of hostile criticism, and also because this discourse in particular has been singled out by the author of ‘Supernatural Religion’ as ‘artificial in the extreme, and certainly not genuine;’† whilst, in another place, he observes that ‘there can be no doubt that the scene was ideal, and ‘it is scarcely possible that a Jew can have written it.’‡ We shall have occasion to refer hereafter to the general grounds of objection which have been taken to the discourses of our Lord as recorded in the fourth Gospel, as different in style and character from those contained in the Synoptical Gospels—as too

St. Mark iv. 13.

† Vol. ii. p. 469.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 446.

long to be capable of being correctly related after the lapse of many years—and as according in a very remarkable manner with the general style of the writer himself, both in this Gospel and also in the first of the Epistles which are commonly ascribed to St. John. Contenting ourselves for the present with the single remark that if all these grounds of objection could be substantiated, they would go but little way towards proving that the fourth Gospel could not have been written by an Apostle, we proceed to notice some indications contained in the discourse with Nicodemus which appear to us to point to a conclusion altogether different from that at which the author of ‘Supernatural Religion’ has arrived.

(1.) The account of the visit of Nicodemus and his allusion to the miracles wrought by our Lord\* falls in naturally with the statement contained in chap. ii. 23, that many in Jerusalem believed on Him, seeing the miracles which He did.

(2.) The name of Nicodemus, which occurs only in the fourth Gospel, is found in the Talmud, and was a name of not unfrequent occurrence amongst the Jews, as well as amongst the Greeks to whom it appears naturally to belong. The adoption of such a name, therefore, if the scene be ideal, was either the result of a happy chance, or it indicates a more accurate acquaintance with Jewish nomenclature than the writer of the fourth Gospel is accredited with by his opponents.

(3.) The fact that our Lord’s answer, as contained in v. 3, is addressed rather to the thoughts which were passing in the mind of Nicodemus than to the words which were spoken by him, is in precise accordance with the ordinary custom of Christ, as represented in the Synoptic Gospels, but does not well accord with the theory of an ideal scene.

(4.) The allusions to Nicodemus in chapter vii. 50, 51, and again in chapter xix. 39, are too incidental to suggest the idea of deliberate inventions, with a view to the support of the historical character of chapter iii.; whilst, if incidental and undesigned, they afford strong corroboration of the substantial truth of the account contained in that chapter,† and the more so, inasmuch as the effect of the interview with our Lord

\* Chap. iii. v. 2.

† Nicodemus is described in chap. iii. 1 as ‘a ruler of the Jews’ (*ἄρχων*), a name employed to designate the Sanhedrin (St. Luke xxiii. 13; xxiv. 20). The allusion to his position in chap. vii. as one of these same rulers (cf. v. 50 with v. 48), is either an undesigned coincidence corroborative of the reality of the scene described in chap. iii., or it is an instance of astute forgery such as is not common in the literature of the second century.



upon Nicodemus is not recorded in chapter iii., and can be inferred only from the part which he took in later transactions.

(5.) The words and phrases which occur in the narrative are not such as would readily have suggested themselves to a Greek writer of the second century, whilst they are in exact accordance with what might be expected from a Jew of the first century. Amongst these we may note the following: (a) The title of Rabbi, and the description given of our Lord as a 'teacher come from God.\* (b) The double 'Amen' of vv. 3, 5, which is as remote from the style of a Greek writer of the second century as it is in accordance with that of a Jew of the first century. (c) The Hebraic expression in v. 3, 'to see the kingdom of God,' explained in v. 5 as equivalent to another Hebraistic phrase, 'to enter into the kingdom of God.† (d) The expression, 'The Son of Man,' *ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου*,‡ peculiar to our Lord Himself during His sojourn upon earth, and only used once by any other respecting Him after His ascension into heaven.§ (e) The explanation of the typical character of the brazen serpent, an application of Old Testament history, very natural in the mouth of a Jew, not so likely to be employed by a philosophical Greek. (f) The Hebraic expression, 'doing truth' || so characteristic of all the writings ascribed to St. John. It would be superfluous to adduce further illustrations. It is easy for a writer who possesses no acquaintance with the Hebrew language, or with Jewish modes of thought, to assert that it is 'scarcely possible' that a Jew could have written this conversation. Those who are competent to form any conclusion on such a subject will, if we are not greatly mistaken, be inclined to substitute the word 'Greek' in the place of 'Jew.'

We shall now proceed, following for the most part the order observed by the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' to consider the force of some of those internal objections to the genuineness of the fourth Gospel which he has collected with considerable assiduity, and with an imposing parade of authorities, from the sceptical writers of the present century. The first objection is the alleged 'divergence in language, in style, and in religious views and terminology,' between the fourth

\* Cf. St. Matt. xix. 16; St. Mark x. 17.

† Cf. Job xvii. 15; xxxiii. 28; Ps. xvi. 10; xxvii. 13; lix. 10; Apoc. i. 12.

‡ Verses 13, 14.

§ The approximating expression 'son of man,' *υἱὸς ἀνθρώπου*, without the article, equivalent to Daniel's *bar enosh*, occurs twice in the Apocalypse (i. 13; xiv. 14). || v. 21.

Gospel and the three Epistles on the one hand, and the Apocalypse on the other, the whole of which are 'asserted, and the 'Gospel and the Apocalypse expressly declared, by the 'Church' to have been composed by John the son of Zebedee. We are left to form our own conjectures as to the sense in which the author of 'Supernatural Religion' here employs the designation 'the Church;' and consequently we are in ignorance to what 'assertion' or 'express declaration of the 'Church' he refers. We are quite content, however, to accept the statement itself, so far at least as it relates to the Gospel and the first Epistle on the one hand, and to the Apocalypse on the other, as expressing the prevailing belief of the Catholic Church of all ages respecting the authorship of these works. Nay more, we attach considerable argumentative importance to the truth of the statement, inasmuch as it so happens that we have very early testimony to the Johannine authorship, both of the first Epistle commonly ascribed to St. John, and of the Apocalypse. If, then, the identity of authorship of the Gospel and the first Epistle be, as is almost universally allowed, incontestible, and if, as we believe, the proofs of identity of authorship of the Gospel and the Apocalypse greatly outweigh the real or alleged discrepancies, in style, in thought, and in terminology, which are said to exist between them, we are entitled to employ the evidence of the earliest witnesses respecting the Johannine authorship of the first Epistle and of the Apocalypse as affording presumptive evidence also of the Johannine authorship of the Gospel.\*

The diversities in style, in terminology, and in sentiment between the fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse, on which the author of 'Supernatural Religion' lays so much stress, appear to us to have been unduly magnified. It is alleged that the 'barbarous Hebraic Greek' of the Apocalypse could not have proceeded from the same pen to which we are indebted for the 'polished elegance of the fourth Gospel; and that whereas 'the abrupt and inelegant diction of the one is precisely what 'might be expected from the unlearned and ignorant fisherman 'of Galilee,' the 'peculiar smoothness, grace, and beauty' which we observe in the other afford clear and decisive indications that the fourth Gospel must be ascribed to one who possessed great facility of composition in the Greek language.

\* It is admitted by the author of 'Supernatural Religion' (ii. p. 392) that 'the external evidence that the Apostle John wrote the Apocalypse 'is more ancient than that for the authorship of any book of the New 'Testament, excepting some of the epistles of Paul.'

We shall not now pause to discuss the question of the Galilean origin or residence of St. John. We will observe only that, whilst it appears to have been customary for the inhabitants of Judæa to resort to the Sea of Galilee for the purpose of fishing, especially during the month immediately preceding the feast of the Passover, the absence of any allusion to the Galilean dialect of John, though present together with Peter at our Lord's trial, the reference to his acquaintance with Caiaphas the high priest,\* and the statement—too casually introduced to admit of the supposition of design—that from the hour at which he received the charge he took the mother of his Lord 'to his 'own house,' †—all accord with the supposition that the ordinary abode of the beloved disciple was not in Galilee, but in Jerusalem.

This supposition will not only suggest a probable explanation of the fact that so large a portion of the fourth Gospel is devoted to the Judæan ministry of our Lord, throughout the greater part of which the writer may well be supposed to have been His constant companion, but when coupled with the allusions to the independent position of Zebedee and of Salome, will render it not improbable that even in early life St. John may have acquired some acquaintance with the Greek language, a language very widely diffused over Palestine at this time, and commonly spoken by a large number of those Jews who periodically attended the great feasts at Jerusalem. The reference to Peter and John in Acts iv. 13 as 'unlearned and ignorant men' does not appear to us to warrant the conclusion which the author of 'Super-natural Religion' has drawn from it, and to which he again and again refers in support of the 'impossibility that 'a work of such polished elegance' as the fourth Gospel could have emanated from such a writer. The fact that Peter, not John, was the speaker on the occasion to which reference is made, warrants the conclusion that it was to the former rather than to the latter that the observation of the Sanhedrin had primary reference; whilst, in regard to the two epithets applied to these Apostles, the one ἀγράμματοι, 'unlearned,' probably denotes no more than the absence of rabbinical learning, acquired in the Jewish schools, and the meaning of the other word ἰδιῶται, 'ignorant' (as is apparent from St. Paul's use of the word in regard to his own 'speech,' 2 Cor. xi. 6), depends altogether upon the context in which it stands.

But further, if we assume for the present the strict accuracy

\* St. John xviii. 15.

† Ibid. xix. 27.

of our author's account of the literary characteristics of the fourth Gospel and of the Apocalypse—in which we submit that few impartial critics will be found to agree with him—we have still to complain that he overlooks circumstances connected with their composition which would go far towards accounting for the discrepancies which exist between them. The entire difference in the subject-matter of the two books would of itself lead us to anticipate a corresponding difference in their style. In the case of the Gospel, the writer—though subject, as we maintain, to certain directing and controlling influences—was still free to exhibit the same distinctive peculiarities of style which we observe in other writings both of the Old and of the New Testament. In the case of the Apocalypse, the writer was, to a very considerable extent, a passive instrument; alike as regards the visions which he saw, and the words which he was commissioned to record. And yet further, whereas the fourth Gospel was not composed until the latter part of the first century, the Apocalypse, according to the author of '*Supernatural Religion*,' was committed to writing in 68–69 A.D.; a conclusion than which, we are assured, 'no result of criticism rests upon a more secure basis.'\* If, then, a period of some twenty years or upwards elapsed between the composition of the fourth Gospel and that of the Apocalypse, during the greater portion of which time the writer—as all antiquity testifies—had his usual place of abode at Ephesus, one of the chief centres of Grecian civilisation and philosophy, it cannot be regarded as a thing altogether incredible that two works exhibiting very considerable differences of style and of sentiment, should have proceeded at such different times, and under such different circumstances, from the pen of the same writer.†

It is almost superfluous to observe that if we would arrive at any sound conclusion on this subject we must have recourse to the works of those scholars who have directed their particular attention to the subject of Hellenistic Greek. From such we shall learn that, whilst many of the most striking peculiarities of the Apocalypse are by no means without parallel in classical Greek, the Hebraisms of the fourth Gospel are much more numerous than the author of '*Supernatural Religion*' supposes; and that the prevailing characteristics of that Gospel, both as regards style and expression, are such

\* Vol. ii. p. 395.

† It is only fair to state that we do not ourselves adopt the chronology of the author of '*Supernatural Religion*' in regard to the date of composition of the Apocalypse.

as accord in a very remarkable manner with the known history of the Apostle John. Moreover, we discover, upon a more careful investigation of the Greek of the Apocalypse, that the alleged barbarisms on which the author of 'Supernatural Religion' lays so much stress are not the results of ignorance of the laws of Greek composition, but—whether adequate reasons can, or cannot, be assigned for their introduction—are designed emancipations from the ordinary rules of grammar. On the other hand, the numerous and remarkable coincidences which exist between the fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse—whilst for the most far too recondite to answer the end of the forger—confirm in a very remarkable manner the correctness of the external testimony which ascribes their authorship to the same person. In both of these writings (and in no other book of the New Testament), is the Incarnate Saviour described as the *Logos*, the 'Word' of God. Both assert His pre-existence; both represent Him as the sin-atonement Lamb. In both His relations to His people are depicted under the similitudes of a Bridegroom, and of a Shepherd. In both He is represented as making His tabernacle with (or among) men. In the one He speaks of His own body under the similitude of a Temple; in the other He is represented as the Temple of the New Jerusalem; and in both He is said to make His abode in the hearts of His people. In both He supplies the true manna, and the living water. In both He is the source of Light and of Life; and in both it is to Him that the work of judgment is committed.

Numerous linguistic peculiarities are common to the two writings. In both, Hebrew words not unfrequently occur, and in both, they are explained by their Greek equivalents. In both, the quotations from the Old Testament generally follow the Septuagint version, but with such deviations as prove the familiarity of the writer with the Hebrew text; and there are many words and phrases which are found in both of these works, but which occur rarely or never elsewhere.\*

\* Amongst the words common to both works we may notice (1) Ἐβραϊστί, which occurs once in the Gospel, and six times in the Apocalypse, and nowhere else; (2) ἑκκερτεῖν, which occurs once in the Gospel, and once in the Apocalypse, and nowhere else; (3) ὄψις, which occurs twice in the Gospel and once in the Apocalypse, and nowhere else; (4) πορφύρεος, which occurs twice in the Gospel and twice in the Apocalypse, and nowhere else. Amongst the phrases and idioms which are characteristic of both works we may notice (1) the use of ποιεῖν with words such as ἁμαρτία, δικαιοσύνη, κρίσις, &c.; (2) the use of εἰς or ἐν with ἐκ or ἐξ instead of the simple genitive;

It is alleged indeed, that whilst the whole tone and spirit of the Apocalypse are in harmony with the description which the Synoptists give of the impetuous character of St. John, the whole of the fourth Gospel breathes nothing but the spirit of meekness, forbearance, and love. It should be remembered, however, (1) that in the Apocalypse the writer describes the things which he sees, and records the words which he hears; and, consequently, that there is but little room left for indications of individual temperament; and (2) that whilst the natural influences of advancing years, and the supernatural influences of the Spirit may well account for the softened tone which the fourth Gospel breathes as compared with the Synoptical notices of the sons of Zebedee, there are not wanting either in it, or in the first Epistle, traces of the same ardent zeal which prompted the 'son of thunder' 'to forbid' one who was casting out devils, 'because he followeth not with us,' and to call down fire from heaven upon a Samaritan village because its inhabitants were unwilling to receive his Lord.

It is alleged further by the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' that the attitude which the writer of the fourth Gospel assumes towards the Jews is wholly inconsistent with the supposition that he belonged to their nation; and that there are not wanting 'mistakes of various kinds which clearly point 'to the fact that the author was neither a Palestinian nor a Jew 'at all.'\* The arguments employed in support of this inference present a singular illustration of the influence which a foregone conclusion on any subject exercises over the better judgment of the writer. We admit, indeed, that the fourth Evangelist not unfrequently alludes to the national customs of the Jews in a very different manner from that which we observe in the Synoptic Gospels. But, whilst freely allowing that the recurrence of such phrases as 'the Passover of the Jews,' 'the 'Jews' feast of Tabernacles,' 'the manner of purifying of the 'Jews,' may reasonably be thought to denote that the Evangelist did not write primarily for Jews, we contend not only that these expressions are in entire consistency with the alleged circumstances under which the fourth Gospel was composed, but that the adoption of a different phraseology might fairly have furnished an argument against its composition at the time

(3) ἐντεῦθεν καὶ ἐντεῦθεν, peculiar to the Gospel and the Apocalypse;  
 (4) τηρεῖν with λόγον or λόγους and with ἐντολάς, which is peculiar to the writings ascribed to St. John; (5) the habitual use of ἵνα with the subjunctive, instead of the infinitive.

\* Vol. ii. p. 417.

and place to which it has commonly been assigned. If any evidence be required of the truth of this assertion, a glance at the pages of the contemporary historian Josephus will suffice to supply it.

The additional arguments urged by the author of 'Supernatural Religion' in support of the same conclusion appear to us to present equally striking instances of inaccuracy of statement and of obliquity of reasoning. The following passage may serve as a specimen.

'The author (i.e. of the fourth Gospel) shows in a marked way that he was not a Jew, by making Caiaphas and the chief priests and Pharisees speak of the Jewish nation and the people not as  $\delta \lambda\alpha\delta\varsigma$ , like the Synoptics and other New Testament writings, but as  $\tau\omicron\delta \xi\theta\nu\omicron\varsigma$ , the term always employed by the Jews to designate the Gentiles.'

We think it would be difficult to combine in the same number of lines a greater number of errors than we find in this paragraph. In the first place, the writer asserts, or implies, that it is the uniform practice of the Synoptists and other New Testament writers to employ the term  $\tau\omicron\delta \xi\theta\nu\omicron\varsigma$  in reference to the Gentiles, and the term  $\delta \lambda\alpha\delta\varsigma$  to the Jews. So far, however, is this from being the fact that in eight out of the ten instances in which the term  $\tau\omicron\delta \xi\theta\nu\omicron\varsigma$  is used in the New Testament, exclusively of the fourth Gospel, the reference is—not to the Gentiles but—to the Jews. In the second place, whereas the author of 'Supernatural Religion'\* alleges that Caiaphas, according to the fourth Evangelist, does not apply the term  $\delta \lambda\alpha\delta\varsigma$  to the Jews, we find in a foot-note on the same page a reference to chap. xi. 50, in which Caiaphas applies to the Jews the very term which our author affirms that he does not use, and also another reference to chap. xviii. 14, where the Evangelist, either quoting, or alluding to, the words of Caiaphas, adopts the same phraseology.

We have yet to notice the most extraordinary of the blunders which our author has contrived to introduce into a paragraph consisting only of six lines. In apparent ignorance of the fundamental distinction between the use of  $\tau\omicron\delta \xi\theta\nu\omicron\varsigma$ , *the nation*, and  $\tau\alpha \xi\theta\nu\eta$ ,† *the nations*, our author assures his unsuspecting readers that the former is the 'term always employed by the

\* Vol. ii. p. 416.

† The Hebrew scholar will naturally recall to mind the precisely similar distinction between the Hebrew term *haggoi*, the nation, distinctively used of the Jews, and *haggoim*, the nations, as distinctively used in reference to (and in the A. V. commonly so translated) the *Gentiles*.

‘Jews to designate the Gentiles;’ and not content with a statement which appears to us to be alike damaging to his pretensions as a Greek scholar and as a Biblical critic, he proceeds to adduce an instance of the use of the latter of these terms in support of his assertion in reference to the former.\*

Nor is our author more successful in his next attempt to fasten ‘mistakes’ upon the writer of the fourth Gospel. He alleges that the reference to Caiaphas as ‘being the high priest that year (τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ ἐκείνου)’ indicates the belief that the ‘office was merely annual;’ and he adduces the application of the same title (high priest) to Annas, at the same time, as ‘an additional error.’ As regards the former of these alleged errors it is enough to observe that the threefold repetition of the words ‘that year’† is sufficient to show that the object of the writer was to mark the holder of the office for the particular year in question, viz., that of the Crucifixion; whilst the fact that, before the typical high priesthood of Aaron was abolished, so striking a testimony was extorted from unconscious lips to the great doctrine of propitiation, to which that priesthood was instituted to bear witness, sufficiently accounts for the emphatic manner in which the Evangelist repeats the statement. As regards the application of the title of high priest to Annas, to whom it did not strictly belong, several explanations have been offered. We shall not discuss their respective merits. We observe only that whether the appellation was given to Annas as having previously held the same office, or as being at that time the head of the Sanhedrin, and of the most powerful priestly family in Jerusalem, or for some other reason with which we are not acquainted, we meet with the same usage, not only in the Synoptical Gospels, and in the Acts, but also in the writings of Josephus; and we venture to express a doubt whether, in point of extent and of accuracy, the acquaintance of each and of all of the writers of these books with the manners and customs of the Jews was not superior to that of the author of ‘Supernatural Religion.’

The next ‘error’ which attracts our author’s animadversion relates to the etymology of the word *Siloam*. The command given by our Lord to the blind man is thus recorded in chap. ix. 7: ‘Go, wash in the pool of Siloam;’ and it is added, ‘which is by interpretation Sent.’ ‘This,’ says the author of ‘Supernatural Religion,’ ‘is a distinct error arising out of ignorance of the real signification of the name of the Pool, which means a spring, a fountain, a flow of water.’‡

\* Vol. ii. p. 417. † xi. 49, 51; xviii. 13. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 419.



Notwithstanding the confidence with which this assertion is made, we think that no competent Hebrew scholar will entertain a doubt whether the 'ignorance' of which our author complains must be imputed to the Fourth Evangelist or to himself. In the first place, it is well known that the verb *shalach*, from which the Hebrew word *Shilouch*\* is derived, means simply to *send*, and that the idea of 'water' is not in any wise involved in the root. The only difficulty which attaches to the interpretation assigned to the word by the Evangelist is that, as it is punctuated in Isaiah viii. 6, it presents a somewhat exceptional form. At the same time it is one which is by no means without parallel. The difficulty then reduces itself simply to this—that according to some lexicographers (as e. g. Gesenius) the word, as it is pointed in Isaiah viii. 6, is in an abstract form, whereas the Evangelist interprets it as if it were a concrete form. But even this would be scarcely a fair representation of the fact; for if we refer to the Concordance of Fuerst, who adduces several instances of similar forms, we find the result of his examination to be that it is 'sometimes difficult to determine whether such words are to be regarded, as to their origin, as infinitives with an *abstract* 'signification, or as participles with a *concrete*.'†

But whilst in some instances, of which the last noticed is an example, the author of 'Supernatural Religion' has failed to understand the real point of the objection which has been urged, so, in other cases, he has materially damaged his own cause by attempting to magnify the objections which he has borrowed from other writers. Two or three instances must suffice. It is generally admitted by Biblical critics, as we have already had occasion to observe, that the true reading of chap. i. 28 is Bethany, not Bethabara. There is no ground for the objection—though we believe that objection has been advanced—that the writer here assigns to the well-known village of Bethany, in which Lazarus lived, a position on the eastern side of the Jordan; inasmuch as it so happens that he has elsewhere recorded with minute accuracy the distance of that village from Jerusalem.‡ The only objection then which can reasonably be urged against the historical accuracy of the narrative is that a second village of the same name appears to have been un-

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\* Is. viii. 6.

† Pp. 1349, 1350. Meyer observes that the signification assigned the word by St. John is in itself 'grammatically allowable.' See 'Commentary on St. John,' vol. ii. p. 68 (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh).

‡ xi. 18.

known at the beginning of the third century, and, as the author of 'Supernatural Religion' asserts, 'is utterly unknown 'now.' Our author, however, not content with the force of this objection, which—though apparently unaware of the recent identification of Bethany with Tell Anihje—he appears to regard as insufficient, endeavours to strengthen it by the assertion that 'it is scarcely possible that there could have 'been a second village of the name.'\* Now it is quite indifferent—so far as our present purpose is concerned—what is the second Hebrew word of which *Bethany* is compounded. The first, *baith*, house, is beyond dispute; and we think, if the author of 'Supernatural Religion' will take the trouble to refer to any dictionary of Biblical proper names, and to count the number of those names which are compounded with this word, and also the number of different places bearing the same name so compounded,† he will feel that he would have exercised a sounder discretion had he either omitted this objection to the genuineness of the fourth Gospel altogether, or had he been content to leave it in the form in which he found it.

Our author's assertion about *Ænon* is scarcely deserving of serious notice. He says that *Ænon* was 'quite unknown even 'in the third century;' but he omits to state that in the 'Onomasticon' of Eusebius it is said to be 'shown to the 'present day, near Salem and the Jordan, eight miles south of 'Scythopolis.'‡ Not content, however, with urging a geographical difficulty which more careful inquiry would have removed, our author ventures upon a surmise that because the word signifies 'springs' the writer of the fourth Gospel mistook it for the name of a place. For our own part, whilst we can well conceive that the existence of springs in or near the spot may have given rise to the name of the place, we are utterly at a loss to understand how anyone who possessed the amount of Hebrew knowledge of which the writer of the fourth Gospel has afforded evidence, could have fallen into the blunder of which he is here accused by the writer of 'Supernatural Religion.' We will only add that in the position already indicated, Van de Velde notices a spring *Shech Sâlim*, in the vicinity of which are to be found *Bîr* (well), *Ain Bêda*, and other waters, one of which was, in all probability, *Ænon*.§

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\* Vol. ii. p. 420.

† It is not unworthy of observation that the names thus compounded belong to an unusually large number of places on the eastern side of the Jordan.

‡ See Caspari's 'Introduction to the Life of Christ,' p. 122 (T. and T. Clark).  
§ Ibid.

We designedly refrain from noticing the objection taken by our author to the account of the healing of the impotent man at the Pool of Bethesda; \* partly because of the doubt respecting the genuineness of a portion of this narrative; partly because the objections to its truth, founded on the silence of Josephus and other contemporary writers, are palpably insufficient; and partly because the blunders of our author respecting the insertion of certain words in verses three and four have been exposed with just severity by Professor Lightfoot.

We now come to our author's last illustration of the geographical 'errors' of the writer of the fourth Gospel. In regard to Sychar, the scene of the conversation held with the Samaritan woman which is recorded in chapter iv., it is asserted by the author of 'Supernatural Religion' that 'it is evident 'that there was no such place;' and he adds that 'apologetic 'ingenuity is severely taxed to explain the difficulty.' Now, for our own part, we deny the existence of any difficulty even upon the supposition that no place corresponding to the ancient Sychar is known to exist at the present time, and that no allusions to it have been found in early writings. Our sources of information on such points are so defective that nothing can be more uncertain than conclusions drawn from the absence, in writings of a later date, of references to places which are mentioned in the Gospels. It so happens, however, in the present instance, that such evidence is not altogether wanting. In the description of Nablûs and its environs given by Rosen, the Prussian Consul at Jerusalem in 1860, we are told that about eight minutes' walk from Joseph's grave (i.e. about ten minutes' walk from Jacob's well), there is a village called El-Askar, a name in which that of Sychar will be readily recognised; and he adds that some 150 paces farther north there is a fountain, Ain el-Askar.†

We have already (with the single exception which we have noticed) followed our author throughout his 'examples of 'mistakes of various kinds which clearly point to the fact 'that the author of the fourth Gospel was neither a Palestinian 'nor a Jew at all.' We must now follow him in his further assertion that 'the inferences from all of the foregoing examples are strengthened by the fact that, in the quotations 'from the Old Testament, the fourth Gospel in the main 'follows the Septuagint version, or shows its influence, and

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\* Chap. v. 2-9.

† See Caspari's 'Introduction to the Life of Christ,' pp. 124, 125.

‘nowhere can be shown directly to translate from the Hebrew.’\* We agree with our author that the inferences which he has drawn from the examples to which he has already referred need to be ‘strengthened.’ It remains to be seen whether the desired confirmation can be obtained from the source to which he has appealed. We have already had occasion to remark that the citations found in the fourth Gospel, in common with those of the Apocalypse—and, we may add, of the Synoptic Gospels also—accord, for the most part, more nearly with the Septuagint version than with the Hebrew original. This is precisely what we should expect when we consider how widely that version was diffused during the first century of the Christian era; and nowhere should we look for a freer use of it than in the fourth Gospel, if that Gospel was composed at Ephesus, and designed primarily for the use of those churches to which the Old Testament was accessible through no other channel. The following instances, however, will suffice to show what amount of credit is due to the confident assertion of our author that ‘nowhere can the fourth Evangelist be shown directly to translate from the Hebrew.’

(1.) In Isaiah liii. 12, the word corresponding to the English ‘He bare’ is, in the LXX, ἀνήνεγκε. The corresponding Hebrew verb is *nasa*, which has the force both of φέρω, or ἀναφέρω, and of αἶρω. Now, whilst both St. Peter† and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews,‡ in obvious allusion to this passage, adopt the same verb as the LXX (ἀναφέρω), we find that the writer of the fourth Gospel,§ and of the first Epistle which is assigned to St. John,|| translates the Hebrew word in both cases by αἶρω. The argument is of equal force whether the reference is to Isaiah liii. 4, or to liii. 12. In the former place the simple verb φέρω, is used in the LXX; in the latter, the compound verb, ἀναφέρω.

(2.) In chapter vi. 45, instead of following the LXX which connects the 13th verse of Isaiah liv. with the 12th, the writer of the fourth Gospel translates directly from the Hebrew, and begins a new clause: ‘And they shall be all ‘taught of God.’

(3.) Whereas in Zech. ix. 9, the best editions of the LXX read ὁ βασιλεύς, ‘the king,’ the fourth Evangelist, following the Hebrew, reads ὁ βασιλεύς σου, ‘thy king;’ and whereas, in the same verse, the LXX render *ben athonoth* (literally ‘son of ‘asses’) by πῶλον νέον, i.e. a young foal, the writer of the fourth

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\* Vol. ii. p. 423.

§ i. 29.

† 1 St. Peter ii. 24.

|| 1 St. John iii. 5.

‡ ix. 28.

Gospel (xii. 15) renders the Hebrew by *πῶλον ὄνου*, i.e. 'foal of an ass.'

(4.) In chap. xii. 13, instead of adopting the LXX version of Ps. cxvii. 25, *Σῶσον δὴ*, the fourth Evangelist adopts the Greek transliteration of the original Hebrew, *Ὠσαννά*, *Hosanna*.\*

(5.) Whereas the LXX render Zech. xii. 10, *καὶ ἐπιβλέψονται πρὸς μὲ ἀνθ' ὧν κατωρχήσαντο*, the fourth Evangelist (xix. 37) adopts an entirely different translation, and one which accords with the present Masoretic text, *ὄψονται εἰς ὃν ἐξεκέντησαν*, 'They shall look on Him (or on Me) whom they pierced.' It so happens, moreover, that there is an obvious allusion to the same words of Zechariah in Apoc. i. 7, *καὶ ὄψεται αὐτὸν πᾶς ὁ θάλαμος καὶ οἵτινες αὐτὸν ἐξεκέντησαν*, where it will be observed that the rendering of the two Hebrew verbs accords with that of the fourth Evangelist, not with the LXX. Those who assign the two works to the same writer will have no difficulty in accounting for this remarkable coincidence. Those who adopt the conclusion of the author of 'Supernatural Religion' will no doubt be furnished with some explanation of the cause which led the writer 'of the purest and least Hebraistic Greek of any of the Gospels' to have recourse to the 'barbarous Hellenistic Greek,' and the 'abrupt in-elegant diction' of 'the unlettered fisherman of Galilee.'

We prefer no charge of intentional misrepresentation against the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' inasmuch as he is dealing with a subject in respect to which he is manifestly incompetent to form an independent judgment. We will only make one comment upon the facts which we have presented to the notice of our readers. Had our author's remark upon the source from which the fourth Evangelist borrowed his citations from the Old Testament been correct, it would have afforded no proof that the writer was ignorant of the Hebrew language. If the instances we have adduced suffice to show that our author is mistaken, we have a remarkable illustration of the discredit which advocates bring upon their own cause by making assertions which they cannot prove, and by dealing with questions which they do not understand.

It is a satisfaction, amidst so many points on which we are compelled to differ from the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' to discover one in which we are in accord with him. We agree with him that the writer of the fourth Gospel

\* It deserves notice that in the Apocalypse xix. 1, we find a corresponding instance of transliteration in the word *Ἀλληλούια*, *Alleluia*.

intended to represent himself as having been a disciple of John the Baptist;\* as ‘the other disciple’ who was acquainted with the high priest;† as ‘the disciple whom Jesus loved;’‡ and as the witness and the recorder of the piercing of his Lord’s side upon the cross.§ Our author admits that the writer of the fourth Gospel, although he never mentions his own name, intended by these allusions to denote to his readers a particular person, but he calls in question the assumption that that person was, or was intended to be taken for, John the son of Zebedee and brother of James. Inasmuch, however, as the question whether the writer of the fourth Gospel did or did not intend to be taken for St. John is one which has an important bearing upon the question before us, we will state, in few words, the grounds upon which we hold that the affirmative of this proposition may be sustained. First, then, whereas the Synoptists distinguish John, the son of Zebedee and Salome, from John, the son of Zacharias and Elizabeth, by the addition to the name of the latter of the designation ‘the Baptist,’ the writer of the fourth Gospel, conscious, as we allege, that there was no occasion for the distinction, invariably refers to him simply as John. When we take into account that the same writer not only distinguishes carefully between Judas the traitor and the other apostle of the same name,|| but is particular in describing Thomas by the surname of Didymus,¶ Simon (with one single exception, i. 42) by that of Peter,\*\* and Nathanael as of Cana in Galilee,†† the omission of the designation commonly given to the other John by the Synoptists is the more remarkable. But further, the writer of the fourth Gospel confessedly represents himself as one of those Apostles who were admitted into terms of more than ordinary familiarity with Christ. There were but three, according to the Synoptists, who were thus distinguished, viz. Peter and James and John. The allusions to the first of these in the fourth Gospel are absolutely conclusive upon the point that he was not its author. The authorship of St. James is effectually excluded by a comparison of the time of his death with the traditional saying respecting the ‘disciple whom Jesus loved,’ and with the universal testimony of antiquity as to the period of the composition of the fourth Gospel. St. John, then, alone remains of the three Apostles who are thus distinguished

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\* i. 35.

† xiii. 23; xix. 26; xx. 2.

‡ vi. 11; xii. 4; xiii. 2, 26; xiv. 23.

\*\* vi. 68; xiii. 6, 9, 24, 36, &c.

† xviii. 15, 16.

§ xix. 35.

¶ xxi. 2.

†† xxi. 2.

from the rest, by one of whom the fourth Gospel purports to be written; and the inference that the writer intended to be taken for St. John is strongly corroborated by the consideration that otherwise one of the most remarkable of the twelve Apostles is passed over almost without notice in a Gospel which makes mention of three others of that number, Philip,\* Thomas,† and Judas,‡ of whom two at least, and probably the third, are unnoticed by the Synoptists, except in their catalogue of the names of the twelve.

We will only add, in connexion with this point, that the writer of chapters xix. and xxi. evidently designed to strengthen the credibility of his narrative by some indication of his own personality, as well as by the assurance that he was an eye-witness of the facts which he records. It is hard to see how the invention of a statement that one of the twelve leaned on his Lord's breast, and was the 'one of His disciples whom 'Jesus loved,' and the indirect identification of himself with that disciple could subserve the purpose of the writer, unless some particular person was indicated by such a description. It is equally difficult, in the absence of any such indication, to account for the fact that within ten years after the publication of the fourth Gospel, according to the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' St. John was almost universally accepted as its writer. Such a belief could, in this case, have originated only in the strong internal evidence which the Gospel itself affords of its Johannine authorship, and, strong as we believe that evidence to be, we are scarcely prepared to credit the Church, at the close of the second century, with the amount of critical sagacity which such a conclusion implies. §

But if we may rely on the confident allegations of the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' the fourth Gospel contains a wholly different account of the history of the disciple whom Jesus loved from that which is given by the Synoptists of John the son of Zebedee. According to the former the 'calling' of John, the beloved disciple, appears to have taken place at the very beginning of our Lord's ministry. But, according to the Synoptists, it is alleged that the call of the Apostle John took place at a later period, and under widely different circum-

\* i. 43, 44, 45, 46, 48; vi. 5, 7; xii. 21, 22.

† xi. 16; xiv. 5; xx. 24, 26, 27, 28, 29; xxi. 2.

‡ xiv. 22.

§ For the fuller discussion of this point we must refer our readers to Appendix, note A, of Professor Stanley Leathes's admirable Boyle Lectures on 'The Witness of St. John to Christ.' Rivingtons: 1870.

stances.\* ‘These accounts,’ we are told by the author of ‘Supernatural Religion,’ ‘are in complete contradiction to each other, and both cannot be true.’† For our own part we confess our utter inability to see any discrepancy between the two accounts. On the contrary, we contend that the later incident would be difficult of comprehension apart from the earlier. To whatever extent St. John may have been a follower of Christ during the earlier portion of His Judæan ministry, there is no intimation given in the narrative that either he or St. Andrew abandoned from that time forth their ordinary occupations. Again, whilst there is no intimation given in the fourth Gospel that St. Peter became a constant attendant upon Christ from the time of his first call on the banks of the Jordan, it is clear, from the whole tenour of the Synoptical narrative, that he was no stranger to Christ at the time of the second call by the Sea of Galilee. The manner in which he addressed our Lord,‡ his ready compliance with the request to thrust out his boat from the shore, his willing relinquishment of his work that he might listen to Christ’s words, and the readiness with which he and his three companions forsook all that they had—all these circumstances are in striking accordance with the account given by the fourth Evangelist of the earlier introduction to Christ; and the two accounts, so far from presenting even the semblance of contradiction, mutually explain and corroborate each other.

It appears to us altogether superfluous to enter upon a refutation of the arguments adduced by the author of ‘Supernatural Religion’ in proof of his assertion that the writer of the fourth Gospel ‘studiously elevates himself above the ‘Apostle Peter.’ Some of the alleged instances are too puerile to require, or even to admit of refutation. If the writer of the fourth Gospel was, as he declares, known to the high priest, and St. Peter was not known to him, we can discern no traces of a desire for self-elevation in the simple record of the fact that the one was the means of procuring admission into the palace for the other. Still less are we able to discover indications of self-exaltation in the incidental remark—so natural in the narrative of an eye-witness, so inexplicable on any other supposition—that the writer being, as all antiquity testifies, considerably younger than St. Peter, outran him on the morning of the Resurrection. But we forbear. We will not prejudge

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\* St. Matt. iv. 18, 22; St. Mark i. 16, 20; St. Luke v. 1, 11.

† Vol. ii. p. 425.

‡ St. Luke v. 5.



the cause in support of which such inferences have been drawn from such premisses.

An objection of real interest and importance to the genuineness of the fourth Gospel is based upon the alleged incompatibility between it and the Synoptic Gospels in their respective accounts of the birth of Christ, and of His personal character and claims. Now no careful student of the Gospel history can be insensible of the fact that there is a certain amount of truth in the statements which have been advanced on these points, alike by those who have maintained the authenticity of the fourth Gospel as opposed to that of the Synoptic Gospels, and by those who have defended the Synoptic Gospels at the expense of the fourth Gospel. Canon Westcott, in his admirable 'Introduction to the Study of the Gospels,' has pointed out, in language indicative alike of the acute critic and the sound theologian, the character of this difference, and has shown also the necessity of the full recognition of the contrast between the narratives of the Synoptists and the fourth Gospel as the condition of the right understanding of their essential harmony. In the opinion of the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' on the contrary, the difference between them is one which admits of no explanation; and he boldly asserts that the historical truth of the one or of the other must of necessity be rejected. Our space will not admit of our following him through the entire list of alleged inconsistencies; and we must be content with the examination of so many of the most plausible amongst them as will enable our readers to appreciate their argumentative weight.

First, our author alleges that whilst two of the Synoptists 'relate the circumstances of the birth of Jesus, and give some history of his family and origin, the fourth Gospel, ignoring all this, introduces the Great Teacher at once as the Logos 'who from the beginning was with God, and was himself God.' The answer to this assertion is that it betrays the writer's ignorance of the contents alike of the Synoptic Gospels and of the fourth Gospel, inasmuch as whilst the latter refers repeatedly to our Lord's mother and brethren, and contains allusions to His reputed father,† and also to the reputed and the real place of His birth,‡ thus distinctly recognising His proper humanity, the second of the Synoptists, on the other hand, proclaims with equal distinctness the doctrine of His Godhead by beginning his Gospel with the distinct annunciation of Jesus Christ as the 'Son of God.' Moreover, the

Synoptists distinctly recognise the divine attestation of our Lord's Sonship at His baptism and at His transfiguration, and they refer to His knowledge of the secrets of all hearts, and to His power to forgive sins.

Again, according to the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' 'the fourth Evangelist knows nothing of the Baptism.' It is almost incredible that anyone who has read the fourth Gospel should venture on such an assertion. It is perfectly true, indeed, that the fourth Gospel does not contain an historical account of the Baptism as we find it recorded by the Synoptists. But this is in precise accordance with the method observed in regard to other of the chief incidents in our Lord's history, to which the writer makes more or less direct allusion, as to events well known and certainly believed, but which, on that very account, it did not fall within his design formally to rehearse. It is thus that we find no direct mention of the Transfiguration, but we find the Evangelist, as one of the three chosen witnesses, referring to it in words which naturally recall those of St. Peter's allusion to the same event,\* 'And we beheld His glory.'† Again, we find no account in the fourth Gospel of the agony in the garden of Gethsemane, but whereas the Synoptists record the prayer, 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me, nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt,'‡ the fourth Evangelist represents our Lord as addressing Peter immediately afterwards in these words: 'The cup which my Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?'§ So, again, in regard to the Ascension. The fourth Evangelist does not record the event, but he represents our Lord in chapter vi. 62 as addressing His disciples in the words—'What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before;' whilst in chapter xx. 17, we find Him sending this message by Mary Magdalene to 'His brethren'—'I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God and your God.' In precisely the same manner, whilst we find no direct account of the Baptism in the fourth Gospel, we find unequivocal allusion to it; for whilst the Synoptists tell us that at the baptism of Christ in the Jordan, the Spirit 'descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon Him,'|| the fourth Evangelist represents the Baptist

\* 2 Peter i. 17.

† St. John i. 14.

‡ St. Matt. xxvi. 39. Cf. St. Mark xiv. 36; St. Luke xxii. 42.

§ xviii. 11.

|| St. Luke iii. 22. Cf. St. Matt. iii. 16; St. Mark i. 10.

as bearing record, saying, 'I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him.'\*

Again, 'the Synoptists,' says the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' clearly 'represent the ministry of Jesus as having been limited to a single year, and his preaching as confined to Galilee and Jerusalem, when his career culminates at the fatal Passover. The fourth Gospel distributes the teaching of Jesus between Galilee, Samaria, and Jerusalem, and makes it extend at least over three years, and refers to three Passovers spent by Jesus at Jerusalem.'† It might suffice, in reply to this objection, to challenge the writer to produce any evidence whatever of the assertion which he has so confidently advanced respecting the limitation of our Lord's earthly ministry by the Synoptists to the space of one year. We are very far, however, from finding ourselves under the necessity of being content with this reply. We freely admit that a conclusion such as that at which the author of 'Supernatural Religion' has arrived, may very naturally be formed by superficial readers of the Synoptic Gospels, inasmuch as by far the greater portion of the events related by the Synoptists are confessedly comprised within the last year of our Lord's public ministry. We contend, however, that when carefully examined, the narratives of the Synoptists are not only consistent with the longer duration of that ministry, but are unintelligible upon any other supposition. We have no need to appeal to the words of our Lord as recorded by St. Luke, 'I must walk to-day, and to-morrow, and the day following,'‡ although it may be fairly argued that a ministry extending over three literal or three symbolical days appears to be indicated in these words; and that a day may be symbolically used here, as elsewhere, to represent a year. Neither need we attach much weight to the fact that immediately upon the commencement of our Lord's ministry, according to the views assigned by the impugnors of the fourth Gospel to the Synoptists, and consequently before our Lord could have become known in Judæa, we find captious Pharisees and doctors of the law assembled at Capernaum, who had come not only out of every town of Galilee, but also out of Judæa and Jerusalem.§ It would obviously be impracticable to comprise within our pre-

\* i. 32. Even writers such as Hilgenfeld are constrained to recognise this unequivocal allusion to the baptism. 'Historisch-Kritische Einleitung in das Neue Testament,' p. 719.

† Vol. ii. p. 451.

‡ xiii. 33. § Cf. St. Matt. ix. 1; St. Mark ii.; St. Luke v. 17.

scribed limits any extensive inquiry into the chronology of our Lord's ministry, even were the materials with which we have to deal of a more precise and determinate character than they actually are. It must suffice for our present purpose to observe that whilst the Synoptists relate at length one visit to Jerusalem at the close of our Lord's ministry, their narratives contain indications, more or less direct, that that visit had been preceded by others. Of these indications the following will suffice. We read in St. Matthew iv. 25, of the multitudes who 'followed' our Lord throughout the various regions of Galilee 'from *Jerusalem and from Judæa*.' Again, the whole history of the family of Bethany implies that our Lord had visited that place previously to the raising of Lazarus. One of these visits is expressly recorded in St. Luke x. 38-42; and it is not unworthy of notice, when we recall to mind the local colouring of our Lord's teaching, that the scene of the preceding parable—that of the good Samaritan—is laid between Jerusalem and Jericho. Once more, whilst the Synoptists, as well as the writer of the fourth Gospel, make mention of Joseph of Arimathea as a disciple of Christ, and also of the ready compliance with Christ's request respecting the use of the upper room in Jerusalem, as though the owner of that room was no stranger to our Lord, the supposition of the Judæan ministry of Christ affords at once a reasonable and a sufficient explanation of the implied facts that these and other inhabitants of Judæa had been already brought into contact with Him. But perhaps the most decisive indications which the Synoptists afford of the extent of the Judæan ministry are to be found (1) in St. Luke iv. 44, where, according to the best authorities, we should read, 'He preached in the *synagogues of Judæa*,' and (2) in the final lament over the doomed city of Jerusalem, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, *how often* would I have gathered thy children together, even 'as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye 'would not.'\*

We have thus briefly glanced at some of the most plausible arguments urged by the author of 'Supernatural Religion' in proof of the utter discrepancy between the Synoptic

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\* St. Matt. xxiii. 37. Cf. St. Luke xix. 42. We say, 'perhaps,' because it is possible that the reference is to the invitations of the Old Testament prophets. The context does not appear to us to favour this view. Moreover, this interpretation involves such a recognition of our Lord's pre-existence, on the part of one of the Synoptists, as will not find acceptance with the negative critics, whose only resource is to dispute the genuineness of the passage.

Gospels and the fourth Gospel. He adduces, indeed, several others; but whilst some have already been satisfactorily disposed of, others appear to us subversive of the conclusion which they are brought to establish. The following instance will, we think, sufficiently illustrate our position.

The author of 'Supernatural Religion,' not content with urging the improbability, or, as he is pleased to regard it, the *impossibility*, of such an act as the cleansing of the outer court of the Temple at the outset of our Lord's career, thinks that he has discovered an additional ground of objection to the account of the transaction as given by the fourth Evangelist, in the fact that our Lord is represented as replying to the demand of the Jews for a sign in the words, 'Destroy this Temple and 'in three days I will raise it up.'\* 'The Synoptics,' says our author, 'not only know nothing of this, but represent the saying as the false testimony which the false witnesses bare against Jesus. No such charge is brought against Jesus in the fourth Gospel.'† We do not propose to discuss the question whether the cleansing of the Temple took place only once, and in that case whether the chronological order of the incident has been preserved by the Synoptists or by the fourth Evangelist; or whether it took place both at the beginning of our Lord's public ministry, as recorded by St. John, and also at its close, as recorded by the Synoptists. In either case the account given by the fourth Evangelist, as has been shown by Mr. Sanday, exactly corresponds with that which we should expect from one who had been an eye-witness of the circumstances which he relates. The mention of the oxen and the sheep—not noticed by the Synoptists—the position of the changers of money, who are represented as 'sitting'—the making of the scourge, probably out of the ropes which had bound the victims—the driving out of the animals with the scourge thus made, as contrasted with the command to the sellers of doves to take them away—and once more, the pouring out of the changers' money upon the ground—all these minute details, so simply, so naturally, and so graphically related, are exactly what we might expect from the pen of an eye-witness, on whose memory the event had left an indelible impression, whilst they are signally out of accord with the theory of the composition of the narrative by one who was separated by upwards of a century from the facts which he professes to record.

Other considerations confirm the accuracy of the Johannine

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\* Chap. ii. 19.

† Vol. ii. p. 452.

narrative. The 'forty and six years' during which the rebuilding of the Temple had been going on—an unlikely computation for a forger of the second century—bring us, according to the testimony of Josephus,\* to the 18th year of Herod the Great, i.e. to the year 28 or 29 A.D. (and more probably, as Mr. Sanday has shown, to the former of these two years),† a date which exactly agrees with that given by St. Luke iii. 1, on the supposition that that Evangelist reckons from the joint, not the sole, sovereignty of Tiberius. Other considerations tend to the same conclusion as regards the correctness of the chronological place assigned to this incident in the fourth Gospel. Its parabolical character is admirably adapted to the early portion of our Lord's ministry. The demand for a sign was more natural at the beginning of that ministry than at its close. We find no charge preferred here against those who asked for it, whereas, in reference to those who required a sign at a later period, we find our Lord denouncing them as 'an evil and adulterous generation,' to which no other sign but that already promised in this place, and described as the sign of the prophet Jonas, should be given. And yet further, there is an incidental allusion to two distinct acts of memory on the part of the disciples which refer unambiguously to two different periods of time. At the time when the words in question were spoken, the disciples 'remembered' the saying of the Psalmist, 'The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up;' whereas it was not till after the Resurrection that they 'remembered,' in the light of that event, the prediction of Christ, 'In three days I will raise it up.' Now had these words been spoken at the time at which the Synoptists place the second cleansing of the Temple, not a week had elapsed between the uttering of the words and their accomplishment, and two days only had passed since the allusion to them of the false witnesses. How improbable, then, that the testimony of false discordant witnesses should be adduced to substantiate a charge of which the priests themselves should have been the witnesses, or that the fact should be recorded that the disciples *remembered* words which it would have been almost impossible for them, after so short an interval, to have forgotten.

But it is objected by the author of 'Supernatural Religion' that 'no such charge is brought against Jesus at all in the 'fourth Gospel.' Now it appears to us that the very fact that the accusation is recorded by the Synoptists, not by the writer

\* Antiquities of the Jews, xi. 1.

† P. 65.

of the fourth Gospel, so far from constituting any ground of objection to that Gospel, affords an incidental argument of no small value in its support. Had the accusation of the false witnesses been found in the same Gospel which gives the account of our Lord's words, it would have been open to those who challenge the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospel to allege that the one was designedly invented in order to obtain credence for the other. But it will hardly be alleged that a writer of the second century invented this incident in order to furnish a feasible explanation of that perversion of our Lord's words which we find in the Synoptic Gospels; and we submit that on any other hypothesis than this (which even the author of 'Supernatural Religion' has not ventured to put forth), the charge of the false witnesses, as recorded by the Synoptists, must be regarded as one of the undesigned coincidences which corroborate the truth both of their Gospels and also of the fourth.

It would carry us far beyond our appointed limits were we to enter at any length upon the exceedingly interesting and important question, how it is that the discourses of our Lord, as reported by the fourth Evangelist, differ so widely in their general character from those which are related by the Synoptists, and how it is that their general style and terminology bear so close a resemblance to those of the Evangelist himself. There are two considerations which have been commonly overlooked by those who have urged this objection to the genuineness of the fourth Gospel: (1) that it is the custom of the fourth Evangelist to insert his own reflections upon the words of Christ in such a manner that it is difficult, if not impossible, to trace the line of demarcation between them; and (2) that the points of agreement between our Lord's words, as recorded by the Synoptists, and as recorded by the fourth Evangelist, are at least as remarkable as are the points of difference. Again, the diversity of style between our Lord's discourses, as related by the Synoptists, and as related by the fourth Evangelist, may be accounted for, to a great extent, by a due consideration of the different persons to whom they were addressed, and the different times and circumstances under which they were delivered; whilst a large amount of resemblance between the style of our Lord's discourses and that of the Evangelist himself may as fairly be accounted for by the two following considerations: (1) that the style of the translator must of necessity give a certain colouring to every original; and (2) that one who lived on terms of close familiarity with Christ may insensibly have learned to conform his own style to

that of his Master. At the same time we freely allow that these considerations do not sufficiently account for the occurrence of all of those peculiarities of thought, of style, and of phraseology which are traced throughout the writings ascribed to St. John, whether speaking in his own person, or relating the discourses of our Lord; and we think that the only satisfactory method of accounting for this phenomenon must be found in the supposition that a larger field was allowed to the personal recollections, the personal beliefs, and the personal genius of the writer than has been commonly admitted on the part of the apologists of the fourth Gospel. A difficulty, if such it be, of a similar nature is found in the deviations from the Hebrew original and from the Greek version which occur in citations from the Old Testament, both in the Gospels and in the Epistles.

There is one more objection to the genuineness of the fourth Gospel which we should gladly have discussed at length, because we think it may more fairly be urged as a substantial argument in its favour. We refer to the much vexed controversy whether the Last Supper and the Crucifixion (both of which events, it is important to bear in mind, took place upon the same Jewish day) must be assigned, as the Synoptical Gospels *appear* to assign them, to the 15th Nisan, or, as the fourth Evangelist appears to do, and, as we believe, does, to the 14th Nisan. We can only briefly indicate the salient points of this question so far as they bear upon the genuineness of the fourth Gospel. We observe then; (1) that whilst we freely allow that the Synoptical Gospels seem to imply that our Lord celebrated the Passover on the legal day, there are very many indications in their narratives that that day was anticipated; (2) that the four Evangelists are agreed in assigning the day of the Crucifixion to the Jewish day of preparation (*παρασκευή*), and that there are considerable difficulties involved in the supposition that the same word is employed by them in two different senses; (3) that it is in the highest degree improbable that a Greek forger of the second century should, on a point of such notoriety, have contravened the consentient testimony of those who had preceded him; and, lastly, that if the alleged inconsistency between the Synoptical Gospels and the fourth Gospel actually exists, the course adopted by the fourth Evangelist can be explained on no other supposition than one, viz., that he was an eye-witness of the facts which he records, and that he knew that his Gospel would be received as that of an eye-witness by others. We will only add, in answer to the argument against the genuineness of the fourth Gospel which



is derived from the practice of the early Asiatic churches, that even if the event commemorated in their Easter festival was the Institution of the Eucharist, and not the Crucifixion, inasmuch as both events occurred on the same Jewish day, the practice of the Quartodecimans may fairly be alleged as an argument for, rather than against, the chronology which is based upon the fourth Gospel.

We have now considered some of the chief objections which have been made to the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel, based upon the alleged discrepancies between it and the Synoptic Gospels; and we have endeavoured to show that these discrepancies in no case assume the form of irreconcilable differences, and that in some instances they must be regarded rather as undesigned coincidences. We must again urge that we should very inadequately estimate the evidential value of these discrepancies were we to regard them solely in the light of difficulties which are capable of a satisfactory solution. On the contrary, when viewed in conjunction with those numerous indications of the eye-witness to some of which we have already referred, and which, if our space allowed, we could almost indefinitely multiply, we contend that the discrepancies in question—whether real or apparent—afford evidence against the late date of the fourth Gospel, which is almost, if not altogether, decisive of the question at issue. The most determined opponents of the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel admit its incomparable merits; nay, more, they ascribe to those merits its reputed origin. No parallel, then, can be instituted between the fourth Gospel and the Apocryphal legends which lay claim to apostolical authority. The writer of the fourth Gospel, whoever he may have been, is confessedly one who stood prominent amongst his contemporaries, and who, if a forger, has executed his task with such consummate skill that it has imposed upon the world for at least 1700 years. We ask, then, whether it is probable that such a man, writing in the name of one of the original Disciples of Christ, and professing to record what he had himself seen of his Lord's works and heard of His words, would have composed a book differing so widely—as our opponents say, so fundamentally—from the accounts universally received and regarded as authentic histories at the time at which he wrote?

The results of an inquiry into the origin of the fourth Gospel may be briefly described as follows. A chain of external evidence, which no modern criticism has been able to break, and of which recent investigations have brought to light some

lost links, connects the fourth Gospel with the Apostolic age, and with its reputed author, the Apostle John; and it is only strong dogmatic prepossessions which have led any, whether in earlier or in later times, to challenge the consentaneous tradition of the ancient Church respecting its authorship.

The internal indications of the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel are yet more decisive; and the assaults of hostile criticism have not only proved futile, but have served in a remarkable manner to confirm the conclusions which have been drawn from the external evidence.

The Gospel itself presents phenomena which can be explained only on one or other of the following suppositions: either that the author was an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes, or that he was a writer in comparison with whom the greatest poets and writers of fiction sink into insignificance.

The Prologue of the fourth Gospel, which is alleged to savour of the philosophy of a later age, is in entire harmony with the circumstances under which that Gospel is said to have been composed, and with the residence of the writer in a city such as Ephesus, which was one of the chief centres of Eastern and Western civilisation. The peculiar characteristics, as regards style and terminology, of the fourth Gospel accord with the known antecedents of the reputed writer, and are exactly such as might have been expected in the work of a Palestinian Jew who had been brought into contact in his early years with Hellenists, who remained in Jerusalem for many years after the Ascension, and who spent the later portion of his life in Ephesus.

The fundamental points of difference between the fourth Gospel and the Synoptic Gospels, as regards their contents and their general mode of dealing with a common subject, are utterly inexplicable on the supposition that the fourth Gospel is the production of a later age; and they admit only of one explanation, viz., that the writer was an eye-witness of what he has recorded, and that he knew that his book would be received as the genuine production of that Apostle whose authority it claims. On the other hand, the coincidences with the Synoptic Gospels—whether the writer was, or was not acquainted with them—are such as to afford strong corroborative evidence of the substantial truth of both.

The alleged geographical and historical inaccuracies of the fourth Gospel admit, for the most part, of satisfactory explanation, and of reconciliation with the results of ancient and modern research. In any case they amount only to difficulties,

similar to those which are found in all writings of antiquity; and they are such as further investigation and future discoveries may entirely remove.

It is almost superfluous to add, that if these results are established, the conclusion at which the author of 'Supernatural Religion' has arrived must be reversed; and that whereas he alleges, as the result of his investigation, that 'the testimony of the fourth Gospel is of no value towards establishing the truth of miracles and the validity of Divine Revelation,' it may with greater confidence be affirmed that if the genuineness of that Gospel be proved, no further evidence of 'the truth of miracles,' and of 'the reality of Divine Revelation' is required.

ART. II.—1. '*The Frosty Caucasus ; an Account of a Walk through Part of the Range and of an Ascent of Elbruz in the Summer of 1874.*' By F. C. GROVE. London: 1875.

2. '*Travels in the Caucasus and Persia and Turkey in Asia.*' By Lieut. Baron MAX VON THIELMANN. Translated by C. HENEAGE, F.R.G.S. London: 1875.

3. '*The Crimea and Transcaucasia ; being the Narrative of a Journey in the Kouban, in Gouria, Georgia, Armenia, Ossety, Imeritia, Swannety, and Mingrelia.*' By Commander J. BUCHAN TELFER, R.N., F.R.G.S. London: 1876.

THE Russian frontier-lands towards Asia known as the Caucasian provinces have, since in 1869 we last noticed them, acquired, both politically and commercially, fresh importance. Within the last few years they have been thrown open by means of railroads for the passage of armies and of commerce—as well as of tourists. First in order of time, the Transcaucasian railway has brought Tiflis into direct connexion with the Black Sea at Poti; a concession has lately been granted for its continuation to Baku on the Caspian. The Rostof-Vladikafkaz line is at present the farthest arm of the great Russian system, and conveys the traveller from the North to the very foot of the snowy chain: it is intended to carry the rails down to the Caspian at Petrofsk, whence they may easily be run round the mountains to Baku. But another link between Tiflis and the North is in contemplation. According to Herr von Thielmann, a line of railway piercing the gorge of the Dariel and passing under the main chain a few miles to the E. of the present carriage-pass, the Krestowaja Gora, will soon be com-

menced. Surveys have been made for a railroad into Persia, *viâ* Erivan and Djulfa; but this project hangs fire, and will probably continue to do so until the junction between the Russian and Transcaucasian systems has been effected.

The completion of this network will enable Russia to control and almost to monopolise many of the markets of Western Asia, and to hold at a moment's mercy Tabreez and the northern provinces of Persia, which, somewhat prematurely, her Government engineers have already included in their survey of Russian Transcaucasia. The most effective hindrance to these results would probably be the construction under British guarantee of a railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, with branches into Central Persia. England must doubtless eventually be linked to India, as well as Russia to China, by a, literally, 'Overland Route.' There seems, however, little present prospect of the commencement of an undertaking which would involve complicated negotiations and awkward responsibilities, and of which the cost can be more easily calculated than the returns. Our countrymen and Government may naturally be unprepared for so bold a venture. But they will do well to remember that it is in this portion of the Ottoman Empire, not on the Balkan, nor even in the Isthmus of Suez, that the portion of the Eastern question most vital to our own interests lies.

Fuad Pasha, one of the greatest Ministers of the Porte, declared in his testamentary letter of advice addressed to the Sultan in 1869 that 'what alarmed him most was the considerable change that the pacification of the Provinces of the Caucasus has brought about in the situation of Russia.' He held it to be beyond all doubt that in the course of future events the most serious attacks of the Russians would be directed against the Turkish Provinces in Asia Minor. And he added emphatically, 'If some day there should appear a Russian Bismarck, whilst the Powers of Europe are disunited, then indeed would be changed the destinies of the world.' It is impossible, in our judgment, to attach too much importance to this remark. It is not the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, it is not even the possession of Constantinople by a hostile Power, that would be fatal to British interests in the East, but it is that great territorial revolution which would be the probable—we may say, the inevitable—consequence of those events, namely, the conquest and occupation of Asia Minor. We think it could be shown to demonstration, on military and political grounds, that Constantinople cannot be held as the seat of government without the command of Asia Minor, and

that Asia Minor cannot be held or occupied in security without the possession of Constantinople. Should the course of events require it, we will endeavour at some future time to establish these two propositions. At this moment a few remarks must suffice. Constantinople draws her supplies mainly from the fertile plains on the Bithynian and Phrygian coast. If she lost her Asiatic shore she would be within cannon-shot of an enemy's territory, and on the verge of her own soil: she would cease to command the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus: all the natural advantages of her position would be lost. The immediate lines of defence of Turkey against a northern enemy may lie in Bulgaria, but her strength in men and resources is above all in Anatolia. On the other hand, Asia Minor itself is, with the exception of one or two fortresses at the north-eastern corner, wholly undefended and at present indefensible. Its area is about equal to that of France. A hostile army which should ever gain possession of the table-land of the Tauric chain would command all the valleys leading up to it from the coast: and the coast is encircled by harbours and cities, now in ruins and forsaken, but ever memorable in the history of the Grecian and the Christian world. To a European military Power in possession of Constantinople the conquest of Asia Minor would not only be easy but indispensable. A glance at the map will tell the reader what that implies. It implies the entire command of all the great harbours of the Levant and of the territories lying between the coast of the Mediterranean and the Euphrates. The line of division between Europe and Asia is purely conventional — a mere geographical expression, especially when an important part of Europe is governed by an Asiatic Power, and the most important parts of Asia by European States. Nothing is in truth more European than Asia Minor. It is the most fertile portion of the Eastern coast of the Mediterranean, and no territory on the face of the globe is so intimately connected with the history of Grecian civilisation and the early annals of the Christian Church as the coast which extends from the promontory of Lampsacus to the island of Rhodes. The Power which may one day restore those fertile but neglected lands to cultivation, and those deserted cities to civilisation, will be the mistress of Eastern Europe. This, then, is the true reason of the paramount importance of Constantinople itself to Great Britain; and this is also the reason why the occupation of the Caucasian Provinces by Russia, and the efforts made by her to establish a system of railroads converging on Armenia, are amongst the most important and significant events of the

present age, whether they be used for the purpose of war or of peace. For this reason we propose to review all the recent contributions to our knowledge of the Caucasian region.

What effect the new railways may have, either in creating a demand for or in making available the mineral wealth of the Caucasian Provinces, it is perhaps premature to speculate. The naphtha harvest in the neighbourhood of Baku has hitherto been most remunerative. One group of springs was sold some years ago for 900,000 roubles (120,000*l.*). Coal, said to have given satisfaction when tested on shipboard against English coal of good quality, exists in the mountains near Kutais. Nakhitschevan produces salt, Elizavetpol alum; both have been worked with profit. The Karabagh has copper mines; not far from Tiflis iron is found in large quantities, but the attempts to work it have not up to the present time been very successful. According to Herr Radde, obviously a sanguine though an honest witness, only European capital and intelligence are needed to ensure a large return. Gold and silver also exist in small quantities; the former is obtainable by washing from the sands of the Mingrelian rivers. But we are not prepared to follow Herr Radde further into this subject. We should be sorry in any way to promote the formation of an 'Alagir Mines' or a 'Phasis Goldwashing Company.'

The soil of the Caucasus is, in many parts, extraordinarily rich in vegetable products. Poti has a considerable timber trade, great quantities of box and the finer kinds of woods used in cabinet-making being exported to France. But in crops which require for their production the aid of human skill, the country, despite natural advantages, scarcely supplies its own needs. It will be long probably before the wines of Kakhety are manufactured with sufficient care to bear travel and obtain, as they well might, a market throughout Russia. The primitive character of the native husbandry, the poverty of the landowners, and, above all, the absence of decent roads, make the condition of Caucasian agriculture very hopeless. Nor can the introduction of colonists be looked to as a remedy; for much of the most fertile land lies in districts stricken with the curse of deadly fevers.

It has been rather from its remoteness than from any absence of means of instruction that Englishmen as a nation have hitherto paid little attention to the Caucasian isthmus. A catalogue of Caucasian literature recently published at Tiflis extends to forty pages: according to Herr von Thielmann, the works on the Caucasus, including pamphlets and magazine articles, already number 2,355. The majority are naturally

in Russian, and therefore sealed books to most readers. But even in the languages of Western Europe there is no lack of volumes. France and Germany have of late years been characteristically represented, on the one side by the light 'Lettres sur le Caucase' and the farcical, but often graphic, sketches of Alexandre Dumas; on the other by the encyclopædic volumes of Herr Petzholdt, and the interesting, but for the public somewhat too botanical, chapters of Herr Radde. Those who care to go to older books may find in Dubois de Montpeureux, Wagner, and Klapproth a mass of valuable information, and may pick out some curious facts from the ponderous volumes which record the embassies to Persia of the Middle Ages.

Even in our own literature much general information can be obtained. A few English travellers were attracted to the Caucasus before the Russian war by interest in the political struggle of which it was the scene, and some of them have left us curious, if imperfect, sketches of their wanderings. Since the restoration of peace and the thorough subjugation of the tribes, visitors have been more frequent, and, being looked on by the Russians no longer as spies in a doubtful contest but as witnesses to a complete victory, far better received. We have had consequently in the last twenty years a fair supply of volumes describing tours along the main lines of traffic through Transcaucasia and Daghestan, and one or two treating of travels in the interior of the country and among the fastnesses of the mountain-chain.

After an interval of nearly six years, the last twelve months have been marked by the addition to the Caucasian catalogue of three books, each of which contains a great deal more than a fresh description of the 'regular round.' For the Caucasus, like Switzerland, has already its regular round. The obedient and uninventive tourist, safely landed at Poti, proceeds, with the sanction of his 'Murray' and the full approval of his Russian hosts, through Kutais, and by Ani to Erivan. Having duly gazed from a distance at the sacred mountain of Armenia, he returns to Tiflis, and, after crossing the Dariel, is forwarded from Vladikafkaz along the high-roads of Daghestan to some port on the Caspian, whence he may quickly find his way back to Moscow. In towns such a tour may be fairly satisfactory though it leaves out two of the most striking, the semi-Persian Schuscha and Elizavetpol. But as regards natural scenery it is fatally meagre, and those who adhere to it may be expected to return with impressions of the Caucasus similar to those formed of the Alps before men began to search for their beauties.

It is only by a rare exception\* that a frequented highway leads through that part of a mountain-chain where the peaks rise to their full grandeur and the valleys are most luxuriant. Zermatt, Chamonix, Courmayeur, Grindelwald, all lie off the old tracks of commerce. The Stelvio road owes its existence to military necessity; a dull and easy mule-pass lies close beside it. In finding little beauty in the scenery of the Mont Cenis, the Brenner, or the Julier, our ancestors are not without sympathizers even among the most enthusiastic modern mountain-worshippers.

Mr. Grove, Herr von Thielmann, and Captain Telfer are none of them tourists of the baser sort; they have all something fresh to tell us. Moreover, each author has distinctive merits of his own. Mr. Grove went to the Caucasus primarily to climb and explore mountains, but he does not fall into the faults generally attributed to Alpine literature. He has the power, while avoiding needless details and tedious repetitions, of seizing on characteristic incidents, and he writes with an ease, spirit, and humour rare among travellers. Herr von Thielmann is a rising German diplomatist, and some of his chapters assume somewhat the form of an official report. But, as a whole, the valuable information contained in his book is brought together and arranged in a very readable form. Captain Telfer, an officer in our own navy, has seen and read much, and notes down the facts he has gathered either on the spot or from books with a brevity thoroughly professional.

We shall now proceed to examine in detail the books referred to. Kutais, an ancient town, situated at the point where the Rion, generally identified with the classical Phasis, leaves the hills, was the starting-point of Mr. Grove and his companions for their walking tour. Thence they trod through mud and mist the long track across the Mingrelian highlands to Gebi, the village nearest the western source of the Rion. Of its inhabitants, their manners and customs, he gives us a lively sketch. They are the hucksters of the Caucasus, and in almost every valley during the subsequent tour a man of Gebi travelling on business was met with. It is possible that an infusion of Jewish blood may have had its influence on their mode of life. An old traveller asserts that there are many Jews living about the Upper Rion. Lachamuli, on the Ingur,

\* The Mamisson Pass, leading from the source of the Rion to a station (Ardonsk) thirty versts west of Vladikavkaz, will, whenever the Russians are at the pains to metal the track cut many years ago, form such an exception.



is said by Herr Radde to be exclusively Jewish. Captain Telfer describes a Jewish village on the road to the Latpar Pass, the natives of which monopolise the commerce of Svanety. The presence of Jews in this part of the world has been ingeniously accounted for by a late secretary of the French Geographical Society, who has satisfied himself that some of the Babylonish captives were transported to this remote corner of the empire of their conquerors.

The situation of their home has also, doubtless, had something to do with the wandering habits of the men of Gebi. The village is connected by horse-passes with three of the chief valleys north of the main chain—those of the Ardon, the Uruch, and the Tcherek. Horse-passes we call them, for horses do, or did within the present century, cross all of them. They are not, however, ‘cols’ on which modern Swiss animals would venture. We learn on good evidence that the St. Theodule and Col d’Hérens were once frequented horse-routes, but in Central Europe as the climbing powers of man have grown, those of beasts seem to have fallen off. The same change will probably take place in the East, although—as the road-making capacities of the Russian Government are immeasurably inferior to those of a Swiss canton or an Italian commune—much less rapidly. Where no good roads exist, and the choice lies between the perils of a morass or a glacier, directness will often turn the balance in favour of the latter. But as soon as a paved or metalled track can be found, the safety and ease it assures are held to more than compensate for any loss of time consequent on following its more circuitous course.

From Gebi Mr. Grove and his friends crossed the chain by a glacier-pass above the western source of the Rion. While descending towards the Tcherek (not to be confounded with the better-known Terek) they had an encounter which amusingly illustrates Caucasian habits:—

‘We found two men of Gebi who were about to cross the pass from the north, philosophically reposing each of them with a bundle by his side as big as Christian’s burden in the old pictures of the “Pilgrim’s Progress.” They had intended to drive across the pass a bullock, which I trust they had come by honestly; but the animal being much fatigued, and not likely to live over the snow, they had promptly killed him and cut him up, and were going to carry as much of him as they could to Gebi; at least such was their story. They offered us a leg for a trifling sum, but not feeling quite sure that the beast had died by steel, we declined.’

Unfortunately the clouds which pursued Mr. Grove during

this part of his journey prevented any addition to our knowledge of the great glaciers and mountain-ridges surrounding the source of the eastern Tcherek, the true centre of the Caucasian chain. A few days were spent at one of the Mohammedan villages composing the group known as Balkar, which lie in a broad, featureless, and singularly unattractive basin, between the granite spurs of Dychtau and the broken cliffs of the outer limestone chain. During this halt Mr. Grove rode down to see the upper end of the gorge of the Tcherek mentioned by Klapproth and later travellers. From its centre he had a glimpse of the wooded country to the north,\* the beauty of which excited the utmost admiration in his predecessors of 1868.

The existence of a great belt of northern forest, west as well as east of the Dariel, had been so seldom alluded to in books on the Caucasus, that seven years ago a writer in a leading German geographical magazine could speak of it as a discovery. The real discoverers were the authors of the Five-Verst Map, on which its extent is shown with an accuracy which contrasts singularly with the loose dealings of the same engineers with the principal glaciers and mountain-ridges. The unequal care bestowed on these details is perhaps explained when we remember that the military importance and dangers of a forest zone were deeply impressed on the Russians by some of the incidents of their Caucasian campaigns.

Whether the western Tcherek traverses a gorge similar to that of the eastern stream is a question Mr. Grove does not answer. The easy pass connecting the two valleys was traversed in such bad weather that nothing could be seen of the surrounding country, and the only incident worth noting was the narrow escape of the party from the loss of their invaluable interpreter, who was rescued by the timely intervention of Mr. Grove from the jaws of three gigantic sheep-dogs. We regret to say that, while their masters are advancing in civilisation, these animals, like our lower classes in Western Europe according to Tory writers, seem to be yearly becoming more dangerous.

The next two chapters are to a geographer the newest and most interesting of Mr. Grove's book. At Bezingi, a village on the western Tcherek, the Englishmen were entertained by a kind but invisible 'Princess.' This good lady was not exempt from the curiosity of her sex, but Mohammedan

\* 'South' is printed in place of north by an obvious slip in Mr. Grove's book.

etiquette compelled her to indulge it by proxy. A man who puzzled Mr. Grove by 'continually coming, taking a good stare, and then going away, returning shortly afterwards, having another gaze and again departing, as though a very grubby Englishman shone, like Moses on the Mount, too long to be borne for long,' proved to be the 'special reporter' of the Bezingi harem. The attentions of its hospitable head were repaid before parting by the seemingly inappropriate present of an eight-bladed knife. We are surprised to find no mention here or elsewhere, among the various delicacies offered to the travellers by their hosts, of the intoxicating honey frequently alluded to by earlier writers.\* Mr. Grove makes a point of the fact that the diet of the Caucasians contains neither sugar nor alcohol. Have the tipsy bees been banished, along with their disorderly Tcherkess or Abkhasian owners, by a sternly moral government? Ascending from the village through a savage glen encumbered with ancient moraines, the travellers found themselves on a vast ice-stream formed by the union of two branches descending respectively from the great Kotchan Tau (17,096 feet) and the gap west of Tau Tetnuld. As they mounted it they came full in face of Kotchan Tau, the next in height to Elbruz of Caucasian peaks:—

'The mist which had clothed the upper part of the mighty mountain cleared away and it was revealed to us in all its grace and nobleness of form. Tier after tier of steepest escarped crags rose on its side, and above them was a fan-like ridge so thin seemingly that its huge rock articulations looked to me from below like the delicate fibres and veins in a leaf. Above them was the crest of the mountain, a sharp arête marked by a series of gentle curves of great length covered with a new garment of fresh snow. Kotchan Tau shown with dazzling brightness under the eastern sun, and I think the eye of man could hardly rest on a more noble and beautiful mountain than it looked on that summer morning.'

A speedy relapse in the weather prevented the party from ascending Tau Tetnuld, the mighty snow-cone which looks down on Svanety, or crossing, according to their plan, into that delightful, if dangerous, region. But they were able to clear up several disputed points of topography, and to supply important corrections for the Russian map, which is in this, in

\* See Klaproth, Spencer, and the '*Travels of Josafá Barbaro*,' in the Hakluyt Society's Publications, 'I was divers times with their lorde whose lief was bent to be in contynuall dronkenes with drinkeng of wyne made of heneý.'

many respects the most interesting portion of the range, 'vague' and almost worthless.' Hence to Urusbieh we are led over a series of grass passes at some distance from the main chain. Clouds were once more predominant, and little was seen of the country except the wonderful gorge which leads westwards from Tehegem. During a walk up this cleft our travellers accomplished their single sporting feat—one, however, which, *pace* the Poet Laureate, we believe to be unique. In the narrowest part of the gorge they came suddenly on a bouquetin, 'caught the wild goat by the hair,' and led him back in triumph to the village. At Urusbieh, the next halting-place, the weather, happily, at last mended; we are not surprised, therefore, to find Mr. Grove's impressions of the spot very favourable. The hearty hospitality and intelligence of the chiefs who inhabit it no doubt strengthened the pleasant recollections brought away by the travellers.

From one of these 'princes' Mr. Grove heard marvellous stories of a vast untrodden forest south of the chain 'full of' beauty and also full of game—deer, wildboar, bouquetin and 'chamois.' As has been already pointed out, in the 'Alpine Journal,' this region is probably identical with the 'alpine desert' described by our countryman Mr. Spencer, in a volume published so long ago as 1838. Mr. Spencer's geography is, as a whole, distressingly vague, but his forest clearly occupies the exact spot where Mr. Grove is inclined to place that of the Urusbieh hunters, that is, the southern spurs of the chain west of Svanety. His description fully bears out the statements made to Mr. Grove, and he mentions that every crag was alive with chamois, which, owing to the vast scale of the scenery, appeared about the size of squirrels! The walk up Tau Sultra, a panoramic point (12,000 feet) commanding a superb view of the chain, formed a pleasant prelude to the ascent of Elbruz. Despite first appearances it turned out that the latter mountain had, by the aid of mists, deceived the first English party in making them believe it had but one summit. 'Uno avulso non deficit alter' might well have been the motto of the chapter in which Mr. Grove records his ascent. To his natural satisfaction Elbruz revealed a second top, probably some feet higher than that climbed in 1868. Thus, instead of merely treading in others' footsteps, Mr. Grove was able to complete his predecessors' work and claim the honours of a new ascent. Unfortunately the leader of the party, Mr. A. W. Moore, did not share its crowning success. With singular and self-sacrificing good-nature he had agreed to wait twenty four hours for some Russian officers who were anxious to share in

the ascent; and this delay proved fatal, for the weather again broke, and a furious windstorm rendered the mountain temporarily inaccessible.

Utchkulan, a large village near the sources of the Kuban, corresponds in position on the west to Urusbieh on the east of Elbruz. There are two routes round the mountain, one over the ice-covered spur connecting it with the central chain, the other across the 'great rolling downs,' which fall away gradually from the huge volcano towards the northern steppe, where the scenery, if not beautiful, is 'original in the highest degree,' and the traveller moving from camp to camp of the shepherds, who feed here in summer immense flocks and herds, finds himself, at a day's journey from a gay Russian watering-place, in the midst of the most primitive pastoral life. The inhabitants of Utchkulan seem, with one important exception, specimens of the worst kind of northern Caucasian. Their greedy and contumacious disposition brought our countrymen into great straits. The men of the village, after long delays, broke off the once-concluded negotiations, and it was only through the goodwill and exertions of the chief, who sent round to neighbouring hamlets and collected a troop sufficient to carry the travellers' baggage across the chain, that they were able to proceed. On the march the difficult temper which seems to mark this tribe soon displayed itself. The porters having picked a quarrel over the distribution of the joints of mutton, threatened to desert in a body. Then they lounged at their own pace across the pass, indifferent to all protests. At the last, however, they appear in a better light. The completion by the travellers of their part of the contract by paying their attendants in full, although they had been dismissed some miles short of the spot agreed on, seems to have touched these hardened consciences. We give the confession and apology of the leader, as reported by Mr. Grove:—

'Tell the gentlemen that we feel indeed what noble and honourable persons they are, and how greatly above us. It has been most truly a pleasure to serve them. For those wild, foolish, and miserable words which were spoken two nights ago, we most humbly implore the gentlemen to forgive us. I did indeed endeavour to restrain the young men, but they were full of folly and violence, and would not listen to me (he had been the worst of them all). Now, in truth, they feel how bad and rude their conduct was (murmurs of assent from the others); and we all pray the gentlemen to forgive us, and to look upon the words spoken as those of mere madmen and idiots, meaning nothing, for madmen and idiots indeed we were when we insulted men so honourable and so much above us. We were dogs and sons of dogs to behave as we did (applause), and indeed the gentlemen may well

despise what we said, and look upon it as so much mud, dirt, and mire under their feet (general assent from the rest).'

To reach Lata Mr. Grove had to traverse a rather dull pass, the Nakhar, and the glorious woodland scenery of the Kodor. Both Herr Radde, who once approached Elbruz by this route, and Mr. Grove speak of this valley as a noble specimen of the combination of forest and mountain scenery which distinguishes the Black Sea slopes of the chain. Either this pass or the slightly more westerly Marukh Pass is clearly alluded to in the following passage, which gives a curious picture of the Caucasus in the middle of the fifteenth century:—

'From the sea of Bachu unto the sea Maggiore, the streight waie, as it were, by line, is Vc (500) myles. All which ground is full of mountaignes and valleys, in some places well inhabited by certein Lordes of it (through whose territories no man darre passe for feare of robberyng); but, for the more parte, it is disenhabited. And, if any man wolde determyn to passe that waie, leaving Derbenth, he shulde be constringed first to go through Giorgiana, and then through Mengrelia, on the cost of the sea Maggiore, at a castell called Aluathi, where is a mountaigne of so great height that it shall behove him to leave his horse and to clyme up afoote by the rockes, so that betweene ascending and descending he shulde travaill two iorneyes, and then entre into Circassia, of the w<sup>ch</sup> I have spoken in the beginneng, and that passage is only vsed by them that dwell neere it, besides the which in all the said distance there is no passage knowen, by reason of the difficultie of the places.'\*

The Dariel is, it will be noticed, completely ignored by the old traveller. Alua is found on Kiepert's map of the Caucasus close to the Lata of Mr. Grove. Hence an easy ride led the travellers to Soukhoun Kaleh, the term of the journey. But when on the point of quitting Caucasian shores they unluckily caught and carried away with them an unpleasant remembrance in the form of fever. Their experience is a warning that every precaution should be taken in the low-lying districts along the coast, not only by abstaining, according to Mr. Galton's advice, from the ablutions in tempting streams to which Englishmen are by habit inclined, but also by taking preventive doses of quinine.

Mr. Grove does not pretend to offer any very solid information on scientific or political topics. His book is the journal of a holiday tour carefully re-written and thrown into a pleasant literary form. He seems to have made up his mind to be content with recording the facts which came under his own

\* *Travels of Venetians in Persia*, p. 87, Hakluyt Society's Publications for 1873.

notice, and giving a cheerful and vivid picture of a journey in the mountains. In this aim he has fully succeeded under peculiar difficulties. To be accompanied during a tour, necessarily limited in time, by a pillar of cloud which wets you to the skin both by day and night, and blots out what you may never have the chance to see again, is a sore trial to human patience. Bad weather in a mountain inn is vexatious; in a sleeping-bag it must be a good deal more. Yet none of the gloom we might expect is reflected on these pages. When any scenery can be seen Mr. Grove is always ready to be pleased with it, and to describe it with appreciation; when there is none, and this is only too often the case, he finds a resource in the people amongst whom his party are thrown. The distinguishing merit of the volume lies in its admirable description of the mountain tribes of the northern Caucasus. Their character has, we feel, been studied with care and humorous appreciation, and we are convinced that there is little extenuated and nothing set down in malice in the estimate of them here expressed. This latter quality deserves especial praise. Travellers too often, despite difficulties of language, expect the inhabitants at once to understand and meet their wants, and abuse them whenever they do not. Mr. Grove shows himself superior to this weakness, and even the peculiar provocations of Caucasian indolence and Eastern indifference to time, whatever effect they may have had at the moment, have never succeeded in putting him into a permanent bad temper.

The impression of the northern Caucasian tribes left on our mind is, on the whole, distinctly favourable. The Mohammedan mountaineers whom Russian policy has allowed to remain in the northern Caucasus seem, according to their lights, honest and peaceable men, of whom as subjects any empire might be proud. It is impossible, of course, for a tourist not to be struck and irritated at the oddity of prices being everywhere adapted at a moment's notice to the new demand, so that travellers are in this primitive region constantly imposed on in the most unromantic manner. Possibly the inordinate love of talk frequently referred to by Mr. Grove may in part account for this unexpected difficulty. Where the males of a community have many hours of leisure without literary pursuits they can scarcely be blamed for making the most of any topic that comes within their reach. A bargain may naturally appear to them what a scandal in high life is to idlers nearer home, something too precious to be dismissed under a week at least; and the unreasonable impatience of the traveller in cutting

it short, a selfish luxury which it would be difficult to tax too highly.

The second volume on our table completes without repeating 'The Frosty Caucasus.' Herr von Thielmann, as was to be expected from a German diplomatist, gives us a great deal of solid matter. None perhaps of the previously published books on the Caucasian provinces contains so large an amount of information for the intending traveller. There is a general account of the Caucasus and its inhabitants, a good sketch of the last wars in Daghestan and the career of Schamyl, and an appendix full of excellent practical advice and skeleton routes, which exactly supplies the information Mr. Grove did not care to offer. The author's travels embraced Persia and Bagdad, and we have here to deal with only one-half of the original German volume, equalling the first volume of the English edition. Herr von Thielmann's journey in the Caucasus lay in great part over tolerably beaten ground. From Kutais he went by the ruins of Ani to Erivan, visited Ararat, returned by the postroad to Tiflis, crossed the Dariel to Vladikafkaz, and thence followed the Russian roads through Daghestan to the Caspian. But he made one or two digressions which give his tour novelty to the English reader, who gets from him a description of the luxuriant hills of the Tzchenis Tzchali,\* and of a panorama of the main chain of the Caucasus from one of the spurs overlooking the sources of the Ingur, whence he took a Pisgah-view of the Promised Land of Svanety, without himself venturing among its Philistines. For some startling inaccuracies in the description of the chain seen from this point, it is not the German author, but his translator, who is responsible. The English translation, although generally fluent, requires a careful revision, especially in the descriptive passages. Again, on leaving Tiflis, Herr von Thielmann makes an excursion into the great wine-district of Kakhety, where the Alazan flows at the foot of the forest-girt and snow-capped wall of the eastern Caucasus through a vale rich in vineyards and bright with villages, and amongst low hills covered with beechwoods which astonish Europeans, and to Asiatics are a revelation of undreamt-of beauty. But even while he traverses roads already described, the author is a pleasant companion. His story is

\* In this instance we follow Von Thielmann's spelling. Caucasian nomenclature is in the utmost confusion. It is impossible always to adopt the German rendering of native names. Captain Telfer's method often produces a result too uncouth and complicated for general use.



told lightly, and he gets over the ground rapidly, pointing out the objects of interest on the way without wearying us with pointless personal details. Into his practical remarks he sometimes infuses a touch of humour, as the following extract shows:—‘In out-of-the-way parts of the East the traveller ‘does well to furnish himself with a few mysterious flasks and ‘pills—if possible gilded over—of a mild and harmless character, to be administered as remedies against every form of ‘disease to the crowd which seeks for healing. No harm can ‘be done, and the learned traveller will invest himself with a ‘marvellous halo of sanctity.’

Written without political bias, the descriptions of Russian rule are fair and instructive. A traveller who has sometimes feared that the tortures of a *telega* may have rendered him unduly hard on a large class will find a gloomy satisfaction in noting that both Herr von Thielmann and Captain Telfer add their testimony to the frequent occurrence of drunkenness, lying, and insolence amongst postal officials. The discreditable condition of the service is, however, only one of the minor results of the system of corruption and jobbery which extends, unfortunately, through a large portion of the official world in Russia. The sum, 4,000,000*l.*, the Dariel road cost the Government tells its own story and explains the extreme slowness with which communications, not immediately needed for military purposes, have been opened up. There seems, we fear, little prospect of the speedy development of a better morality in the members of the Imperial service while an incident such as the following can occur at the seat of government itself. Tiflis has been, it seems, deprived of its usual luxury of an Italian opera for two winters. ‘The directors, who are in the ‘service of the State, contrived to squander in one season ‘the Government subsidy for three years, amounting to a ‘total of 90,000 roubles! The matter has never been cleared ‘up, and although the delinquent officials in high places were ‘removed from the management, they have been *appointed to ‘still higher offices!*’ The italics are Captain Telfer’s.

But whatever faults may fairly be found with Russian administration, it must be admitted that the preliminary task of subjugation has, with one small exception, been fully and effectually accomplished. Western writers sometimes assume that the perpetual presence of a large army is necessary to keep in order the Caucasian provinces, and hence that in time of war they must prove a serious embarrassment to Russia. Our newspapers now and then foster this belief by a paragraph headed in large type, ‘Revolt in the Caucasus.’

No support for any such calculation is to be found in any of the volumes before us, and it seems ludicrous enough to those who understand the condition of the country. The Western Caucasus was made a desert through the act by which Russia supplied the Sultan with his, lately too famous, Circassian subjects. Even when Schamyl was at the height of his power the Mohammedans of the central valleys remained faithful to the Czar. The conquest of Daghestan if slow was proportionately sure, and the tribes have of late years been leniently and judiciously governed. The career of the last and only agitator since Schamyl's fall was brought to a speedy end by his own countrymen, who sent in his head, wrapped in its green turban, to the Russian commander. Local disorders may from time to time take place. A band of Kurds from the Turkish highlands commits a murder on the Erivan road; Svanetian villagers, misled by the contemptuous long-suffering of their masters, venture on open resistance and murder. But such puny outbreaks are speedily quelled by a few Cossack 'Sotnias' or the Kabardan militia. For some time to come the tribes of the Caucasus will be one of Russia's best recruiting grounds. The danger, if it be one, which threatens the northern empire from this quarter is of another nature. There are Russian politicians who fear that the vigorous races which inhabit the Caucasian isthmus may be welded together too successfully, and that a prince resident at Tiflis may some day aspire to independence of Petersburg.

Herr von Thielmann is very careful and accurate, and leaves few corrections to be made. The snow-level in Svanety is wrongly put at 12,000 feet, owing probably to a statement of Herr Radde's that he gathered plants on the rocks of Elbruz at this height. Herr Radde elsewhere puts the snow-level on the south side of the chain at 9,600 feet. On the northern slopes, as in the Himalaya, it is, owing to the drier climate, considerably higher. The glaciers, of course, descend lower. The great Karagum Glacier, on the northern slopes of the Adai Khoch group, reaches 5,700 feet, and several of the ice-streams in Svanety stop short but little above 7,000 feet. Statistics of the rainfall at various stations in the Caucasus show an enormous excess of wet in the Rion basin in comparison to Daghestan or the Armenian highlands. The main snowy chain and the Suram hills catch and shut in the vapours of the Black Sea, and statements as to the limits of vegetable or snowy zones based on observations taken on the southern slopes between Adai Khoch and Elbruz do not hold good for

the rest of the country. The Caucasus has, in fact, not one, but half a dozen climates, and the generalisations sometimes hazarded on this and similar subjects require constant qualification.

On another page we are told that there are no broad glacier basins, like those of the Bernese Oberland or the Bernina, in the Caucasus. A few years ago it was declared that there were no glaciers at all, and the old delusion dies hard. Herr von Thielmann would not write thus if he had visited the northern glaciers of Katchan Tau or the vast snow-fields of the Adai Khoch group. We may add that the comparison based on the statistics given by the Russian staff of the comparative extent of Swiss and Caucasian icefields is worthless, for the reason that no one has yet ascertained the extent of the Caucasian snows, which are absurdly understated on all Government maps.

The third and most recent of the works above alluded to is that by Captain Telfer. The author comes before us in two handsome volumes with every advantage of type, paper, and illustration. But he has other and more important recommendations to notice. Married to a Russian lady, and speaking the language well, he had opportunities of observation such as fall to the lot of few travellers. Every civility—from the loan of the imperial copy of the ‘*Times*,’ to the permission to accompany a magistrate on his official tour through Svanety—was extended to him. Captain Telfer has, on the whole, made excellent use of his facilities. His two volumes are replete with the most varied information. Instead of dashing off, tourist-fashion, a hasty diary of personal adventure, he has been at the pains to search libraries and make himself master of the facts to be gathered from previous publications. The value of his book is much increased by the footnote references to the authority for each statement; an excellent practice we recommend to the imitation of travel-writers. Its principal fault lies in its arrangement. The information given is so copious that the facts—archæological, ethnological, and so on—might, we think, have been grouped with advantage, at any rate to students, in special chapters, instead of being allowed to fall by the wayside as chance ordered.

The comparative familiarity of the country gone over in the first volume is compensated for by the interesting additions made by Captain Telfer to the reports of his predecessors. The remains of Ouplitz-Tzyche, a rock-hewn city of unknown date, near Gori, appear to rival those of Petra in interest. It is a town with public buildings, houses, large and small, con-

veniently arranged in rooms furnished with doorways and windows, and ornamented in many cases with beams, pillars, mouldings and cornices. The streets and lanes are provided with steps and grooves for carrying off water. 'There are 'also open spaces and squares, yet,' says Captain Telfer, 'the 'whole has been entirely hewn and shaped out of the solid 'rock.' In general character these excavations—we cannot call them ruins—resemble those of Wardzia, near Achaltzich, described by Herr von Thielmann and attributed to the twelfth century. From Erivan, the ruins of the monastery of Keghart, whence we have copies of numerous inscriptions, as well as those of the fortress of Kharny, said to have been built by Tiridates, were visited. Tiflis and the Dariel are beaten ground, but Captain Telfer secures our attention by his sketch of the history of the Ossetes, and still more by his vivid account of the day's entertainment offered him at the Ossete village of Olghyush, near Vladikafkaz.

But the most interesting and instructive portion of his book is the description of his visit to Svanety, in the company of a Russian official. This district, which has lately become celebrated for the extraordinary splendour of its scenery, had previously been known only for the violence of its inhabitants. The Svany, who profess Christianity, are a mixed race, sprung from the various refugees who have at different times sought shelter between the snowy spurs of Tau Leila and the great icefields of Kotechan Tau in the least accessible fastness of the Caucasian chain. The portion of the valley next to the gorge by which the river escapes towards the sea, had submitted to the rule of a family of Kabardian princes. The villages in the highest glens, from which issue the glacier-fed sources of the Ingur, long acknowledged no external authority, and were neglected by the Russians, who, if the statistics given by Captain Telfer may be relied on,\* had good reason to hope these undesirable subjects would, left to themselves, soon cease to be formidable. It was in this state of things that Herr Radde, and subsequently a party of our countrymen, whose journey is recorded in 'The Central Caucasus,' traversed the district from end to end, visiting many of its most remote glens. Fired, perhaps, by the travellers' tales of a region nominally at least under his control, Count Levaschoff, then Governor of Mingrelia, made in 1869 a military promenade through the mountains at the head of 600 men. This formidable incursion,

\* The Svany were computed in 1835 to number 30,000. In 1874 they had sunk to 7,000, according to the official census.

which was not followed up by any practical steps for throwing the country open by means of new roads, seems to have rather irritated than awed the Svany. In 1871 the Russian Government, which up to this time had only maintained a post of a dozen Cossacks at Pari, a hamlet in the lower and comparatively civilised portion of the district, found it necessary to plant a garrison of a hundred men at Betscho, on the banks of a branch of the Ingur, from whose head a glacier-pass, commonly used by the mountaineers, gives access to, and, therefore, possibility of relief from, the Kabardah. How much respect the presence of these troops ensured for the representative of the Russian Government is amusingly shown by Captain Telfer :—

‘One of the objects of the Chief’s official tour in the upper valley of the Ingur was to superintend the fresh elections of the *mamasaklysy* and their *pamóshchuyky* in the several communes; and notice having been given upon our arrival that the voters for Kala and Oushkoul were to assemble in the morning, the male population of those two communes began to muster in front of our encampment at nine o’clock, and when all had assembled the proceedings were opened with an address from the Chief. The instantaneous and unanimous expression of opinion being that the Chief should himself select the most fitting men, the Colonel had to explain at some length that he could only approve the choice of the people, as it was quite impossible for him to make judicious appointments, seeing that every man was a perfect stranger to him. Some dissatisfaction was shown at this reply, but after a time the crowd moved away, and almost immediately hurried back, pushing to the front one of their number who was doing his best to resist. The favourite refused to be the “elder,” in the first place because his three years’ term as *sélsky soudyá*, “rural judge,” had just expired and he desired to be released from further responsibility, and because he thought no greater misfortune could visit him than that of becoming *mamasaklysy*. “I killed a man in the next village to this “ten years ago; I have paid his relations the full amount of blood-money, but they are not satisfied, and I believe that they are seeking “an opportunity for revenge; if I am made *mamasaklysy* I know what “I will do—I will kill another of the family, the man who wants to “kill me.” This was the explanation offered; but the Chief told him, that if he persisted in making such a statement he should arrest him, and have him tried for murder; on the other plea, however, that of having already served as judge, he was entitled to decline the new honour, and a fresh election must take place. The determination of the people was not to be altered, for they clamoured in favour of the late judge, and *vox populi* being *vox Dei*, he was prevailed upon to accept the office.’

The occasional dangers and annoyances incident to a judge’s office in the Caucasian Alsatia may be estimated from the following narrative :—

‘The “elder” and the priest made their official report, which was to the effect that an old feud between the villages of Tzaldash and Moujab had resulted in the violent death, the previous January, of a son of Kazboulatt Shervashydze, the *mamasaklisy* of Moujab, and as the people of Moujab muster stronger than they of Tzaldash, the allies of the deceased man’s family had kept the assassin and his friends besieged in their tower since the commission of the crime, for which blood-money had never been paid. The Chief was inclined to the belief, from the evidence at hand, that the murder had not been pre-meditated, and that one man slew the other in self-defence; he accordingly despatched a messenger to Tzaldash, to tell the accused and his two brothers that they were to leave the tower and come to him forthwith. A first and a second summons remaining disregarded, the Chief himself rode off to Tzaldash, accompanied by his interpreter, the priest, and a Cossack, and ordered the trio to descend, which they promised to do provided they were not constituted prisoners. After being repeatedly urged to give themselves up unconditionally for the easier investigation of the charge preferred against them, a ladder slung to a long rope was let over the parapet, and the three brothers descended to the ground, when he who was accused of the murder hurriedly approached the Chief, and insisting upon kissing him on the naked breast, pronounced his submission and readiness to follow.

‘This farce being over, the brothers were ordered to the front, and as the party moved off necessarily at a walking pace, a loud voice at a loop-hole celled upon it to halt, under a threat to fire. The explanation offered by the brothers was, that a man of Ypary who had fled his village for murder, had sworn to defend with his life the murderer of Tzaldash, in return for the protection afforded him from his own enemies. The interpreter shouted to the scoundrel that no harm was intended to the brothers, and that they were not being carried off against their will; the Yparian, however, who kept his rifle levelled, still threatened to fire and kill the Chief or the priest, if his friends were not immediately allowed to reascend the tower. Hereupon the youth pleaded to having sworn to stand by the runaway of Ypary, proscribed like himself, to the last extremity, and to avoid further bloodshed begged that he might be permitted to stay, for the Yparian, he said, would most assuredly fire. The advantage being decidedly in favour of the bandit in his unassailable position, the Chief deemed it prudent to release the assassin from his bond, leaving the settlement of the matter to a future occasion, when he should be better prepared for enforcing his authority.’

On another occasion two travellers provided with Russian recommendations were, despite the Chief’s personal remonstrance, refused lodging and compelled to sleep under a tree. Captain Telfer explicitly asserts that in Svanety Russian credentials are worse than useless, and when we find a magistrate unable, even when on the spot, to enforce the simplest order, or to procure provisions for his own party, it is easy to believe the statement. The Alpine Club explorers of 1868,

although armed only with revolvers and a British passport, succeeded in visiting with impunity, if not without annoyance, the most barbarous communities, Adisch and Jibiani, where the Russian officials do not seem to care to venture themselves. But this was before Count Levaschoff's excursion.

The danger of this policy of letting ill alone and allowing government representatives to be insulted with impunity, was shown last year, when a serious outbreak was only averted by the forbearance of the officials concerned. The survey preliminary to a readjustment of the land-tax roused the discontent of the Svany, who surrounded the detachment at Betscho and prepared to resist in force an advance over the Latpar Pass from Mingrelia. In an appendix Captain Telfer relates from Russian sources the story of the disturbance and its suppression, which was effected without any fighting, except in the dislodgment of an obstinate ringleader from his tower, where he had to be formally bombarded with a howitzer. It is curious to learn that the Russians threw 300 Kabardah Militia into the valley by a glacier pass, apparently that over the main chain from Urusbich.

Even this warning, however, did not suffice to rouse the Government to the necessity of impressing its strength on the handful of unruly mountaineers. Temporary tranquillity was purchased by concessions, and no force adequate to overawe the turbulent communities was left in the district. The result has been lamentable. During the past summer a small detachment of soldiers was sent to Kala, a group of villages at the northern foot of the Latpar Pass, to arrest a fugitive criminal. The Svany flew to their towers and to arms in defence of the right of asylum. At nightfall the Russian force retreated from the hamlet, having lost its three officers, and leaving dead Colonel Hrinewsky, 'the Chief' of Captain Telfer's narrative, and his interpreter, who are said to have been 'treacherously slain.' Such an outrage cannot be overlooked. The 'Independent Svany' will afford a few weeks' occupation to two or three Russian regiments; their towers, to the great loss of lovers of the picturesque, will be levelled, and the malefactors may consider themselves lucky if they do not, like their late Abchaz neighbours, disappear off the face of the earth. With them will vanish all remains of resistance to Russian rule; and the last, and most beautiful, region in the Caucasus will be thrown open to travellers.

In another appendix Captain Telfer has reprinted from an old copy of the 'Times' a very interesting account of an ascent of Ararat, which seems to have dropped entirely out

of general recollection, and to have escaped the notice even of mountain-climbers. Major Robert Stuart's narrative is singularly clear and simple, and will doubtless be studied with interest in the Alpine Club. The only sentence in it we feel disposed to question, is that in which he expresses a hope that 'Her Majesty will deign to accept this expression of allegiance' (the drinking of her health on the summit), 'on considering that hers is probably the first name that has ever been pronounced on that solemn height since it was first quitted by the great patriarch of the human race.' On the claim of Noah ever to have been in a position to descend the mountain we will not venture an opinion; but the ascents of Parrot in 1829 and of General Chodzko, the Dofour of the Caucasus, in 1850 are well authenticated.

Captain Telfer's pencil is more effective than his pen in putting before us the physical features of the region he was fortunate enough to wander through. His descriptions of scenery are somewhat few and meagre, but he says enough to show that he is not dull to the beauties of nature, and it must also be borne in mind that he was persecuted by the same bad weather as Mr. Grove. Moreover, to do any justice to Svanetian landscapes would require rare powers. We shall be content if, by a medley of comparisons, we can succeed in suggesting some image to our readers' consciousness. Imagine the most luxuriant vegetation of an English park, woodland glades where stiff pines stand surrounded by quivering birches, thickets where the glooms of box and laurel are lit by golden showers of laburnum-blossom, turf strewn with the creamy heads of the low-growing *Rhododendron Caucasicum*; spread this carpet over hillsides large as those of the Wengern Alp, throwing in here and there a towered town such as we are accustomed to look for in the backgrounds of early Umbrian masters; above all this plant between earth and sky a fence of glittering peaks crowned by the Jungfrau (Tau Tetnuld), the southern face of Monte Rosa (the Djanga range), and a double-headed Matterhorn (Uschba), and some faint realisation may be attained of the views round Latal and Ypary.

We may notice in company with the volumes here discussed Mr. Ashton Dilke's article 'The Caucasus,' published in the 'Fortnightly Review' for October 1874, a lively description of a ride across Daghestan into Kakhetia. From Botlikh the writer traversed a little-used horse-path which descends to Kvareli, after passing a crest, according to Mr. Dilke, 13,000 feet above the sea. The Russian maps do not, we think, show



any peak of this height on the main chain hereabouts. Before passing the watershed he found valleys 'dark with forest,' and flowerbeds of 'luxurious rankness,' a contrast to the stern treeless grandeur of the country round Gunib. In the Eastern Caucasus the traveller who will take his own path outside the Russian highways, already described by Lieut.-General Sir A. Cunynghame and others, will be well repaid. There live many of the most interesting tribes; there, also, the great snowy groups of Schebulos and Basardjusi rival the giants of the Alps. The paper we see is to form part of a book on 'The Russian Power.' Before it is reprinted Mr. Dilke will doubtless correct one or two palpable inaccuracies which mar the effect of his introductory sketch of the country.

The last publication on our list is not the least important. Herr Radde's 'Vier Vorträge über den Kaukasus' (forming an extra number of the 'Geographische Mittheilungen') contains the substance of some lectures on the Caucasus delivered in Germany three years ago. The most interesting lectures are the second and the fourth—those on the Organic World and Tribes of the Caucasus. Herr Radde's heart is in botany, and he grows really eloquent over the marvellous but short-lived flora of the steppes, and the gigantic growth of weeds which bursts forth in spring from under the snowbeds of the Tzchenis Tzehali. With regard to the tribes his sketch is full of interest, though necessarily, from the limits of space, incomplete. The details of the religion and laws of the Chefsurs, a race of doubtful origin, living east of the Dariel, on the borders of Georgia and Daghestan, are most curious. Calling themselves Christians they are yet polytheists, the greatest of their pantheon being, naturally, the God of War. They still preserve the habit of wearing suits of fine chain armour, and consider themselves, on what ground is not very apparent, to be descended from some crusaders, who, taking an unusual route homewards, found in Kakhety their earthly paradise. The chapter on the 'Inorganic World' is the least satisfactory. The lecturer's object evidently was to put before his countrymen the commercial importance and undeveloped mineral resources of the Caucasus, and he consequently sacrifices much matter of general interest. All the four lectures suffer from compression. Herr Radde tells us in his preface that he only claims to have laid down the lines of a comprehensive work on the Caucasus. We hope he will feel it his duty to go on with a task for which he has many advantages, and that in its execution he will not forget the claim of the mountains to a fair share of notice. Herr Abich has

collected some materials not as yet reproduced outside Russia, with regard to traces of ancient glacier action and geological structure, and there is much to be said on these and kindred topics. The book on the Caucasus has yet to be written, and Herr Radde has some of the qualifications necessary for the writer. But for the sake of English readers it is impossible not to regret that we had not some years ago a consulate at Tiflis, and that Mr. Gifford Palgrave, who, from Soukhoun Kaleh and Trebizonde, has shown us how he can describe the country and its people, was not our consul there.

ART. III.—1. *Les Fourmis de la Suisse. Systématique, Notices Anatomiques et Physiologiques, Architecture, Distribution Géographique, Nouvelles Expériences et Observations de Mœurs.* By AUGUSTE FOREL. Genève: 1874.

2. *Harvesting Ants.* By J. TRAHERNE MOGGIDGE, F.L.S. London: 1873.

3. *Observations on Ants.* By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. Linnean Society's Journal, Vol. XII.

OF all subjects relating to the natural history of animals there is, perhaps, none more curious, attractive, and varied than that of Insects, and of this class the order known to entomologists by the name of *Hymenoptera* stands prominently out, and has just claims to hold the first place amongst the other orders of the insect world.

The various members of this order are characterised by some remarkable peculiarities of structure, and by a highly developed instinct and intelligence; they are often excellent architects, and build for themselves and their young dwellings of elaborate form; they show an unbounded love of their offspring, which they guard with the greatest care and self-sacrifice; form governments, send forth colonies, and even in some instances capture slaves, whose labours they appropriate to themselves. Bees, wasps, ants, ichneumons, gall-flies, and saw-flies are examples of the order *Hymenoptera* more or less familiar to everyone. The insects of this order have the following characteristics: all possess four wings; the female has an ovipositor in the shape of an auger or a saw, or a poisonous sting; all undergo a complete metamorphosis; the larvæ are generally helpless and footless grubs, and require to be supplied with food. Bees, wasps, and ants have engaged the attention of observers from the earliest times; it is the last-

named alone to which we shall confine our remarks in this article. Ants belong to that section of the *Hymenoptera* known as the *Aculeata*, because in some cases the insects possess a poisonous sting; the species are either social or solitary; the latter (*Mutillidæ* Leach) consist only of two sexes, male and female; the males are always winged, the females wingless. The social ants (*Formicidæ* and *Myrmicidæ* Leach) form communities, and consist of males, females, and workers or neuters; these last—though certainly not least in importance—are really immature females with aborted ovaries, and as a rule, to which, however, rare exceptions may occur, incapable of producing fertile eggs. It is of the social ants alone that we have to speak.

There is such a flood of curious matter surrounding the natural history of ants made known to us by patient modern observers, that we have not space at command for recording what the ancient classical writers have handed down, so we pass over the story of Herodotus about some Indian ants as large as foxes, which throw up hills of sand mixed with gold, and take no notice of the fables of Aristotle, Plutarch, and Pliny. Leuwenhoek, the patient Dutch philosopher and microscopist, and Swammerdam, the insect anatomist, are amongst the first to give us any real information on ants. The former studied their metamorphosis, and showed that the large white oval bodies which had hitherto been regarded as eggs were the larvæ or cocoons, the true eggs being very small bodies. Swammerdam confirmed the observations of his distinguished predecessor, manifesting deep and laborious research as well as giving very lucid descriptions; he traces the changes from the footless larva to the developed nymphæ, correctly telling us that the males and females have wings, that the rest, often a numberless host, are the neuters or workers as amongst bees and wasps, and that some of the larvæ are naked, others enclosed in cocoons. We must not forget to mention the name of an Englishman, William Gould, who in 1747 published ‘An Account of English Ants,’ in which he gives accurate information on the architecture of ants, their manners and customs, &c.; he denies that ants store up grains of corn for winter-food, and correctly states that the ants of this country at least never eat corn nor, indeed, anything else in the winter time; he suggests, however, as has turned out to be the case, that perhaps foreign species do so. Mentioning only the names of Linneus, Geoffroy, Reaumur, Bonnet, de Geer, and Latreille, we come to the historian of ants, the sagacious, patient, and accurate M. Pierre Huber, the more illustrious son of an

illustrious father; for it is to him that we are largely indebted for our knowledge of the habits and economy of these little insects. Huber's researches into the natural history of the ants of Switzerland embrace the subjects of their architecture, their development, the conduct of the workers to the fertilised females, their wars, their slave-making habits, migrations, affection for their comrades, their strange relations with the aphides and gall-insects, their internal language, &c. 'Of 'so romantic a nature' did some of Huber's recorded facts appear to many, that he expresses himself happy that since the publication of his work he had frequently witnessed what he had described, and that he was not the only person who had noticed them, but that several good observers in Switzerland had themselves been eye-witnesses of the same facts, amongst whom he mentions especially and with pride the distinguished name of Latreille. 'I can truly declare,' says he, 'that I 'have neither been led aside by fertile imagination, nor by a 'love of the marvellous.' But we owe still further, though indirect, obligations to Pierre Huber, because his published researches have been the means of bringing before the entomological student one of the most valuable monographs ever published on this or any other subject of a similar nature; we allude to the great work of M. Auguste Forel, '*Les Fourmis de la Suisse*'—a work which has been justly crowned by the Swiss Society of Natural Science, and one which for some time will probably remain the chief authority on all that pertains to the history of ants. M. Forel in his preface distinctly states that his perusal of the admirable work of Pierre Huber in 1859 so intensely interested him, that he set himself at once to the study, and it is most pleasant to find that M. Forel's own researches confirm the general accuracy and truthfulness of Huber's work.

In England we are chiefly, as well as considerably, indebted to Mr. Frederick Smith, of the British Museum, for information '*On the Genera and Species of British Formicidæ*,' and to Sir John Lubbock, who has for some time been studying the habits of ants, and who has published in the '*Journal of the Linnean Society*' some very curious and interesting experiments; the same accomplished naturalist is still continuing his patient investigations, the result of which, it is probable, may incline us to be somewhat sceptical as to the inferences drawn from certain recorded facts, more especially with regard to the far-seeing wisdom of ants, their powers of communication, and their affection for their companions.

The various species of social ants must be extremely

numerous; Mr. F. Smith, several years ago, said we have 690 recorded species.

‘The metropolis of the group,’ he adds, ‘undoubtedly lies in the tropics; and when we reflect upon the observation of Mr. Bates, who has collected for some years in Brazil—“I think,” says that observant naturalist, “the number in the valley of the Amazons alone cannot be less than 400 species”—if this prove to be the case how limited must our present knowledge of the group be! The imagination is unable even to guess at the probable amount of species, when we remember that Mr. Bates is speaking of a single valley in Brazil; and were the vast expanse of South America, North America, Africa, Australia, and its adjacent islands, India, and other parts of Asia, searched by diligent naturalists, there can be little doubt that the *Formicidæ* would equal in number, if not exceed, that of any other tribe of insects.’ (*Catalogue of Formicidæ*, p. 2.)

The ants of the British Isles are by no means numerous in species, twenty-eight only being enumerated in Mr. F. Smith’s catalogue, while many of these are very rare; perhaps there are not more than some eight or nine species that may be considered as common.

M. Forel divides the social ants into three families. (1) *The Formicidæ*, (2) *Poneridæ*, (3) *Myrmicidæ*. The *Formicidæ* have no sting; they possess a single scale or node at the base of the abdomen; there is no contraction after the first segment of the abdomen; the nymphæ are sometimes naked, sometimes enclosed in cocoons. In the *Poneridæ* the females and workers have a sting; the males are destitute of one; the abdomen is contracted after the first segment, and the nymphæ are enclosed in cocoons. The *Myrmicidæ* have a sting as in the *Poneridæ*, there are two scales at the pedicel or abdominal base, and the nymphæ are always naked. The neuters or workers are in some species of two different sizes, and their functions are different; for while the smaller neuters occupy themselves with architectural constructions and the various duties of a household, the larger ones have military duties only to perform.

The nests and architectural abodes of ants are of various forms and sizes, according to locality, accidental surroundings, and the seasons of the year; some nests, or parts of nests, are only provisional, others last for years; some parts of a nest are of different structure from others; in some the population is large, in others small, and this occurs amongst the individuals of the same species; some nests are open on all sides, others are entirely covered in. They are never constructed after a geometrical plan like the hexagonal cells of the bee and wasp, which make nests of a certain definite pattern, varying accord-

ing to the species of the building-insect. Ants, on the contrary, are able to vary the forms of their nests according to circumstances and their own peculiar advantages, showing quite a genius for new combinations. In some hot countries there are nomad ants which make no nests, and form living balls on trees; but in Europe all the species of the social ants construct nests or abodes, whither they retire in winter, and where they often collect together in clusters. The most simple form of a nest is a burrow, which at first is a mere hole, whether in the ground or in the bark of a tree; these burrows may have both an entrance and exit hole. The nests of some species, on the other hand, show elaborate structure. M. Forel, in his interesting chapter on the architecture of nests, makes the following five great divisions:—1, nests of pure earth; 2, nests bored in wood; 3, nests of card-board, wood, or other material; 4, nests of composite materials; 5, abnormal nests. Each of these admits of several varieties of structure according to the habits and wants of the different species. Thus there are earth-nests of built-up domes, nests formed by undermining, nests under stones; nests in wood may be scooped out of the wood itself or the inner surface of the bark, portions of the solid parts being left for pillars and partitions, reminding one of the human worker in our coal and salt mines. Paper or card-board nests are very rare, there being only one European species which constructs this kind of nest, the *Lasius fuliginosus* Latreille. Nests formed of composite materials may consist of underground minings surmounted by a dome, or they may be formed with no dome-like superstructure in old decayed tree roots and trunks. The wood-ant, hill, or horse-ant (*Formica rufa*) of this country is a familiar example of the former kind of nest-builder, while the extremely common *Myrmica scabrinodis* may be frequently found in nests of the latter description. The hill or wood-ant is the largest of our British species; the ant-hill or dome-like exterior is only a portion of the nest; the materials of which it is composed consist of earth mixed with almost any transportable substances within reach, such as bits of grass, stalks, small dry twigs, the needle-like leaves of the larch, bits of dry leaves, &c. M. Forel mentions the occurrence also of various bodies more or less spherical, as little stones and shells of small molluscs. Huber has detailed the formation of the nest of this species.

‘To form an idea how the straw or stubble roof is formed, let us take a view of the ant-hill in its origin, where it is simply a cavity in the earth. Some of its future inhabitants are seen wandering about in search of materials fit for the exterior work, with which, though rather

irregularly, they cover up the entrance; whilst others are employed in mixing the earth thrown up, in hollowing the interior with fragments of wood and leaves, which are every moment brought in by their fellow-assistants, and this gives a certain consistence to the edifice which increases in size daily. Our little architects leave here and there cavities where they intend constructing the galleries which are to lead to the exterior, and as they remove in the morning the barriers placed at the entrance of their nest the preceding evening, the passages are kept entire during the whole time of its construction; we soon observe it to become convex, but we should be greatly deceived did we consider it solid. This roof is destined to include many apartments or storeys. Having observed the motions of these little masons through a pane of glass which I adjusted against one of their habitations, I am enabled to speak with some degree of certainty of the manner in which they are constructed. It is by excavating or mining the under-portion of their edifice that they form their spacious halls, low, indeed, and of heavy construction, yet sufficiently convenient for the use to which they are appropriated—that of receiving at certain hours of the day the larvæ and pupæ. These halls have a free communication by galleries, made in the same manner. If the materials of which the ant-hill is composed were only interlaced, they would fall into a confused heap every time the ants attempted to bring them into regular order. This, however, is obviated by their tempering the earth with rain-water, which afterwards hardening in the sun, so completely and effectually binds together the several substances as to permit the removal of certain fragments from the ant-hill without any injury to the rest; it moreover strongly opposes the introduction of the rain. I never found, even after long and violent rains, the interior of the nest wetted to more than a quarter of an inch from the surface, provided it had not been previously out of repair or deserted by its inhabitants. The ants are extremely well-sheltered in their chambers, the largest of which is placed nearly in the centre of the building; it is much loftier than the rest and traversed only by the beams that support the ceiling; it is in this spot that all the galleries terminate, and this forms, for the most part, their usual residence. As to the underground portion, it can only be seen when the ant-hill is placed against a declivity; all the interior may then be readily brought in view by simply raising up the straw roof. The subterranean residence consists of a range of apartments excavated in the earth, taking an horizontal direction.'

M. Forel has drawn particular attention to small bits of grass-stems or of wood, thirteen centimetres long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  millimetres in diameter, which the ants employ in forming their galleries; these are the beams which give support to the galleries and chamber; they are arranged cross-ways interlacing one another, and the interstices are filled up with rounded materials; these galleries admit of being constructed into walls in different parts of the nest, by the filling up of the interstices between the beams, thus separating the small chambers and forming distinct galleries.

According to Huber ants seem to be aware of the approach of rain. 'When the sky is cloudy in the morning, or rain is indicated, the ants, who seem to be aware of it, open but in part their several avenues, and immediately close them when the rain commences.'

We must not dwell longer on these interesting points connected with the architecture of these little builders, except to notice the paper-made nest of the fuliginous ant of Huber, the *Lasius fuliginosus* of more recent authorities. This species is one which excavates its abode in wood, and is the only paper-builder amongst ants. The oak, the willow, and other trees are occupied by these small ants, and sometimes entirely hollowed out by them; the nest consists of numberless storeys, more or less horizontal, with floors and ceilings five or six lines distant from each other as thin as a playing card, supported by vertical partitions forming an infinity of chambers, or by a series of small slender columns, allowing one to see between them to the extent of an almost entire storey; the whole is composed of 'a blackish and as it were smoked colour.' By what means is the paper material manufactured by this ant? Meinert thinks that it is composed of woody particles, and a substance secreted by certain mandibular and metathoracic glands. M. Forel is inclined to agree with Meinert, but the ants which he kept in confinement and which he supplied with sawdust, refused to work with it under his observation. Leaving the nests themselves, let us notice their various inhabitants—such as eggs, larvæ, nymphæ, and the perfect insects—as the females, males, and neuters.

After the female has deposited some eggs they are taken up by the workers and deposited in little packets. The eggs increase in size after exclusion, and this growth it is supposed is occasioned by the very curious habit of the workers constantly licking them for about fifteen days, nourishment being supplied by a kind of endosmose or the transmission of some nutritious substance from without inwards through the walls of the egg. This curious fact of licking the eggs did not escape the notice of Huber, who witnessed it under one of his large bell-glasses. 'On looking a little closer,' he says, 'we find that they turn them continually with their tongues; it even appears they pass them one after the other between their mandibles, and thus keep them constantly moistened.' The eggs are whitish or opaquely yellowish. Unlike bees, there is no appreciable difference between the eggs which produce females, males, workers, or soldiers; the larva is a small white grub with a dozen indistinct rings, footless, and eyeless; in



most cases the larvæ are incapable of any motion with the exception of the mouth, which opens freely for food. When hungry the little grub opens its mouth, and the workers approach and disgorge honied sweets in a liquid form therein. These grubs are utterly helpless, and the workers not only feed them, but caress them with licking, clean them and transport them from one part of the nest to another, that they may have the proper degree of temperature. The larvæ which are to develop into females have the same kind of food as those which will become males and workers; unlike the bees whose queen-larva requires a different diet from the worker-larva. Sometimes the workers carry off several larvæ, smaller ones adhering to larger ones; if a larva is by accident dropped, the worker does not recover its burden until it is touched with the antennæ.

The duration of life in the larva-state is, in some cases, long; certain larvæ hatched in the autumn do not become nymphæ till July in the following year (*Solenopsis fugax*); others appearing as eggs in April, become nymphæ about the end of May.

The nymphæ in some species are enclosed in cocoons, in others they are naked, but sometimes the same species has both kinds; they are always motionless and neither eat nor grow; the workers show as much anxious solicitude for the nymphæ as for the larvæ, cleaning and rubbing them, and transporting them from place to place as before. When a larva means to become an enclosed nymphæ, it fixes itself to the soil and spins a cocoon. Sometimes the nymphæ can release themselves from their coverings, the skin slitting longitudinally down the back by the lively movements of the inhabitants. M. Forel tells us that this self-liberation is not uncommon amongst the worker-nymphæ, but that the task is a more difficult one in the males and females, especially in the case of the former, when it rarely succeeds. The difficulty is caused by the large wings and abdomens of the two sexes; in such cases the aid of the workers is necessary. The help then given has been well described by Huber.

‘Several males and females lay in their enveloping membrane in one of the largest cavities of my glazed ant-hill. The labourers, assembled together, appeared to be in continual motion around them. I noticed three or four mounted upon one of these cocoons, endeavouring to open it with their teeth at that extremity answering to the head of the nymphæ. They began thinning it by tearing away some threads of silk where they wished to pierce it; and at length, by dint of pinching and biting the tissue, so extremely difficult to break, they formed in it a

vast number of apertures. They afterwards attempted to enlarge these openings by tearing or drawing away the silk; but these efforts proving ineffectual, they passed one of their teeth into the cocoon, through the apertures they had formed, and by cutting each thread one after the other, with great patience, at length effected a passage of a line in diameter in the superior part of the web. They now uncovered the head and feet of the insect to which they were desirous of giving liberty, but before they could release it, it was absolutely necessary to enlarge the opening; for this purpose these guardians cut out a portion in the longitudinal direction of the cocoon with their teeth alone, employing these instruments as we are in the habit of employing a pair of scissors. A considerable degree of agitation prevailed in this part of the ant-hill. A number of ants were occupied in disengaging the winged individual of its envelope; they took repose and relieved each other by turns, evincing great eagerness in seconding their companions in this undertaking. To effect its speedy liberation some raised up the portion, or *bandalette*, cut out in the length of the cocoon, whilst others drew it gently from its imprisonment. When the ant was extricated from its enveloping membrane, it was not, like other insects, capable of enjoying its freedom and taking flight. Nature did not will it that it should so soon be independent of the labourers. It could neither fly nor walk, nor stand, without difficulty, for the body was still confined by another membrane, from which it could not by its own exertions disengage itself. In this fresh embarrassment the labourers did not forsake it. They removed the satin-like pellicle which embraced every part of the body, drew the antennæ gently from their investment, then disengaged the feet and wings, and lastly the body, the abdomen and its peduncle. The insect was now in a condition to walk and receive nourishment, for which it appeared there was urgent need. The first attention, therefore, paid it by the guardians was that of giving it the food I had placed within their reach.'

These facts recorded by Huber have been confirmed by Fenger and Forel.

The cast-off exuviae of the cocoons are in some species removed by the workers, and heaped up around the gates of the nest, or they are carried away to a distance, or mixed with the materials of the nest. The first instinct exhibited in the young worker-ant is a maternal one; as soon as it has learnt to know where and what it is, which requires some days, the young pale-coloured worker exhibits the same care and anxiety for the yet unhatched cocoons as the elders. One important duty of the workers is to attend to the wings of the newly-born males and females, which they carefully extend and unfold; without this assistance the wings would remain folded up and useless for flight. Leaving the workers for a time, let us look at what takes place amongst the males and females. As amongst bees so amongst ants, the males are incapable of work, seem to lounge about the doors for some days, not knowing what

to do, and hide themselves in the soil; they cannot defend themselves against enemies, and indeed, according to M. Forel, are incapable of distinguishing precisely between the neuters of their own swarm and foreign foes; they depend on the neuters for guidance and for food; if they wander away they must be brought back again by the neuters. But it is far otherwise with the female, which amongst ants at all events is 'the superior creature.' They help the neuters in their work, transport the larvæ or nymphæ from place to place, on required occasions, and follow readily the movements of the neuters, which, however, surpass them in intelligence. The fecundation of ants has been admirably described by Huber, with, to use the words of M. Forel, 'an exactness which leaves nothing to be desired;' but Huber does not mention the innumerable varieties and exceptions which complicate this question. Speaking particularly of *Lasius flavus*, M. Forel tells us that males and females are hatched about the same time, that the two sexes are found nearly in all the swarms. As a rule the males are much more numerous than the females. After promenading about for some days, on some fine afternoon in August, increased agitation and bustle are seen on the surface of the ant-hill; some of the males fly away, other pursue the females; the scene becomes more and more lively, the neuters are more and more excited; now the males take flight and mount up to a great height, forming enormous swarms if the males and females of several adjacent ant-hills leave them on the same day. At this moment the males and females of the same species, and often of different species, mix together in the air promiscuously. The males of *F. flavus*, which are much smaller than the females, attach themselves to them, three or four together, and are thus carried through the air. The swarms thus sometimes obscure the heavens. Such swarms are generally to be seen on a fine day after a period of rain. Meanwhile what are the wingless neuters doing? They lose no time, but seek for the fertilised females for the preservation of the nest; these they discover on the surface of the ant-hill, or on stems of grass not far away, for before the general flight into mid-air, a certain number of females have there been fertilised; and now a curious spectacle presents itself. The neuters throw themselves upon the females, tear off their wings and make them enter the nest. The aerial males and females never return to their former abode, to which the fertilised females especially show a decided aversion. 'Our winged ants,' says Huber, 'when they quit the ant-hill, keep their back continually towards it, and go off in a right line

‘to a distance, from which it would be no easy matter to perceive it. We might from this infer that they never return to it. But I did not confine myself entirely to this observation, for I kept sentry from the time of their departure until night, and even several days in succession, to be fully assured that they did not return to the ant-hill. In this way I have arrived at the conclusion that their return is one of those fables with which we have been a long time amused.’ On this point also Huber is confirmed by Forel.

Everyone who has examined an ant-hill in the autumn must have observed a number of females without wings: what has become of these organs of flight just now so iridescent and beautiful? Huber shall tell us in his own graphic language. Having caught eight females, he placed them with some moistened earth in a garden vase covered with a glass receiver.

‘It was nine o’clock in the evening; at ten all the females had lost their wings, which I observed scattered here and there, and had hidden themselves under the earth. I had allowed the occasion to pass by of witnessing the separation of these fragile members, and of determining if possible what had produced it. On the following day I procured three other females in union with their males, and this time I observed them with the greatest attention from the moment of their fecundation until nine in the evening, a period of five hours. But during this time nothing was done to denote the approaching loss of their wings, which remained still firmly fixed. These females appeared to be in excellent condition; they passed their feet across their mouths, they glided them over the antennæ and rubbed the legs one against the other. I could not conceive what could retard the fall of their wings, whilst the other ants had lost them so readily. It is true that I placed those of which I am now speaking in a very strong box, completely closed, whilst the former were deposited in a transparent vault, offering not the slightest appearance of a prison, and upon a ground more natural than the bottom of a sand-box, where there was no earth. I had no idea that a circumstance so trifling would have any influence upon these ants; however, having learned that it was necessary to place them as the first, I took some earth and strewed it lightly over the table, and then covered it with a bell-glass. I yet possessed three fecundated ants, one of which I introduced under the recipient. I induced her to go there freely, by presenting to her a fragment of straw, on which she mounted, and upon this I conveyed her to her new habitation without touching her; scarcely did she perceive the earth which covered the bottom of her abode, than she extended her wings, with some effort bringing them before her head, crossing them in every direction, throwing them from side to side, and producing so many singular contortions that her four wings fell off at the same moment in my presence. After this change she reposed, brushed her corselet with her feet, then traversed the ground, evidently appearing to seek a place of shelter. She seemed not to have the slightest idea that she was con-

fined within a narrow enclosure. She partook of the honey I gave her, and at last found a hiding-place under some loose earth, which formed a little natural grotto.'

Huber repeated these experiments on several female ants of different species, and always obtained the same result. Here we see, then, that in some instances the neuters forcibly detach the wings of the females; in others, that the act is a voluntary one self-inflicted by the females themselves. The mutilation when performed by the neuters takes place only in those cases in which the female ant is caught and forcibly detained by them. The wings of the females are very slightly articulated, much more slightly than are those of the males, so that but little effort is necessary to detach them, and doubtless very little pain is felt during the operation.

We have already seen that those female ants which have taken flight and have been fertilised in the air never return to their former abode; only those remain who have been fertilised on or near the ant-hill. What becomes then of the aerial fecundated females? Carried away by the wind to a distance from their natal ant-hill, it is perhaps scarcely probable that they shall ever find it again. But then they might easily find other ant-hills to which they might seek admittance. But alas! as amongst mankind, ants do not always treat their neighbours with kindness and hospitality; on the contrary, not only do they refuse to entertain a female stranger hospitably, they even attack and murder her. Should an 'unprotected female' by chance find her way to a neighbouring ant-hill, even though the inmates may belong to her own species, she is almost certainly to be killed. 'I have often had occasion,' says Forel, 'to see fecundated females of *pratensis*, *cæspitum*, and *fusca* which had been running in the meadows to fall into the middle of an ant-hill of their own species and there to be killed by the neuters.' Only once or twice did Forel succeed in persuading neuters to receive females of another ant-hill; more readily they will ally themselves with strange neuters than with the females. Should one or two neuters, however, which by accident had lost their way, fall in with one of these females, they will not attack her; they will either get out of her way or seek to form an alliance. In the midst of great danger from enemies, what are the females to do? They seek out a convenient spot and hollow out a small house, in which they lay their eggs, which to some extent they watch over; these nascent ant-hills are situated at a little depth in the earth; according to Huber, sometimes they are constructed by a single female ant, sometimes by several in common. A small num-

ber of neuters are generally seen by the side of the mother. Whence have these neuters come? Are they the first-hatched eggs of the mother herself which have already developed into neuters, or have they proceeded from elsewhere? Forel says that no positive case of a new ant-hill population (*fourmilière*) founded by a single fertilised female is as yet known. M. Perrot, however, assured Huber that he once found 'in a little underground cavity a female ant living solitary with four pupæ, of which she appeared to take great care.' But Forel limits the nursing and rearing capabilities of the females themselves: 'pondent des œufs qu'elles soignent à moitié, sans savoir les mener seules à bien;' 'they lay eggs which they partly care for, without knowing how to bring them to good,' i.e. 'to rear them.' Forel is supported by Gould, who says of some three or four females under his observation which had laid eggs, that 'they did not seem to take any great notice of them.' These neuters of a nascent nest are, therefore, probably a few individuals that had wandered from some ant-hill and had allied themselves with the female in her newly made abode. The females which have been fertilised on or near to the nest are at first forcibly kept in the nest by the workers, but after a few days they get accustomed to their captivity and do not seek to go away. Sometimes there is only one female in the nest, at other times there may be as many as twenty or thirty; these lay eggs which will bring neuters and females the following year; they are generally attended by a court of neuters who lick them, feed them, take up their eggs, &c. The different females of the same ant-hill show no jealousy nor rivalry; 'each has her court, they pass each other uninjured' and sustain in common the population of the ant-hill, but 'they possess no power, which it would seem entirely lodges with the neuters. The numbers of eggs deposited by the females vary according to the species; the relative size of the abdomen will give a fair idea; some lay thousands, others but few.' Forel considers the ordinary duration of life of both fertilised females and males is about one year. We must not forget to mention the presence of a certain number of female ants in a nest, which are not destined to become mothers; these do not voluntarily tear off their wings; neither do the workers do it for them; these virgin-ants act the part of neuters, and it is not long before the wings get torn away by working in the soil; they are to be recognised by their agility compared with that of the other females, and the small size of their abdomens; they do not receive honour from the neuters, and are not sur-

rounded by a court ; compared with the intense activity of the neuters, these females may be considered rather lazy.

What becomes of the male ant after taking flight and leaving the abode which he will never visit again ?

‘ The life of male ants cannot be of long duration ; deprived of their attendants, incapable of providing their own subsistence, and returning no more to the ant-hill that gave them birth, how can it possibly be of any long continuance ? Their life is either naturally limited to a few weeks, or hunger will speedily terminate it ; whatever it be, they disappear in a little time after the period of their amours, but they never fall victims, as happens with bees, to the fury of the labourers.’

Nothing perhaps in the character of ants is more striking than the ferocity with which they fight, and of all the enemies those most dreaded are the ants themselves ; the fury of these insects and the tenacity they exhibit in retaining hold of an enemy is perfectly astonishing ; the ant is the bull-dog amongst insects ; it would be more easy to tear away their limbs and cut them in pieces than separate two hostile combatants. Here walks some individual with manifest proof that he has been in the wars, for he carries suspended to one of his legs the head of some foe whom he had conquered, and which he carries about as a pledge of victory ! There goes another worker dragging along the body of a foe which not even in death would relax his hold !

‘ Ants make their attack openly ; cunning is not in the number of their arms ; those of which they make use are the saw-pincers they employ for carrying the materials of their nests, a sting resembling that of bees, and the venom which accompanies it, an acid liquid contained in their abdomen, which produces a slight irritation on the skin. These arms are only possessed by the females and workers to whom nature has confided the several interests of the colony. The females, doubtless too valuable to allow of their exposing their lives, always make their escape on the slightest danger. The workers are those only destined to defend their habitation. Several species are unprovided with a sting, but they supply its place by biting their enemy and pouring into the wound they inflict with their teeth a drop of venom, which renders it exceedingly painful. They bend for that purpose their abdomen, which contains the venomous liquid, and approach it to the wounded part at the very same moment they tear it with their pincers. When their adversaries keep only at a distance, and they are unable to reach them, they will raise themselves on their hind feet, and bringing their abdomen between their legs, spurt their venom with some degree of force. We see ascend from the whole surface of the nest a thick cloud of formic acid, which exhales an almost sulphureous odour.’ (P. 183.)

We have had before us each day for some time past some

ants (*Myrmica ruginodis*) under observation in a glass vessel, and have frequently witnessed their conflicts. Introducing some individuals of the same species but from a different nest, we soon see numbers to engage generally in single combat. The ants seem to recognise each other and to distinguish friend from foe by crossing their antennæ; that done, if friends meet, they pass on; if enemies, immediately the fight begins. We have over and over again witnessed that kind of combat, which Forel designates *combats à froid*, or *combats chroniques*.

‘These combats,’ he says, ‘almost always begin by what I shall call pullings (*tiraillements*); the ants seize themselves by the feet or by the antennæ, and pull themselves without violence, without great efforts, but with a wonderful tenacity; they keep continually touching each other with their antennæ. In this case the two adversaries never pour poison over each other nor bend their abdomens. Nearly always one of the adversaries is patient, the other active; the first, without defending itself, submits with a stoical resignation; the other acts almost as the Indians do to their prisoners; it seizes an antenna of its victim, and endeavours, with a coolness truly infernal (*avec une tranquillité vraiment infernale*) to cut it, or rather to saw it off with its mandibles; that done, it cuts off a leg, or the other antenna, one after another, until its victim, frightfully mutilated but quite alive, is utterly unable to defend itself or even to guide itself; then it sometimes makes an end of it by cutting off its neck or thorax, but generally it drags it off and places it in some lonely spot, where it necessarily perishes. Not once only, but more than a hundred times, I have made this sad observation. A less unpleasant modification of this act takes place when the stronger ant, wishing simply to disengage itself from the other, without doing it harm, carries it as far as possible and leaves it, and hastens to return.’ (Forel, p. 247.)

M. Forel has recorded a great many kinds of battles; sometimes they take place between ants of different species or between those of different genera, or those of the same species, but of different ant-hills. It is most extraordinary how in this latter case the ants can distinguish between friend and enemy. One day we placed a number of ants (*F. fusca*) with their cocoons in a glass vessel with a number of *Myrmica ruginodis*. The latter attacked *fusca* most vigorously, which ran up the sides of the glass trying to escape; on examining the lot a few days afterwards, we saw several dead neuters, but not a vestige of their cocoons, which had doubtless been devoured by the stronger or more valiant enemy. Space forbids us to do more than give Huber’s description of a fight between regular armies, the occupants of two large ant-hills of the same species (*F. rufa*), alike in their extent and population, situated about a hundred paces from each other.



'Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of insects covering the ground lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonist by their mandibles; a considerable number were engaged in the attack and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual efforts to escape, as if aware that upon their arrival at the camp they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odour exhaled from all sides, numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom. Those ants composing groups and chains took hold of each other's legs and pincers and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles and raised themselves upon their hind legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward and spurring the venom upon their adversary. They were frequently so closely wedged together that they fell upon their sides and fought a long time in the dust; they shortly after raised themselves, when each began dragging his enemy, but when the force was equal the wrestlers remained immovable and fixed each other to the ground, until a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antenna, made ineffectual attempts to gain the battle. Some ants joined the latter, and these were, in their turn, seized by new arrivals. It was in this way they formed chains of six, eight, or ten ants, all firmly locked together; the equilibrium was only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, who compelled those that were enchained to let go their hold, when the single combats again took place. On the approach of night each party returned gradually to the city which served it for an asylum. The ants which were either killed or led away captive, not being replaced by others, the number of combatants diminished until their force were exhausted.' (P. 189.)

Connected with their wars is the very remarkable instinct which leads certain species of ants to capture slaves and appropriate their labours for the duties of their own nests. Pierre Huber was the first to discover this in the case of *Polyergus rufescens*, a species which, strange to say, is absolutely dependent upon captured neuters of another species for their means of living. The labours of the neuters of *Polyergus* are strictly confined to slave-capturing; they are incapable from long disuse of doing any other work; they cannot make their own nests, nor feed their larvæ. Huber has shown by an experiment how entirely dependent upon other ants are the neuters of this species, both for nourishment and habitation.

'I enclosed,' he says, 'thirty of these ants with several pupæ and

larvæ of their own species, and twenty pupæ belonging to the negroes (*F. fusca*), in a glass box, the bottom of which was covered with a thick layer of earth. I placed a little honey in their corner of the prison and cut off all association with their assailants. At first they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvæ; they carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one half of the Amazons (*Polyergus rufescens*) died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling, and the few ants in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition and gave them one of their black companions. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons.'

The military expeditions for the purpose of capturing slaves of *Polyergus rufescens* have been well described by Huber and Ebrard, if we except a few errors which Forel has corrected. About the middle of the summer on fine days, from two to five hours after noon, is the best time of witnessing an expedition. At first, there is a continual running to and fro on the top of the nest; then, on a given signal, which they give by striking themselves mutually on the forehead, they start off, not all the inhabitants of the ant-hill, however, for a number always remain at home, but only a part of the militia of the state; the forces vary from a hundred to two thousand soldiers; they march in close ranks; those in front of the column wheel about, and turning back strike the foreheads of all those they meet, till they find themselves at the rear of the army; they in turn are followed by those who now march in front, thus the first become last, the first ranks being continually renewed. What can be the meaning of these repeated signals and interchange of movements? Is it that the ants in the first ranks wish to assure themselves that they are followed by the rest; and are these tapplings on the forehead intended as mutual encouragements? Notwithstanding the delay caused by these undulatory movements, the march of the army is very rapid, especially in warm weather on level ground where there is no grass, leaves, or other obstacles. Now they halt for rest or consultation, now they form small detachments for exploration; then again form themselves into marching order; when they meet with an ant-hill of the *F. fusca*, they throw themselves upon it, invade the gates and enter the galleries, pillage the nest, running off each one with a cocoon in its mouth, and return home. If the spoil of the conquered city is abundant, they place the cocoons at the entrance of their own galleries in small packets, and return for further pillage.

The besieged ants seldom show much fight, and little blood is shed ; for the invading host is composed of stout and fierce soldiers, and their military organisation is complete, while those attacked are small and undisciplined. Sometimes these last will pursue the rear-guard of their enemies, in hopes of recovering a few cocoons, but they seldom succeed ; the pillagers do not take the trouble to kill them ; they appear to add insult to injury, for they show their teeth, and the others, knowing what that means, run away home.

This interesting slave-making ant is not found in England ; we have, however, a British species, the *Formica sanguinea*, which plunders the nests of other ants, carrying off their cocoons and making slaves\* of the developed nymphæ. It is said to be plentiful in some localities, but is certainly not common. The worker *major* is three or four lines in length, with a blood-red head and thorax, and a black abdomen ; the worker *minor* is more fuscous than red ; this ant makes its galleries in banks ; the large workers or soldiers are a bold and a furious race ; they capture the cocoons of *F. fusca*, *F. cunicularia*, and *F. flava*. It was Huber who first showed that *sanguinea* was a slave-making ant, and his account has been verified by other observers ; amongst them, our own illustrious Darwin.

‘ Although fully trusting,’ Mr. Darwin says, ‘ to the statements of Huber and Mr. Smith, I tried to approach the subject in a sceptical frame of mind, as anyone may well be excused for doubting the truth of so extraordinary and odious an instinct as making slaves.’ But these slaves, it appears, are not submitted to any cruel bondage. Mr. Darwin examined fourteen nests and found a few slaves of *F. fusca*, ‘ the negroes ’ as Huber calls them, for they are black and not more than half the size of their red masters ; it is only the workers of *F. fusca* that are found in the nests of *sanguinea*, the males and females occurring in their own ant-hills. But how do we know that the slaves are happy and contented in confinement ? They will come out of the nest if it has been disturbed, and in common with their masters, fight in defence of their community, and will seize and carry away the exposed larvæ and nymphæ. These nests have been watched by Mr. F. Smith at various times in the months of May, June, and August, both in Surrey and Hampshire, and the slaves though present

\* We have employed the usual expression of ‘ slave-making ’ ants ; perhaps ‘ kidnapping ’ is a more appropriate term ; it is the baby—and in many cases cradle as well—that is stolen.

in large numbers were never seen by him to enter or leave the nest. Hence they are strictly household slaves. Mr. Darwin, however, tells us that he once noticed a few slaves mingled with their masters leaving their nest and marching to a tall Scotch fir-tree twenty-five yards distant, probably in search of aphides or cocci. In Switzerland, the negro-slaves do not confine their attention to household duties to the same extent as in this country; there the principal part of their labour consists in searching for aphides, in closing the doors of their galleries in the evening, and opening them in the morning; 'for in these species, particular care is taken to close every evening all the avenues, by blocking them up with whatever materials they find proper for the purpose.'

M. Forel, speaking of *F. fusca*, tells us it is a timid species and the one that is most frequently made to work as a slave. We have already seen that when invaded by *Polyerges rufescens*, this little ant was easily subdued. In their battles with *F. sanguinea*, however, Mr. Darwin tells us they sometimes get the best of it.

'One day I fortunately witnessed a migration of *P. sanguinea* from one nest to another, and it was a most interesting spectacle to behold the masters carefully carrying (instead of being carried by, as in the case of *F. rufescens*), their slaves in their jaws. Another day of attention I was struck by about a score of the slave-makers haunting the same spot, and evidently not in search of food; they approached and were vigorously repulsed by an independent community of the slave species (*P. fusca*); sometimes as many as three of these ants clinging to the legs of the slave-making *P. sanguinea*. The latter ruthlessly killed their small opponents, and carried their dead bodies as food to their nest, twenty-nine yards distant; but they were prevented from getting any pupæ to rear as slaves. I then dug up a small parcel of the pupæ of *P. fusca* from another nest, and put them down on a bare spot near the place of combat; they were eagerly seized and carried off by the tyrants, who perhaps fancied that after all they had been victorious in the late combat.' (*Origin of Species*, p. 221, 1st ed.)

There is a small but courageous little yellow ant (*F. flava*), which is occasionally made into a slave. Mr. Darwin placed some cocoons of this species with the slave-making *F. sanguinea*, curious to see whether they could distinguish them from those of *F. fusca*; they were able to distinguish between them, for when they came across the cocoons of the little savage yellow ant, they were 'much terrified' and ran away; 'but in about a quarter of an hour, shortly after all the little yellow ants had crawled away, they took heart and carried off the pupæ.' Mr. Darwin contrasts the instinctive habits of

*F. sanguinea* with those of the continental *Polyergus rufescens*. The differences are very remarkable; the latter can neither build, migrate, collect food for its young ones, nor even feed itself; hence it is absolutely dependent upon its slaves for everything; without slaves, that species must become extinct. *Formica sanguinea* gives the orders to its slaves, determines when and where a new nest shall be made, and when they migrate the masters carry the slaves; in Switzerland the slaves collect aphides for their masters and go out with them; in this country, the slaves of this latter species generally remain within their masters' house, and the masters get less work out of their slaves than they do in Switzerland.

'By what steps the instinct of *F. sanguinea* originated I will not pretend to conjecture. But as ants, which are not slave-makers, will, as I have seen, carry off pupæ of other species, if scattered near their nests, it is possible that such pupæ originally stored as food might become developed, and the foreign ants thus unintentionally reared would then follow their proper instincts and do what work they could. If their presence proved useful to the species which had seized them--if it were more advantageous to the species to capture workers than to procreate them--the habit of collecting pupæ originally for food might by natural selection be strengthened and rendered permanent for the very different purpose of raising slaves. When the instinct was once acquired, if carried out to a much less extent even than in our British *F. sanguinea*, which is less aided by its slaves than the same species in Switzerland, I can see no difficulty in natural selection increasing and modifying the instinct--always supposing each modification to be of use to the species--until an ant was formed as abjectly dependent on its slaves as is the *Formica (Polyergus) rufescens*.' (*Origin of Species*, p. 223.)

The relation of ants with the plant-lice or *aphides* and the gall-flies is one of the most curious points in the history of the ant; and here again it is Huber who first gave us the best and fullest information on this subject; he showed that the aphides are the domestic milking cows of the ants, and that they are kept by them for this purpose. The aphides 'fix themselves upon the leaves and small branches, and insinuate their trunk or sucker between the fibres of the bark, where they find the most substantial nourishment. A portion of this aliment shortly after being taken, is expelled, under the form of small limpid drops, either by the natural passage or by two horns that we commonly observe in the posterior part of the body. This fluid constitutes the principal support of the ants. . . . They wait the moment the aphides eject this precious manna, upon which the ants immediately seize; but this is the least of their talents, for they know how to obtain it at any time

'they wish.' (P. 210.) M. Forel has satisfied himself by direct observation that this sweet fluid proceeds from the natural passage, and not from the two well-known horn-like projections at the lower extremity of the aphid; these latter also secrete a substance, less fluid, however, than the sweet liquid drops. When unattended by ants the aphides by a certain jerk of the body throw out this fluid to a distance, but when ants are present, watching the moment of emission, they suck it quickly down. But ants possess the power of making the aphides yield their sweet drops at their pleasure. Huber shall tell us in his own words how the ant thus milks its cow. He saw an ant at first pass some aphides without stopping or disturbing them.

'It shortly after stationed itself near one of the smallest and appeared to caress it, by touching the extremity of the body alternately with its antennæ, with an extremely rapid movement. I saw with much surprise the fluid proceed from the body of the aphid, and the ant take it in his mouth. Its antennæ were afterwards directed to a much larger aphid than the first, which, on being caressed after the same manner, discharged the nourishing fluid in greater quantity, which the ant immediately swallowed; it then passed to a third, which it caressed like the preceding, by giving it several gentle blows with the antennæ on the posterior extremity of the body; the liquid was ejected at the same moment, and the ant lapped it up. It then proceeded to a fourth; this, probably already exhausted, resisted its action. The ant, who in all probability knew it had nothing to hope for by remaining there, quitted it for a fifth, from whom it obtained its expected supply. It now returned perfectly contented to its nest.' (P. 213.)

It appears that this tapping with the antennæ is a constant preliminary to the emission of the fluid, and that the aphid voluntarily submits to the operation, giving greater facility for the ant's taps by lowering the head. Should the aphides remain long unmilked by the ants, they deposit their fluid upon the leaves, where the ants find it on their return; the aphides never resist the solicitation of the ants when in a state to satisfy them. This curious alliance, as Forel remarks, between the ants and the aphides consists of an exchange of good services, for the ants protect their cattle against numerous enemies, such as the larvæ of the ladybird beetles (*Coccinellæ*), and of some of the *Diptera* as the *Syrphus*. Some kind of ants are in the habit of transporting their cows from one place to another. The greatest cow-keeper of all, perhaps, is the yellow ant (*Lasius flavus*). This ant is more decidedly a stay-at-home species, and likes to have all its conveniences within reach; it never goes far from its abode, and does not search the trees for aphides or any kind of food; it is a small yellow ant, the

neuter being scarcely two lines in length, and is abundant anywhere, raising its little mounds which carry off the rain from its dwelling, in orchards, meadows, or heaths. Huber tells us that these yellow ants are extremely jealous of the aphides, often taking them in their mouths and carrying them to the bottom of the nest, or bringing them to the top. We cannot wonder at this when we learn that this aphid secretion is the little ant's only source of food. Huber placed some of these yellow ants in a glazed box with their aphides upon some soil; he also placed with them some growing plants, which he watered occasionally, so that there was no lack of food

‘The ants made no attempt to escape; they appeared to have nothing to desire; they took care of their larvæ and females with the same affection as in their own nests; they paid great attention to the aphides and never injured them; the latter did not seem to labour under the slightest fear; they allowed themselves to be carried from place to place, and rested in the spot chosen by their guardians. When the ants wished to displace them, they began caressing them with their antennæ, hoping thereby to induce them to abandon the roots or to withdraw their proboscis from the cavity in which it was inserted; they afterwards took them up gently in their mandibles, and carried them with the same care as the larvæ of their own species.’ (P. 225.)

But it is not only the aphid itself, whether young or adult, that the yellow ant takes care to introduce within its nest; the eggs of the aphid are eagerly sought for and brought home. We call the little oval-shaped bodies which may be found adhering to various plants in the autumn ‘eggs’ for convenience sake, but really they are not eggs at all in the true sense of the word. It is well known that the aphides produce young ones without the intervention of the male sex—this was shown by Bonnet in 1745, and has been repeatedly verified; that for many months these young aphides are all females, they in their turn being virgin mothers capable of reproduction; these are produced alive and undergo no metamorphosis. In the late autumn or early winter, however, innumerable quantities of small, often black oval, bodies are produced; so that it would seem that we have a combination of viviparous generation at one season, and of oviparous generation at another, in the same insect. But this is a mistake: the so-called egg is a nymphal form of aphid, which differs in no respect from the ordinary nymphæ whilst yet within the body of the parent, excepting that it is enveloped in a covering. Gould noticed these little black bodies in ants’ nests, but wrongly thought them to be ants’ eggs which would produce

females; there is not the slightest doubt, however, as to their true nature. Huber calls them 'eggs,' but it is evident that this most accurate observer held the opinion—first, we believe, expressed by Bonnet—that they are young enclosed in a covering or cocoon. This covering 'is nothing more than an 'asylum, of which the aphides born at another season have no need; it is on this account some are produced naked, others 'enveloped in a covering. The mothers are not then truly 'oviparous, since their young are almost as perfect as they ever 'will be, in the asylum in which nature has placed them at their 'birth.' (P. 246.) We have over and over again satisfied ourselves that this is the true nature of the so-called aphid eggs. If these eggs are collected in the late winter and brought into the house, they will after a time shrivel up, thus showing that the contained aphid is dead. Bonnet vainly attempted to preserve these bodies alive in his room till the following spring; he considered that they died from want of proper moisture. We know that in the natural state when adhering to various plants out of doors, these aphid-cocoons, at the return of spring, burst their membranes and countless thousands of the insects are produced. That Bonnet was correct is curiously enough shown by the behaviour of the yellow ant towards these captured aphid-cocoons. Huber again shall tell us the story. Speaking of this species of ant (*Lasius flavus*) the *fourni jaune* of our author, he writes:—

'On opening the ant-hill I discovered several chambers, containing a great number of brown eggs; the ants were extremely jealous of them, carrying them away, and quickly too, to the bottom of the nest; disputing and contending for them with a zeal that left me no doubt of the strong attachment with which they regard them. Desirous of conciliating their interests as well as my own, I took the ants and their treasure, and placed them in such a manner that I might easily observe them. These eggs were never abandoned.' (P. 244.)

So much for the jealous care with which these aphid-cocoons meet with from the ants. In a former passage (p. 232) Huber says that the ants approached the eggs,

'slightly separating their pincers, passed their tongue between them, extended them, then walked alternately over them, depositing, I believe, a liquid substance, as they proceeded. They appeared to treat them exactly as if they were eggs of their own species. It appears, then, that ants know everything that is necessary to the preservation of these eggs; they pass their tongue constantly over them, and invest them with a glutinous matter, which retains them together. They, in consequence, are preserved until the period when the aphides quit them; they employ, then, the same means to preserve their cows, if I may



use this expression, that M. Bonnet supposed would preserve these eggs, and secure their disclosure in the spring.' (P. 246.)

If, therefore, we may regard the aphid as the *cow* of the ant, we may, perhaps, be justified in considering its cocoon as the *calf*.

There can, we think, be no doubt that the curious relationship existing between ants and aphides is the result of mutual service. The aphid yields its sweet secretion voluntarily for the benefit of the ant; the ant confers a benefit on the aphid by removing from it the viscid secretion. This latter supposition is rendered probable by the fact that if the ants do not come to relieve them, the aphides deposit their juices upon the leaves of trees or elsewhere; and this is conformable to Mr. Darwin's belief, 'that the instinct of each species is good for itself, but 'has never, so far as we can judge, been produced for the exclusive good of others.' Certain gall-insects, as well as the aphides, supply some ants with a similar secretion, as has been witnessed by Huber, Forel, M. Delpino, and others. Huber compares the movement of the antennae, in this case, to the play of the fingers upon the keys of a pianoforte.

Aphides and gall-insects, in Europe at least, are the great food-providers for ants, but M. Forel says that the differences in this respect are enormous according to the species of ant.

'*Leptothorax* is never seen to carry the aphides; it is the same with *Pheidole*, *Tapinoma*, *Hypoclinea*, and *A. structor*, as I think these ants have other means of subsistence; some are more carnivorous than others, as *Pheidole*, *Tapinoma*, *Tetramorium*; others directly lick the juices of flowers and of trees (*Leptothorax*, *Colobopsis*); others, again, store up grains, which they cause to germinate in part so as to supply them with sugar (*A. structor*). Some kinds feed exclusively on aphides (*L. flavus*, *L. brunneus*), or nearly exclusively (*L. niger*, *Campopnotus*). Others know how to vary their means of subsistence, to lick flowers, to kill insects, to rear aphides; such are all the species of the genus *Formica*. The genus *Lasius* exhibits great variety in this point of view. The species *flavus* and *umbratus* rear only the aphides of roots [*aphis radicum*?]. *L. fuliginosus* only pays attention to the aphides of the bark of trees; *L. niger* and *alienus* those of bark and the outer part of plants. They also know how to transport these latter from one place to another. In fine, *L. emarginatus* only takes a few of the aphides, and only those found on the surface of plants.' (Forel, p. 421.)

M. Forel, like Huber, has never seen an ant kill or injure an aphid. M. Duveau, on the contrary, has seen an ant in the act of tearing and devouring an aphid; but such conduct on the part of an ant is probably quite exceptional.

Leaving the subject of ants and their milking cows, we need

do little more than refer to that of various other insects being often found in ants' nests. We learn from Dr. T. A. Power (Smith's 'Catalogue of British Formicidæ,' p. 223), who has collected these ants'-nest-insects for several years, that in the nest of *Formica rufa* he has found no less than sixteen beetles and the larvæ of three other kinds; five are enumerated as occurring in the nest of *F. fusca*, fourteen in that of *F. fuliginosa*, two in the nest of *F. flava*, one in that of *F. sanguinea*, one in that of *Myrmica rubra*, and that one species occurs in the nests of all the ants. From the habit of these various beetles being found in ants' nests the name of *Myrmecophilous* beetles has been given to them. There is some difference of opinion as to the cause of the presence of these beetles in the abodes of ants. Is there in this case also, as in the aphides and gall-insects, a mutual interchange of benefit conferred, or is their presence merely accidental? We do not know. Forel is of the latter opinion, considering that the beetles are as parasites in the nests; other observers, as Lespès and Müller, consider that some of the beetles, as *Claviger* and *Lomechusa*, are nourished by the ants, which disgorge honied sweets for them; that in return for this act of kindness the ants lick the wing-cases of *Claviger* and the abdomen of *Lomechusa* (!) M. Forel seems evidently sceptical as to this explanation. We have often found various beetles in the nests of ants, but are quite unable to throw any light as to the cause of their presence there, which we are inclined to think is more accidental than designed. We, therefore, pass over this question, and approach another, which has long been one more or less disputed in the natural history of ants. Do ants lay up in the summer food for winter's consumption? At one time the answer was unhesitatingly given in the affirmative as true of all ants, or, at least, of the family in general; now it has been as strongly denied of any kind of ant; now, again, whilst the general negative is allowed to be the case, it has been affirmed to be partially correct. What the opinion of the Jews of Palestine was one cannot definitely say; the oft-quoted passage in the Bible, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest' (Prov. vi. 6-8; see also xxx. 25), has been generally supposed to imply that the Jews held that the ant lays up store of food in summer or autumn for winter's consumption, but the words do not really prove anything of the kind. Kirby and Spence have well said of these words:—

'If they are properly considered it will be found that the interpreta-

tion which seems to favour the ancient error respecting ants, has been fathered upon them, rather than fairly deduced from them. He does not affirm that the ant, which he proposes to the sluggard as an example, laid up in her magazine stores of grain against winter, but that with considerable prudence and foresight she makes use of *proper seasons* to collect a supply of provisions for her purposes. There is not a word in them implying that she stores up grain or other provisions. She prepares her bread and gathers her food, namely, such food as is suited to her, in summer and harvest, that is when it is most plentiful; and thus shows her wisdom and prudence by using the advantages offered to her.' (*Introd. to Entom.*, vol. ii. p. 47.)

The author of the passage in the 'Proverbs' is speaking against idleness—against 'the sluggard,' who 'sleepeth in 'harvest and causeth shame' (x. 5); that is, who neglects proper and seasonable times, and sleeps when he ought to be working. 'Give not sleep to thine eyes nor slumber to thine 'eyelids' (vi. 4). 'The sluggard will not plow; . . . therefore 'shall he beg in harvest and have nothing' (xx. 4). He aptly refers for a lesson in diligence to one of the most active and busy of all creatures, the little ant, which always avails herself of favourable opportunities—which does not sleep in harvest, but gathers food at the right time. The text in the original Hebrew implies no storing properties for winter use; the word תָּקַן (*tákin*), means simply 'she establisheth, or collecteth;' and אָגְרָה (*ágērâh*) 'she scrapeth together, or provideth.' The Hebrew verbs are synonymous; and the sentences 'she provideth her meat in the summer,' 'she gathereth her food in 'the harvest,' are simply an instance of a common Hebrew parallelism. No doubt the writers in the Old and New Testaments shared the opinions current in their time, and sometimes, especially in physical matters and those relating to natural history, those opinions were erroneous; but this is no case in point.\* But though there is nothing to show that the Jews believed that the ant stored up food for winter's use, it is certain that the belief was prevalent amongst ancient Greek and Roman writers, amongst Jewish rabbis and Arabian writers on natural history. Modern authors as Prior, Milton,

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\* The writer of the notes on the Book of Proverbs in the 'Speaker's Commentary' (vol. iv.), Professor Plumptre, on this passage rightly says:—'The point of comparison is not so much the foresight of the 'insect as its unwearied activity during the appointed season, rebuking 'man's inaction at the special crisis;' but we do not agree with the commentator, that in xxx. 25 'the storing provident habit of the 'ant is brought under our notice.' The Hebrew verb here translated 'prepare' in our version is the same that occurs in the other passage, viz. בָּן.

Addison, Dr. Watts, Dr. Johnson, all refer to the provident habits of the ant in storing up food for future use; and it is quite clear that such a habit was considered a usual one amongst ants in general, and not one as occasionally occurring in a few species. Latreille, Kirby and Spence, Huber, Frederick Smith, and others, emphatically deny such a habit to the species found in Europe. The late Colonel Sykes, indeed, speaks of a species of Indian ant (*Atta providens*), and Dr. Jerdon of three species that harvest seeds on a large scale, collecting grain and stealing seeds, which they put away in their granaries. There can be no doubt of the fact; the question is what is the motive? The most recent English writer who has studied this debated subject, and has himself examined many ants' nests in the South of Europe, is the late Mr. J. Traherne Moggridge, F.L.S., whose very interesting work is before us as we write. Now Mr. Moggridge mentions four *bonâ fide* harvesting ants of the Riviera—namely, *Atta barbara*, two varieties; *A. structor*, an ant very similar to *barbara*, and a minute yellow ant, the large workers of which have gigantic heads named *Pheidole* (or *Atta*) *migacephala*. In the nests of all these ants were found masses of seeds of various plants 'carefully stored in chambers.' The plants of which the seeds have been found in ants' nests by Mr. Moggridge belonged to eighteen distinct families; seeds of furnitory, medick, mallow, wild lentil, spiny broom, amaranth, pellitory, wild sarsaparilla, spirally twisted links of crane's bill, capsules of chickweed, shepherds' purse, orange pips, haricot beans, wheat, oats, &c. &c., are enumerated with those of other plants. Are these substances intended for food or not? if not, for what are they intended? Of course, a preliminary question suggests itself: What is the structure of an ant's mouth, and is it capable of gnawing hard substances such as grains of wheat? An ant's mouth consists of a pair of pincer-like mandibles, jaws, maxillary palpi or feelers, a labial palpi, and a tongue, upper and lower lips. Let us hear what the highest authority on the natural history of the ant, M. Forel, says on this point.

'Ants are for the most part omnivorous; that is certain, but they are unable to chew. Their mandibles never serve them for eating purposes; this fact, demonstrated by Huber, is perfectly certain; the most assiduous observation has confirmed it. The disproportion, moreover, between them (the mandibles) and the jaws would at once render this evident; they always keep fixed and immovable whilst the ant is eating. Ordinarily the mouth is closed by the upper lip, which falls upon it below and behind, completely covering the forepart of the jaws and of the lower lip. When an ant wishes to eat it makes a very complex movement of the pharynx, which thrusts forward

the tongue and all the surrounding parts, whilst raising the upper lip like a lid. But the jaws are much too short, too weak, too membranous to grind any solid substance whatever; they can only take into their mouth, by a backward and forward movement, a liquid, or at the most a pappy substance. Observation shows that it is the tongue especially which subserves the ants when they eat; they employ it precisely like dogs when they lap or lick the bottom of a plate; I made this comparison before I knew that it had already been made by Lespès, and I could not express myself more clearly. When the ants have to deal with a solid body which contains liquid, as an insect, for example, they first of all tear it with their mandibles and afterwards lap its contents. These facts have already been known to and well described by Huber, and subsequently confirmed by Lespès; but Léon Dafour thinks that ants are capable of chewing, and d'Esterne accuses them of devouring. I cannot insist too much upon this point, for it is incredible to see how many people persist in remaining in error on this subject.' (P. 108-109.)

Mr. Moggridge made some experiments in feeding ants. He cut out from the centre of a grain of millet, which had begun to sprout, a minute ball of flour; the ants (*Atta structor*) immediately seized it and set to work upon it; a similar ball from a grain which had sprouted, was also partially eaten, but the hard dry flour taken from a grain in its natural state not moistened, 'was at once rejected and thrown on the rubbish heap.' He tells us that the fat oily seeds of the hemp were eagerly taken, though not softened by water, their peculiar structure allowing the ants to scrape off particles, as in the case of the ball of flour of the sprouted millet. Now all this confirms the assertions of Huber, Lespès, and Forel; ants cannot chew, but they can lap and cause to disappear food already reduced to a kind of pulp; so that it would seem that ants do occasionally convey into their nests seeds, which, when they begin to sprout, assume in parts a pulpy consistency, and are available for food; but this does not prove that the introduction of seeds into the nests has always for a motive, on the part of the ant, a desire to feed upon them, for Forel assures us with regard to this very species, *Atta (aphenogaster) structor*, that not only are grains of corn found in its nest, but also little round stones, and small shells of molluscs, which no one will ever suppose the ant could use as food. And here, again, a remarkable fact presents itself. Mr. Moggridge tells us that it is 'extremely rare to find other than round and intact seeds 'in the granaries,' and he concludes that the ants exercise some mysterious power over them which checks the tendency to germinate. This retardation of the germinating process, if really a fact, is most extraordinary. The ants cannot use the

grains as food before germination; their motive, therefore, must rest in the fact that they are not yet ready for them, having sufficient meat already in the larder ready for consumption; or, as Mr. Moggridge says, if simultaneous germination took place in all the seeds in the granaries after the lapse of a fixed interval, 'the provisions would have to be consumed at stated periods and to be frequently renewed; but this is not the case.' 'These granaries are placed from an inch and a half to six inches below the surface, and are all horizontal; they are of various sizes and shapes, the average granary being about as large as a gentleman's gold watch.' (*Harvesting Ants*, p. 23.) These storing ants, Mr. Moggridge tells us, never look at the aphides and cocci so eagerly sought after by other kinds of ants; so we suppose their food consists only of germinating seeds of various kinds. The name of 'the provident one,' Mr. Moggridge allows, is only fully deserved by a limited number of ants; but why some ants should require food for winter's use, whilst others should lie dormant and require no food at all, at present must remain a problem yet to be solved. The evidence which Mr. Moggridge brings forward satisfactorily establishes the fact that ants do occasionally store up vegetable food; but it shows also that such habits are by no means prevalent amongst the whole family, but that, on the contrary, they are rare and exceptional.

On the interesting question as to mutual social affection, and the extraordinary powers of communication with which ants have long been credited by careful observers, we must now go to Sir John Lubbock, who has with much labour and assiduous application carried out some very original observations, not only amongst the ants, but also amongst wasps and bees. Of the power to communicate and receive information possessed by ants, Huber tells us that he has 'frequently seen the antennæ used on the field of battle to intimate approaching danger, and to ascertain their own party when mingled with the enemy; they are also employed in the exterior of the ant-hill to warn their companions of the presence of the sun, so favourable to the development of the larva; in their excursions and emigrations to indicate their route; in their recruitings to determine the time of their departure.' (P. 206.) Other entomologists, besides Huber, state that the social *Hymenoptera* can communicate their ideas, and that this communication takes place by means of their antennæ. Sir John Lubbock, commenting upon the above quotation from Huber, whilst allowing the statements to be most interesting,

regrets that Huber has not given in detail the evidence on which those statements rest, and that he nowhere gives experiments he had himself conducted.

As regards the affection of ants and their behaviour to wounded comrades, instances of which are detailed by Huber, Latreille, M. de Saint Fargeau and others; as that an ant never meets with a wounded comrade without taking her up and placing her in the nest; or that, the antennæ of an ant having been cut off, a companion, 'pitying its sufferings, anointed the wounded part with a drop of transparent fluid from its mouth,' Sir John's experiences have been of the opposite character, and he states that he has often been 'surprised that in certain cases, ants render one another so little assistance.' Ants may not unfrequently be seen with the heads of others hanging on to their legs for a considerable time, 'and as this must certainly be very inconvenient, it seems remarkable that their friends should not relieve them of such an awkward encumbrance.' Having tried various experiments by immersing ants in water, in order to test the tenderness attributed to those insects, Sir John records in nearly all cases, 'none took any notice;' still he admits that individual differences may exist—for in two cases an immersed ant was picked up and rescued and taken to the nest—and humorously remarks that there may be 'Priests and Levites and good Samaritans among them as among men.'

Our own experiments on this point—though they have been limited compared with those Sir John Lubbock has conducted—have convinced us that this compassion for either wounded or drowning companions has been considerably overestimated: we have often immersed ants in water, and never observed that their companions take the slightest notice of them.

On the question as to ants being able to recognise friends after a separation of some months, Sir John's experiments bear out Huber's observations so far as this, that the friends are not killed while strangers are. After separating some ants for a period of four months, Huber brought them together again, when they immediately recognised one another and 'fell to mutual caresses with their antennæ.' In Sir John's observations, a friend when restored to her old companions was generally left unattacked, but 'there were no signs of welcome, no greeting around a returned friend;' a stranger, on the contrary, was, as a rule, at once seized upon and sometimes killed, though occasionally, after due punishment, forgiven and received as a friend into the community.

As to those delicate, and doubtless important organs, the

antennæ of insects, while all entomologists regard them as organs of touch, there is considerable difference of opinion as to what other special function they may have. Some regard them as olfactory, others as auditory organs. Sir John suggests that in those insects in which the sense of hearing is highly developed, the antennæ may serve as ears, while in those which have a very delicate sense of smell, they may act as olfactory organs. The same instrument may serve for different purposes; the different senses according to some physiologists being only a modification of a similar organic instrument adapted to different purposes. From their position on the head and the constant use made of them, the antennæ are, no doubt, important organs of sense, and Sir John Lubbock considers—and we think he has proved his case—that they are organs of smell. To all sounds, whether loud inharmonious noises or sounds produced by a complete set of tuning-forks, ants would seem to be almost as deaf as posts; ‘they never took the slightest notice of any of these sounds:’ but Sir John cautiously and justly adds that the insects possibly if not probably may be deaf to sounds which we hear, and yet hear others to which we are deaf. The question as to the faculty of hearing possessed by insects is one of the most curious and puzzling subjects connected with their history. Sir John has secured the promise of the valuable assistance of Mr. Spottiswoode, with whom he hopes to make further experiments on this subject.

To experiments with various agents, as essence of cloves, lavender-water, peppermint-water, and other strong scents, to which the ants were subjected, the insects were acutely responsive; one of the antennæ was touched with a feather dipped in essence of musk; it was slowly retracted and drawn quite back; the other antenna was touched—‘the ant started away, apparently smarting;’ but when the antennæ were softly touched with an unperfumed feather they did not move at all. ‘No one,’ he adds, ‘who watched the behaviour of ants under these circumstances could have the slightest doubt as to their power of smell.’ We have not space to follow Sir John further in his interesting experiments, which certainly must, to some extent, modify our conception of certain high qualities which have been attributed to ants in general. At the same time it is necessary to bear in mind the existence amongst ants of individual variations of habits and character, even in the case of the same species; and to take care, in making experiments, to generalise with hesitation and great caution. Nor can we follow M. Forel further in his admirable monograph of



the ants of his own native country; we must pass over altogether his chapters on their anatomy and physiology, on the geographical distribution of the ants of Switzerland, and many curious habits of particular species. There is one point, however, which has a general interest, namely the stinging and biting properties of ants. We will give M. Forel's remarks on the subject:—

‘All the world,’ he says, ‘fears the sting of ants, and yet of the sixty-six kinds occurring in Switzerland there are not more than four or five which are really capable of piercing our skin with their sting, and of causing us a little local inflammation, which betrays itself by an itching or by a pain more or less acute, as well as by a slight redness, with or without swelling. These kinds are as follows:—(1) *Myrmica rubida*; the sting of this ant is truly very painful; the pain which it produces is, in my opinion, at least very great, and much more acute than that of the sting of the common wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*, or *V. germanica*). But *M. rubida* is not very common, and its nests are in open places, where they are seen at once, so that one is not often molested. (2) *M. lævinodis* and *ruginodis*. These kinds, known by the name of the red ant (*Fourmi rouge*, *rousset*, *rousselet*, &c.), are the only one from which the public often suffer. When one has taken one's seat in woods, upon moss, or upon the trunk of a tree, by the side of brooks and rivers, it is rare that one does not come in contact with them; they quickly invade the clothes, and one feels presently in various parts, as it were, so many pricks of sharp pins. The pain is much less severe than that produced by *M. rubida*, and it generally disappears at the end of a few minutes. (3) The species *M. scabrinodis* and *lobicornis* seldom sting, for their disposition is not so aggressive as that of the preceding ones, and their sting is weaker. (4) The *Tetramorium cæspitum* bites with fury, but its bite is too short to pierce the skin, unless it be very thin (as that of infants and of the face). In this latter case it gives rise to a slight pain, or else, and this is generally so, to a simple itching. The other *Myrmicidæ* and the *Poneridæ* of Switzerland are incapable of stinging us, their sting being too weak or too short. Amongst the ants of the genus *Leptothorax* want of courage is the principal cause.’

We conclude by expressing a wish that the perusal of this article may induce some of its readers to take up the study of the history of ants, with a view to verify or to correct the wonderful things attributed to them.

- ART. IV.—1. *Les Villes mortes du Golfe de Lyon.* Par C. LENTHÉRIC, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées. Paris: 1876.
2. *On the Lagoons and Marshes of certain parts of the Shores of the Mediterranean.* By D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S. Excerpt of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers. 1869.
3. *Address to the Royal Geographical Society of London.* By Major-General Sir H. C. RAWLINSON, K.C.B., President. London: 1876.
4. *An Inquiry into the Soundness of M. de Lesseps' Reasonings and Arguments on the Practicability of the Suez Canal.* By Capt. T. SPRATT, R.N., F.R.S. London: 1858.

THE effects of small, but long continued changes are more easy to calculate than to imagine. It is hard to realise, from what takes place during an observation extending over days, or even years, the results of the lapse of centuries, or tens of centuries. It is indeed possible, from the narrowest base of exact observation, to calculate the proportions of secular distance, as the astronomer, from the restricted limits of the rotation or of the orbit of the earth, deduces the order of the planetary range. But as the eye is unable to take cognisance of those minute angular differences which are grasped by microscopic examination of the vernier, so is the fancy unable to picture, from the movement of the waterfall of to-day or of the flood of a year or two ago, the condition to which a constant fall of water or a long series of floods will reduce the valley familiar to our infancy after the lapse of thousands of years. Nothing is more trite than the constant reference to the effects of the unwearied tooth of Time. Nothing is more familiar to the mechanic than the introduction of Time as an element of computation, and yet nothing affects us with more surprise than the result of this imperceptible, unslumbering action, when we are suddenly brought face to face with it after the lapse of a sufficient period to allow of a visible change.

In the case of those physical changes which are constantly taking place on the face of the planet earth by the agency of rainfall and water-flow, we have the most striking instance of our inability, not so much to estimate as to realise in fancy, the effects that are certain to follow in a definite period of time. When deep and rapid rivers are observed to erode one bank of their channel, and to throw sand and shingle on the other, the sidelong movement of the stream, though it

may amount to miles of distance in a comparatively short time, can only be ascertained by definite measurements, taken at fixed dates. The case in which the physical changes produced by the steady operation of natural causes are most obvious, is probably that of the inroads made on a cliff of soft or friable material by the tide. We observe that a fall of perceptible magnitude has been caused by a tempest. We may note that the outlook point of the fisher, or the hut of the shepherd, is now so near the verge of the cliff, that a few more such nights as the last would be enough to place the frail tenement in peril. A little later we may see even nearer cause for alarm. Yet again comes a tempest, and our landmark has disappeared. But with its disappearance has been lost our natural and apparent means of determining where sea and shore were accustomed to border. Again, we are driven back to the aid of the surveyor or of the mapmaker to measure the rate at which the ocean is advancing, and to estimate the time within which what is now green knoll will have become sandy sea bottom.

Physical science is only in its cradle; and yet the geological theory was comparatively old before it was allowed to totter forth from the imaginary regions of vast and terrible convulsions, regarded as the great agents of terrestrial change, and to enter on the more sober inquiry into the probable effects that would be produced, or that have been produced, by the operation of existing and appreciable causes, prolonged for a long period of time. It is to Sir C. Lyell that we are indebted for first directing due attention to this important aspect of the geologic record. It is true that no one who has been a witness to the formidable activity of earthquake and of volcano even in the comparatively tranquil regions of Southern Europe, can doubt the fact that convulsions of terrific energy have left their marks on the surface of the earth. The earthquake of January 1858, though it was said to have destroyed thirty thousand persons in Calabria, only threw down a few stones from the solidly-built palaces of Naples. And yet a shock which, though alarmingly sensible to the population, wrought no further mischief in the capital of the two Sicilies, raised the whole shore of the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento to Misenum, by a permanent elevation of from six to eight inches above the former level of the sea. This movement, however, is but trifling in comparison to the successive elevations and depressions, of as much as ten or twelve feet in level, which are shown, by the attacks made by boring marine molluscs on the columns of variegated marble which yet stand

erect on their bases amid the ruin, to have occurred, on the same coast, since the erection of the Temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli. Little more than a century before the occurrence of the quiet, but very appreciable, volcanic displacement of 1858, a portion of the bank of the Tagus, comprising a quay thronged with the inhabitants of Lisbon, went down like a stone to an as yet unsounded depth—so at least they assert on the spot—being severed from the undisturbed portion of the city as if it had been cut in twain by a knife.

It may seem almost paradoxical to assert that the present century is witness of a process which, if continued for a sufficient length of time, will convert the basin of the Mediterranean into a vast river valley, in which marsh and lagoon will gradually be warped up into cultivated soil, and through which the waters of the Nile and the Athara, receiving as affluents the Danube, the Po, the Rhone, the Tiber, and other tributaries, will be poured into the Atlantic. Yet nothing is more certain than that the causes now in daily operation are adequate to effect this great physical change, provided that no geological convulsion intervenes during the period required for its completion. Not only so, but the *data* which have been collected and are in course of collection by hydrographers, geographers, and engineers are becoming so numerous and exact, that it may be possible, before long, to assign the period within which this obliteration of the inland sea would be effected. As the first assumption, however—that of the uninterrupted continuance of the actual geological order—is one of such unwarranted magnitude, it would be little more than scientific trifling to complete the calculation. It is much more to the point to inquire how far we can ascertain, either from historic records or by the methods of the surveyor, the annual amount of delta formation that is actually taking place in the Mediterranean. In some instances we have recently been provided with careful measurements of flow and of deposit. In other cases we have indications, more or less reliable, of the condition of the littoral in the neighbourhood of the great river mouths at given dates. Herodotus supplies us with important landmarks showing the growth of the delta of the Nile, which have never yet been either understood or thoroughly investigated. M. Lenthéric has given us much valuable information as to the growth of the delta of the Rhone. Admiral Spratt has prepared charts exhibiting the advance of the shallow banks in the delta of the Kilia, the northernmost branch of the Danube, between 1830 and 1856. From Venice comes information that the silting up of the lagoons, which Sir John Rennie, in 1819,

predicted would ensue if certain precautionary measures were neglected, has made rapid progress since the Austrian engineers departed from the wiser plans of their Italian predecessors. It remains to be seen whether the information as yet accessible is sufficient to allow us to arrive at any approach to the definition of a law that would be applicable, under various cases, to the determination of the secular growth of the deltas of the rivers flowing into the tideless waters of the inland seas of Europe.

The conversion of the bed of the Mediterranean into a cultivable river valley, vast as the change may appear to the imagination, is, after all, but a special example of that steady, silent, unintermitting, and therefore mighty change that is in progress over the greater portion of the surface of our globe. The physical powers of nature, the rifting energy of frost, the parching and crumbling effect of heat, the mechanical friction of rain, the chemical action of the atmosphere, are all engaged in a mighty and combined effort to reduce the surface of the planet to its true mathematical form of a spheroid of rotation. So certain, however slow, is the result of the incessant action, that it is only to the counterbalancing effects of geological convulsions—or at least of upheavals which deserve that title by their magnitude, whatever be the rapidity with which they may have been effected—that we can attribute the fact that our globe is not now in the condition of a solid nucleus, surrounded everywhere with a watery envelope. Almost all that we can observe of the steady operation of natural causes is tending to reduce the earth to that condition. Inorganic nature hastens, we will not say to destruction, but to that obliteration of the features of individuality, which would result in the destruction of terrestrial life. The toil of man, feeble and puny as are its results when compared with those of the great agencies of nature, tends in some cases rapidly to hasten, in others slightly to delay, the assimilating process. The great conservative element which resists the erosive force of atmospheric and of aqueous degradation, is the vigorous energy of vegetation. By absorbing and distributing the mountain rainfall; by clothing and protecting the banks of rivers; by arresting the deportation of the sandy banks of the sea by the waves; and by forming a barrier to the destructive march of the sand dunes in the track of prevailing winds; forest trees, marsh and aquatic plants, creeping knot grasses, and socially-growing pines effect more for the maintenance of the actual condition of the dry land than any other, or than all other agencies. By mining, quarrying, draining, and similar works,

man aids in the great operation of the degradation of the exposed portion of the surface of the earth. By his breakwaters, dykes, dams, quays, and other engineering labours, he endeavours to arrest the conversion of dry land into sea. But the accumulated efforts of the human race, since the first traces of their abode upon earth, have effected less change in the condition of the countries they inhabit, than has been wrought by the greedy or petulant haste of a single generation through the clearance and destruction of forests. It is only by the aid of the vegetable kingdom that man can contribute, in any appreciable degree, to the maintenance of the present condition of the surface of the earth. It is by his wanton inroads on the great conservative power of vegetation, that he most efficiently hastens the degradation of the soil.

But little more than the third part of the superficies of our planet is estimated by Humboldt to be uncovered by the waters of the ocean. The extreme height attained by the mountain ranges is less than the lowest depths measured by the plumb line. Indeed, the mean height of the continents above the level of the sea has been estimated at only one-fifteenth part of the mean depth of the ocean. The mean elevation of Europe is estimated at 636 feet above the sea. The dry land, then, if gradually degraded and carried into the sea, would not only find ample room for deposit beneath the water, but would—if the assumed proportions are any way near the mark—fail to raise the surface of the latter by more than 50 feet, or to increase the length of the mean diameter of the globe by much more than one four hundred-thousandth part, to say nothing of the counterbalancing loss of diameter occasioned by the degradation of the highlands. The more lofty are the mountain ranges, the more powerfully do they attract that rainfall which acts on them with the slow pertinacity of the file; the more rapid are the torrents that furrow their slopes, and bear rocks and boulders to the plains below, the more copious and irresistible are the floods that pound boulders into gravel, and gravel into sand, and finally veil the evidence of their toil under a blank mantle of mud. The annual rainfall of the world has been estimated by French men of science at very nearly 50 inches (actually 1·5 metres) over the entire surface of the globe. As regards the proportion of the areas of land and water, it may appear at first sight that the ocean receives on its surface two-thirds of the total quantity of rain. But when we come to study the result of actual observation, we find that the attractive power of the mountain ranges on the water borne aloft in the atmosphere is so great as to go far to

compensate for the comparatively limited area of the dry land. Thus we find that in India, along the west coast of the peninsula, from the seashore to the summits of the Ghauts, and again from the mouth of the Irawadi along the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, up the valley of the Bramaputra, and along the skirts of the Himalaya, there exist wide belts of rainfall of more than 100 inches in annual depth. In special localities this large downpour is more than doubled. Even in the Lake district of England, where atmospheric phenomena are very far from attaining a tropical intensity, an annual rainfall of 244 inches has been actually measured at the Sty Head Pass. On the other hand, over a very great portion of the surface of the ocean there does not exist any more attraction for rainfall than is found to be exerted by the rainless districts of Asia, of Arabia, or of Africa. The estimate above quoted of average rainfall has been taken from calculations as to heat and evaporation, rather than from measurement of rain or rivers. But such phenomena as are presented by the Atbara, the Uruguay, and indeed by most of the great torrential rivers of the world, are conclusive as to the fact of the immense concentration of rainfall that occurs on the most prominent mountain ranges—that is to say, on those very portions of the earth's surface that now project most sensibly above the mean level of the sea. While the rainfall in the British islands (notwithstanding the extraordinary instance above cited) does not exceed from 24 to 60 inches, according to the zone of country, that of Dutch Guiana is stated at 229 inches, that of Brazil at 276; that of the Western Ghauts, at an elevation of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet, at 302; and that of the Khasia Mountains in Bengal at 600 inches: no less than 30 inches being mentioned by Dr. Hooker as having there fallen in 24 hours.

The general profile of the rivers of the world, whatever be their variation in length, in volume, and in regularity or sinuosity of course, has been described as approaching a parabolic curve. For the precipitous descents over which the vertically falling rain is at first hurried, the violent action of the mountain torrents has earned the name of the zone of erosion. As torrents blend and calm into rivers, and as the slopes of the hills become more gradual, the channels of discharge assume greater regularity. The shingle and gravels into which the rocky fragments, borne down from the steeper portions of the watercourses, have become broken and ground, have a tendency to form in beds and shoals whenever the accidentation of the ground deflects the course of the stream. After any mountain storm, or long-continued rainy season, rivers, in this part

of their course, are apt to keep up a perpetual movement of the loose materials of their bed. A substantial shoal of gravel will disappear, to be replaced, later on, by contributions from the same source to which the deposit was in the first instance to be traced. The course of the Po, in the neighbourhood of Turin, is a characteristic example of this portion of the system of an important river. In our own island the River Towey, in Carmarthenshire, may be cited as an appropriate parallel, respect being had to the inferior volume of the stream. This second portion of the general system of rivers has been called the zone of compensation.

By no sharp and defined change, but by gradual diminution of the inclination of the river-bed, the zone of compensation passes into the zone of deposit. It is in this zone that a river finally loses its individuality, and that its waters mingle with the sea. In some cases, where the low land stretches to a considerable distance from the foot of the hills, the course of the rivers through the zone of deposit is slow, tortuous, and comparatively feeble; the fall being almost imperceptible until the spot is reached where the descending current first becomes sensible of the opposing action of the tide. When this limit is attained, the further course of the river is such as to fall into one or other of two very distinct categories or groups.

The essential difference of these groups depends on the question whether the river discharges its waters into a tidal or a tideless basin. These terms are used absolutely in the first instance, as denoting a marked difference of condition. In practice, however, the limit is less rigid. Tidal seas rise with very different velocity and height of flood on various parts of their coasts, as is to be seen in our own island. Thus the tide, which, in the Thames, may have a rise at springs of from 20 to 24 feet, hardly exceeds the fourth of that rise in the roads of Yarmouth: while in the Wye, above its confluence with the Severn, the equinoctial spring tides are said to have reached the height of 72 feet. A like enormous rise is said to occur in the Bay of Fundy. On the occasion of the floating of the bridge built to carry the South Wales Railway over the Wye at Chepstow the actual rise of the tide was about 60 feet. The remarkable funnel-shaped mouth of the Severn is no doubt one main cause of this piling up of the incoming wave. In the Seine, which also has a funnel-shaped mouth, the phenomenon of the bore, *barre*, or *flût*, which is a rare occurrence on the Severn, and is unknown in most rivers, is due to a like cause. When a strong wind drives the rising tide into either of these broad estuaries, the impetus gained by the wave is such that



as the course narrows the water is heaped up on itself by its own momentum, and rushes up the channel as a vertical wall, coped by a crest of tumbling water, spray and foam, canopied very often by driving storm, rain, or sleet, and rising as much as 12 or 14 feet above the surface of the descending rivers.

Between such a tidal estuary as that of the Seine or of the Severn, and the placid expanse of the almost tideless Tyrrhenian Sea, into which the Tiber discharges its waters at Ostia, the contrast is extreme. It is not, however, one that can be taken as typical. Each great river has features of its own, as well as features that are common to its class. Thus, while the level of the Mediterranean, as a rule, does not vary more than from 24 to 30 inches, under the influence of winds and of currents, it is more tempestuous on certain portions of its coasts; and is said to have an actual tide, when the wind is northerly, rising as much as from 30 to 55 inches at the head of the Gulf of Venice.

Bearing in mind that either term is used rather as denoting the central idea of a group than as a rigid definition applicable to any member of that group, we return to the statement that rivers, in the third and last division of their systems, may be distinguished as they fall into either tidal or tideless waters. It is the latter class of rivers alone that properly presents the phenomenon known by the term delta. The word, as is well known, is taken from the similarity of the triangular islets formed at the *embouchure* of the Nile, to the form of the Greek capital delta; a similarity which is more apparent in the case of the early Hellenic or of the Phœnician alphabet than in the more regular modern form—in which indeed the idea is altogether lost, except in the capital letter. The action of rivers that fall into tidal seas generally differs from that of the delta-forming streams, inasmuch as the force of the reflux of the tide, aiding the torrent of the river, is ordinarily enough to maintain a deep and navigable channel. In other words, rivers that flow into tideless seas are apt to deposit the solid matter which they bring down in banks and islands at the spot where the regular movement of the water is first checked by the opposition of the sea. Tidal rivers, on the contrary, send their deposits more freely forth, to be deposited over the general bed of the ocean.

There is one point with reference to the action of tideless rivers which has been disputed by some writers, but which seems to be established by indubitable evidence, at all events, in the best observed cases, which are those of the Rhone and of the Nile. This is the permanent fixity of the point of

diramation. Regarding the extremely tortuous and irregular course of the channels of such rivers as we have named; the absence of any rocky or artificial bridges to determine their divergence; and the habit, which they all share, of varying the position of their channels apparently at will, and certainly under the influence of comparatively slight causes; it might be anticipated that the point of diramation, or the landward apex of the delta, would shift its position as it became left inland by the accumulation of material at the base of the islet, and move either up or down the stream. Such an anticipation, however, is not supported by observation. This fact tends to show that the point of diramation is not casually decided. In the Nile, at the present time, islands occur above the point of bifurcation. The existence of an island betokens the actual division of the stream by some obstacle; and thus shows that there was a facility offered for permanent division at that point, of which the river refused to avail itself. It therefore may be held, with some confidence, that the position of the point of diramation—that is to say, the commencement of the formation of the delta—depends chiefly upon level. It is at a certain point in its descending curve that the river first meets that silent but sensible opposition which is offered to its movement by the sea. This point will be at, or near to, the spot where the level of the surface of the river at low water is the same as that of the mean surface of the sea. As this level remains unchanged—we are now speaking only of historic times—so does the point where the tendency to deposit first undergoes material facilitation also remain unchanged. In other words, the apex of the delta is a fixed point, irrespective, to some degree, of the volume or velocity of the rivers. This view, if established by more exhaustive observation, may perhaps hereafter take rank as a primary law of the formation of river deltas.

The establishment of this law (which we will now assume as hypothetical) tends to explain how it is that rivers of such different character as the Nile, the Danube, and the Rhone present such remarkable similarities in the matter of delta formation. It cannot be owing to mere chance that each of these rivers, which originally poured their undivided streams into the sea, should have not only diramated but split into seven streams, subsequently choking up one after another of their channels; and again pouring the main body of their waters, in two cases through two, and in the third through three, main mouths or outlets. Indeed, the whole course of the formation of what the French hydrographers call the

*appareil littoral* is almost identical in these very different rivers. The Rhone, one of the most rapid rivers in Europe, rises at the height of 5,772 feet above the level of the sea. In its first descent (of 112 miles out of its entire course of 520 miles), into Lake Lemman, it falls no less than 4,555 feet; a descent which gives a slope of 7·4 met. per kilometre, or seven and four-tenths in a thousand. From Lake Lemman to Bellegarde the river continues to roll down rocks and large blocks of stone. Below this point commences the gravelly bed, the inclination being reduced to 1·009 m. per kilometre. From Lyons to Beaucaire the inclination of the bed (with the exception of some rapids) varies from 0·5 to 0·3 m. per kilometre, and the velocity of the river is from 1·5 m. to 2·5 m. per second in ordinary flow, rising to as much as 4 m. per second during freshets. Between Beaucaire and Arles the inclination of the bed of the Rhone is reduced to 0·123 m. per kilometre. The grinding action of the current is by this time complete. The material brought down by the river is reduced to the state of sand or mud; the latter being chiefly contributed by the affluent stream of the Durance, which enters the Rhone near Avignon. At Arles the Rhone divides into two branches: the Grand-Rhone on the left and the Petit-Rhone on the right. The level of the surface of the river here is 1·03 above that of the sea, to reach which it has to flow for some 30 miles further. Velocity and inclination progressively diminish from this point; the mean fall hence being less than 0·03 per kilometre. Thus the formation of thirty miles of delta has not produced a greater elevation, or banking up of the ordinary level of the low-water mark of the Rhone at Arles, than is equivalent to about an inch and a third per mile. This inclination is considerably less than the minimum which is considered necessary to ensure the flow of water through the dykes of our own fen districts. We thus have a proof, at once, of the soundness of the hypothesis above suggested as to the cause of the diramation of the river, and of the absence of change in the level of the Mediterranean itself since the commencement of the historic delta of the Rhone.

We say historic delta, because a pre-historic, or geological period has left evidence of its occurrence at a time when the action of the Rhone and its affluents appears to have been of a more violent nature than has been the case within recent times. Over the vast triangle of which Beaucaire, Cette, and Fos form the angles, stretches a vast deposit of boulders, which is known as the Alpine diluvium. We need not now enter into the question of the mode of formation of this great slope,

which gradually loses itself beneath the waters of the Gulf of Lyons. The continuation of the incline beneath the sea is shown by the gradual increase of depth. The line of 50 metres sounding is nearly parallel with the coast at a distance of about 15 miles. A more irregular curve, lying about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles seaward of the 50-metre line off Cape Couronne, and stretching thence towards the Pyrenean promontories, leaving a distance of 24 miles between the centres of the two curves, is bounded by the depth of 100 metres. At some 12 miles, again, to the south, this depth is doubled. The actual Delta of the Rhone is a triangular island of 250 square miles in area, contained between the two previously mentioned arms, which are known as the *Grand-Rhone* and the *Petit-Rhone*, in the centre of which is the *Etang*, or marshy lake of Valcarès, possessing a superficies of somewhat under 30 square miles, and a depth of from one to two metres. The effect of the waters of the Durance, which, rushing through the defile of Lamanon, falls almost at right angles into the Rhone, appears to have determined the extension of the diluvial delta towards the west. The deposit of diluvium, even limiting its area to the space landward of Certe and of Fos, covers seven times the area of the historic delta, formed of the sands and mud of the rivers. It may throw some light on the progress of secular change to notice, that the Etang of Valcarès covers about an eighth part of the present delta.

The bulk of solid matter annually brought down by the Rhone is estimated by M. Surell at seventeen millions of cubic metres. M. Lenthéric does not present us with the data for this calculation, nor with any estimate of the volume of the Rhone, the extent of the area which it drains, the average rainfall over that area, or the proportion of solid matter held either in suspension or in solution by the waters of the river at any portion of its course. Determinations of these data are requisite to enable the engineer to make any calculation as to the relative activity displayed in the zone of erosion and in the zone of deposit, and thus to estimate how much of the annual deportation of the river goes to the formation of visible delta, and how much to the raising of the bottom of the sea, over a larger or smaller area. These questions, indeed, may not assume an European interest in the case of the Rhone. As to the deposits of the Po, the Adigo, the Brenta, and the Danube, they are, however, of very great importance; and in the case of the Nile, the largest of all the delta-forming rivers of the inland seas of Europe, the determination of the disposition of the deposit is a point upon which depends the ultimate maintenance of the

line of communication opened, by the Isthmus of Suez Canal, for the maritime intercourse of Europe and the East. These great rivers are spoken of by the French writers as *fleuves travailleurs*. It is not, however, the case that the work performed by a river in abrading and eroding its mountain cradle, pulverising its spoil, and bearing down the material to form bars and islands at its mouth, is to be measured by the visible growth of the latter. The collaboration of another workman has to be taken into account. The Thames is not less of a 'workman river' than the Tiber. But the strong tides of the Channel prevent an accumulation which is normal in the quieter waters of the Mediterranean. It is thus needful to study the destructive and transporting work of a river, independently of any estimate of its activity which may be formed from the growth of its delta. Taking the latter as the sole basis of calculation, it would follow that the deposits of the Nile were now only about one-tenth of their average annual amount for the entire historic period; and not only so, but that they are considerably less than the actual deposits of the Rhone. M. Lombardini, cited by M. Lenthéric, estimates the annual deposit of the Nile at 40,000,000 metres cube; that of the Rhone being, as above stated, 17,000,000 metres cube; that of the Po 40,000,000 metres cube; and that of the Mississippi 644,000,000 metres cube. The annual growth, or prolongation, of the mouth of the Grand-Rhone is given at 50 metres; that of the Po at 80 metres; that of the Nile is said now not to exceed from 3 to 4 metres per annum. We shall return to the subject of the formation of the Delta of the Nile. It is, however, apparent from the above figures, apart from any question of rectification, that the measurement of delta mouths alone is far from being enough to give information as to the efficacy of a river as a denuding and degrading agent.

Even in the case of the Rhone alone, it is evident from the facts accumulated by M. Lenthéric, that the action of waves and currents demands as careful and minute a study as does the evidence of actual and visible deposit. Two great promontories mark the angles of the Delta of the Rhone; the Pointe de l'Espignotte, to the west of the present *embouchure* of the western branch, and the Pointe de Beauduc, to the west of that of the Grand-Rhone. These points advance into the sea at the mean annual rate of 70 metres. But in the coast-line of more than 24 miles which lies between these two promontories, not only is there no corresponding advance, but actual retrogression of the shore is in some parts taking place. A double line of

towers, necessarily erected as at once signals and defences for the entrance of the river, marks the gradual and secular prolongation of the banks forming the mouth of the Rhone. The custom of erecting such structures is mentioned by Strabo. On the left bank the towers of Mauleget, St. Arcier, Parade, and Beloare bear witness to secular changes. On the right, below the towers of Mondovi, Vassale, and Le Graux, exist the tower of Sampau, built in 1614, that of St. Ernest, built at the *embouchure* of the Bras-de-Fer, or old Rhone, in 1656, and that of St. Louis, built in 1737. This last semaphore tower was erected on the shore. It is now more than seven kilometres distant from the sea.

While data such as the above bear unmistakable evidence as to river deposit, the general problem is complicated by the effects of storm waves and of littoral currents. The predominating action of the sea in the Gulf of Lyons beats from the south-east. The direction of the prevailing winds, and of the most violent storms, is a point or two further towards the west. The south-easterly wind blows for from five to six times the number of days during which the south-westerly gales prevail, and, indeed, for more than eight months out of twelve. The littoral current from east to west attains a velocity of from  $\cdot 06$  metres to  $\cdot 3$  metres per second in calm weather, and from  $1\cdot 5$  metres to 2 metres, and even to 3 metres in storms. Under this influence actual erosion of the shore of the Camargue, or Rhone delta, is in progress. The lighthouse of Faraman was built in 1836, at about 700 metres from the sea. It is now condemned. A semaphore was placed, in 1852, at 30 metres in advance of the lighthouse. It has been destroyed for two years. There is a depth of 25 metres of water at the spot occupied a hundred and fifty years ago by the Pointe de Faraman; and although the advance of the sea is less rapid than formerly, it is still maintained at the rate of 15 metres per annum. The semaphore is drowned; the Pharos is not more than 50 yards from the sea; in three or four years more it will no longer exist.

It is matter rather of special than of general interest, to trace the varied action of the river and the sea to the controlling causes. The chief interest of the phenomena of the delta of the Rhone to the engineer, the historian, or the statesman, concerns not so much the local movement, as the light thrown by such movement on the general laws of the deposit made by large rivers in tideless seas. As to this, the detailed study of M. Lenthéric is of no little value, although in the parallel which he attempts to establish between the

action of the European rivers and that of the Nile, he omits the due consideration of that important element, the littoral current, which we have just seen to play so important a part in the erosion of the shore of Faraman, and the filling up of the Gulf of Fos. Unresting activity is the great characteristic of the delta-forming power of the Rhone. The steady growth of land, and retrogression of the sea, are the result of this activity. But such growth and retrogression are not simple and regular. They do, indeed, follow certain controlling laws; but the application of those laws not only differs in each locality, but varies according to the effects produced by the position of the deposits themselves. The general course pursued by a river in the formation of its delta is, briefly, this. When the descending current has reached the level of the sea, and the channel has been permanently formed down to what becomes the point of diramation, the check given to the movement of the stream causes the precipitation of a cone of sand. The river, parted by this constantly accumulating obstacle, continues to form its own banks on either side, and thus lines its course as it advances through the sea with constantly extending walls. With the variations in height caused by floods the river overflows these newly-formed barriers, and thus precipitates a layer of sand or mud sloping gently outwards from the stream. At points determined mainly by the littoral currents the formation of the bank is checked, and the material deposited is partly swept away by the current, and either spread over the bottom of the sea, or deposited in a cordon, spit, or belt of sand at an angle to the direction of the river. These cordons, increased by the action of the waves, especially during storms, shut off pools from the main sea, which at first are open to internal navigation, then gradually become filled up by deposits from the river floods; then encourage a rank fluviatile and marshy vegetation, and finally are warped up into rich and productive soil. The whole series of phenomena—formation of *berge* or river bank, of cordon, of *étang* or marsh, and finally of reclaimed soil—which the French engineers include under the term of growth of the *appareil littoral*, may be traced in various stages of their progress at the *embouchure* of each of the great rivers which enter the Mediterranean and its affluent lake, the Black Sea.

The locality in which the action of the English rivers in effecting an alteration of the shore-line may perhaps be studied with most advantage is the remarkable lagoon formed by the confluent streams of the Avon and the Stour, immediately below Christchurch. The ancient bluff of Hengistbury

Head, still furrowed by the defensive lines of the old Saxon invaders, stands out in the long, hollow range of coast reaching from Hurst Castle to Studland Bay, and on to Durlston Head, causing the shore line to present the plan of a double curve, somewhat similar to that marked in the air by the wings of a large bird. When the ordnance survey of this part of England was completed, in 1811, the area immediately to the north of the promontory presented a plan closely resembling that of a Roman post. A true lagoon then reached for the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile of distance from the confluence of the two streams to the bar thrown up by the tide, which ran in a north-easterly direction from the end of Hengistbury Head to a promontory on the opposite mainland. In the middle of this bar was an opening, which looks on the survey exactly like an artificial entrance between two well-built walls. Within was a capacious basin, into which, however, thin lines of sand protruded from the mouths of the rivers, like the *berges* we have before described in the cases of the Rhine and of the Nile. But, by 1848, when the fourth sheet of the survey of the south coast of England was completed by Captain Sheringham, R.N., the *appareil littoral* had undergone a marked change. The greater part of the former lagoon had been transformed into marsh or into meadow, through which the confluent streams ran in a distinctly marked and curving channel. The central opening in the bar had disappeared, having been entirely choked by the action of the waves, and the escape of the water now takes place through a mouth more than a mile eastward, below Highcliff castle. Thus the formation of the *berge*, that of the *cordon* or bar, that of the lagoon, and that of the ultimate marsh and meadow, are illustrated in this beautiful spot by careful and exactly dated surveys. The face of the shore within half a century has undergone far more change than is apparent on the secular walls of the noble priory church that has looked down for 800 years on the activity of the rivers. So pure and dry is the air that the graceful decorations carved by the Roman masons on the pannelled walls of the sacred building are as sharp and clear as if they had been cut within the century. It is the work of man here that assumes permanence, while that of nature undergoes such comparatively sudden change.

An approximate estimate of the area of the gathering grounds of the Rhone and its affluents has been given by Professor Ansted, in a paper on Lagoons and Marshes, which was read at the Institute of Civil Engineers on February 16, 1869. This paper gave the fullest account of the Rhone delta that



we have met with before the publication of the work of M. Lenthéric, and the detailed account of the lagoons may still be read with interest. The watershed drained by the Rhone is stated in this paper at 37,000 square miles; but a note gives a correction to the effect that French geographers have lately given as the drainage area, in France alone, 45,884 square miles. A discrepancy of this amount in a special study of the subject is, at all events, a proof that the subject is not yet thoroughly mastered. If we may rely on Mr. Ansted's figures, the area covered by lagoons and marshes is in the proportion of a little more than two acres to every square mile of watershed basin; or in round numbers, about the three-hundredth part of the larger area. As to the rainfall, the information is but fragmentary. From 1857 to 1864, the mean rainfall at Montpellier was 36·58 inches. Over the Camargue the rainfall is said to be about one-fifth less. But what occurs in the upper part of the river's course is unknown. A long series of observations, carried on at properly distributed points, is necessary in order to arrive at clear information on a subject so deeply affecting the well-being of France. That showers and storms of great violence occasionally burst on the cradle of the Rhone and its affluents is well known. In October 1868, as much as 7 inches of rain is said to have fallen in 24 hours in the neighbourhood of Montpellier. If we assume the English average of 36 inches as that of the watershed basin of the Rhone, we shall find that the annual rainfall over that area gives a total quantity of 150 milliards of tons, or 66 per cent. more than the measured volume poured into the Mediterranean by the Nile. The chief value of this comparison is the lesson which it points as to the need for ascertaining discharge, as well as rainfall. From its confluence with the Atbara the Nile runs for 24 degrees of latitude without receiving a single affluent. Its loss by evaporation in that distance materially reduces its volume. Were its course sufficiently prolonged, not a drop of its water would reach the sea, except in the season of flood. Yet no doubt can be entertained that the rainfall over the watershed of the Nile must be enormously greater than that of the basin of the Rhone.

Some valuable hydrometric observations on the River Tiber have been abstracted, in the Foreign Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers, from the '*Giornale del Genio Civile*' of 1875. From observations taken for a period of eight years, Signor Venturoli has calculated that the mean amount of the water brought down by the Tiber is 10,000 cubic feet per second. In 1870 the total average flood of

water in the valley of the Tiber was 213,900 feet per second; the flood water being calculated to be double that of the Po in relation to the area of its basin. The rainfall area of the Tiber is estimated at 6,455 square miles. The rainfall registered at Perugia is considered to be equal to the average fall over the whole basin of the Tiber. This is stated by Venturoli at 34·8 inches; one-fifth of which is deducted for loss by evaporation and otherwise, leaving an annual supply of 27·3 inches for feeding the river. The advance of the delta of the Tiber is measured by the obliteration of the ancient ports of Trajan and of Claudius. According to plans collected by Sir John Rennie, the retrogression of the sea here is at the rate of about two yards per annum. But this is not so much the advance of a projecting delta, as the gradual augmentation of a line of sea-board of undetermined length, lying within the great curve of 110 miles of coast, stretching from Capo Farnesio to Capo D'Anzo. The solid deposit of the Tiber is not estimated in the paper cited.

The action of the river that drains the great Lombardo-Venetian basin possesses an importance, not only from engineering considerations but from historic associations, scarcely inferior to that of the movement of the Nile itself. A frequent feature in river systems is the confluence of one stream with another, often at an obtuse angle to its course, and often near its mouth. Not unfrequently it is the case that the affluent stream drains a different description of country from that which feeds the principal river. In such cases, the junction is that of a torrent with a stream of permanent flow, as in the instances of the Parana and the Uruguay, and of the Nile and the Atbara. In the Lombard plain a somewhat different arrangement has been effected by the engineering of nature. The Tanaro, rising in the Maritime Alps; the Po, springing from Monte Viso; the Dora Riparia, reaching from Mont Cenis; the Dora Grossa, descending from Mont Blanc and Mont St. Bernard, and the Sesia, flowing from Monte Rosa, converge above the confluence, near Pavia, of the Ticino with the united streams. A fan-shaped network of water-ways is thus formed, extending over a circle, roughly measured, of some 80 miles' radius from a point near Vercelli, and draining a basin girded by the loftiest summits of the Alps, and covering more than 20,000 square geographical miles of ground. The lakes of Como, Iseo, and Garda send down their surplus waters from the north and north-west to swell the main stream of the Po. But below Mantua, and through the area of that ancient Eridanic delta within which the lake of Comacchio, as well

as the lagoons of Venice, were gradually walled off from the Adriatic, the Adige and the Brenta now find channels parallel with that of the Po; and the waters of these streams mingle only in the Adriatic. Thus, while Venice may be said, from a geological point of view, to be situated on the delta formation of the Po, it is the action of the Brenta which is now filling her lagoons, and threatening to convert the most picturesque of Italian cities into an inland town. The whole coast from Trieste to Ancona may be regarded as the actual boundary line of a geological delta, in the middle of the sweeping curve formed by the base of which the present mouths of the Po are protruding their active formation, far in advance of the cordons of the two lagoon systems before mentioned. The *lido*, or cordon of sand bounding the Venetian lagoons, is pierced with deep water openings, or *foci*, which have owed their maintenance, from the date of the foundation of Venice in 1104, mainly to the fact that the ebb of the faint tide of the Adriatic lasts for only about a sixth part of the time of the flow. Thus a force of scour is attained, to which we have no exact parallel in the cases of the Rhone, the Tiber, or the Nile. The rise of ordinary spring tides does not exceed 2·8 feet. When counteracted by a north wind the flow is less than 14 inches in rise: aided by the scirocco, it has been known to attain a height of 4·3 feet.

It is the more necessary to collect due materials for forming a clear opinion of the action of the rivers in the vicinity of Venice, from the fact that M. Lenthéric attempts to establish an exact parallel between the littoral apparatus of this portion of the Adriatic and that which exists at Port Said. The ability shown by this writer in his examination of the delta of the Rhone, and in his description of the dead cities of the Gulf of Lyons, is such as to give weight to his remarks on any similar district. It is therefore desirable to note the very contrary conditions which prevail in the Venetian lagoons and in the Nilotic basin.

The rainfall descending on the southward versant of the Carnic Alps makes its way into the upper portion of the Adriatic, and sweeps the Gulf of Venice with an appreciable southward current. The sands and mud brought down by the Tagliamento, the Piave, and other streams, are thus partially carried towards Ancona. During the scirocco, which blows with great fury in the gulf, the alluvial matter is thrown upon the cordon. So far, however, has this influence been from permanently widening the Lido (which is only 350 metres in mean breadth), that it has been found necessary to face this

outer barrier with stone, protected by groins or ribs run out to the sea, for a length of four miles between Lido and Malamocco. These two entrances, thus defended, and the two smaller *foci* or openings of Foggia, Tre Porti, and the Piave, admit the tide when raised by the scirocco; and being aided by dredging, maintain an ample scour. The waters of the Brenta, which are full of solid material, were diverted into a canal, furnished with sluices, and by this means the silting up of the lagoons was for a long time reduced to a minimum. Great contention, however, has arisen among the Italian engineers on this subject; and the importance of the first principle contended for by Rennie and his school, that of a catch water drain for arresting the deposits brought down by flood water, was departed from in 1840, when the Austrian engineers turned the Brenta into the lagoon. Professor Zanon, in the '*Rivista Marittima*' for October 1875, argues in favour of this course. But the result has been that over the entire bed of the lagoon, an area of some 50 kilometres by 10, the bottom has been warped up 75 metre since 1840, while the delta has advanced 7 kilometres, and is now within 3 kilometres of Chioggia. The silting up of the bottom alone shows a deposit of 11,000,000 of cubic yards per annum, independently of the growth of the delta.

By departing from the principle that prevention is better than cure, the Italian engineers have thrown away much of the special advantage with which nature had endowed the port of Venice. But even in its present condition it has no such menacing a foe to dread as exists in the case of Port Said, where a strong littoral current sweeps not from but towards the head of the Levant, bearing with it as much of the enormous mass of the annual deposit of the Nile as is not now disposed of in prolongation of the delta, or in raising the sea bottom between the Rosetta mouth and the Pelusiac Bay. This travelling mass, on reaching the shore of Syria, is partly blown from the margin of the sea, and advances, in desolating dunes, over the once celebrated gardens of Jaffa, as well as over the now barren isthmus. There is no scour from Lake Menzaleh or from Port Said, and all that can be done is to keep up a continuous dredging, the amount of which has risen from 161,000 cubic yards in 1871 to 937,000 cubic yards in 1875. Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society on May 22, 1876, refers to the observations made by Staff-Commander Millard, in February and March 1875, on the littoral between Port Said and the Damietta mouth of the Nile. He refers to the gradual shoaling of the Bay of

Pelusium, of which Colonel Stokes has given very instructive details. The currents are found to be mainly dependent on the wind, the prevailing direction of which is north-westerly, as shown on the chart prepared by Admiral Spratt. The only positive contribution to our previous knowledge of the subject contained in Sir Henry Rawlinson's speech are the statements that 'the line of strongest current is that bordering on the 'Damietta mouth of the Nile and the projecting coast east of 'Port Said,' and that the coast-line between these localities was found to have advanced considerably seaward, 'in some 'places nearly to the extent of three-quarters of a mile,' since the date of the survey made by Captain Mansell, R.N., in 1856. It is very possible to understand how the growth of the Nile delta, when it has passed beyond the shelter of Aboukir Point, may have been reduced from a secular average of more than 20 yards per annum to a fifth or a sixth of that rate of increase, if we find that the material brought to the mouth of the river is swept towards the Syrian shore with such energy as to cause a seaward growth of 52 yards per annum of the shore of the Pelusiatic Bay.

The most valuable contribution, however, which has been made to our positive knowledge of the deposits of the Nile is a measurement of the volume of the river, and of the proportion of matter held in solution and in suspension by its water, which has been made by Mr. Fowler, C.E., in the capacity of engineer-in-chief to the Khedive. Mr. Fowler has favoured us with abstracts of measurements taken when the river stood at different heights, as measured on the nilometer. During a period of sixteen years daily observations have been thus recorded; and the mean annual volume has been calculated for a year when the Nile attains the mean height of 6·87 metres in flood. The lowest tide included in the observations was 5·87 metres (in 1868); the highest 8·48 metres (in 1874). Analyses of the solid material contained in the water were made for Mr. Fowler every month during the year 1874 by the late Dr. Letheby.

The annual discharge of the Nile, on these data, amounts to ninety thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight millions of tons of water. More than two-thirds of this large volume is brought down during the watery tetrameny of the ancient Egyptian year, containing the months Messori, Thoth, Paophi, and Athyr (in the fixed, not the vague, year), and nearly corresponding to our own August, September, October and November. In October the flow amounts to 19 milliards of tons. In June it is rather less than  $1\frac{1}{4}$  milliards of tons. The im-

portance of a knowledge of this variation of volume is due to the fact that the quantity of solid matter brought down by the High Nile is far larger in proportion than is the case when the river is low. The quantity of matter in suspension, in a given quantity of water, is four times as great in August as it is in May. The total estimate of solid matter, both in solution and suspension, brought down in the year is 62 millions of tons. But Mr. Fowler remarks that, as the water analysed was taken from the surface of the river, the results of analysis are far below the real proportion of solid matter. Professional experience leads him to the inference that the bulk of wet material actually deposited must be fully five times that of the solids obtained by chemical analysis.

Experience at the Cairo waterworks has shown that the solids deposited in a few hours by High Nile water amount to an inch in depth for 10 feet of water, or  $\frac{1}{150}$  part of the bulk. It is long since Mr. Shaw gave exactly the same proportion, as the result of experiment. If only two-thirds of this proportion be taken for the flow of the four months of High Nile alone, the result will be equal to the above estimate of five times the deposit estimated from Dr. Letheby's analysis. Thus, from two independent modes of investigation, it results that the minimum quantity of solid matter annually brought down by the Nile amounts to at least 300 millions of tons. If we attribute to this matter the specific gravity assigned by Professor Rankine to mud (which is intermediate between that of dry and of damp sand), we have a quantity of 240 millions of cube yards of annual deposit.

The waters of the Nile may be distinguished by their colour, at the time of inundation, for more than 10 leagues after their entrance into the sea. The soundings taken by Admiral Spratt, R.N., off the coast of Africa, from Aboukir Bay to El Arish, give depths of from 14 to 20 fathoms at about 20 miles from the shore. We may, therefore, consider the deposits from the Nile to form a submarine hill, or sloping surface, from low-water level to the depths above indicated. If we take a mean depth of 10 fathoms, or 60 feet, as a vertical dimension, we find that the annual deposit of the Nile will cover an area of very nearly four square miles to that depth. If we double the estimate of depth we, of course, shall halve the estimate of area. It thus may be reduced to a mere matter of figures to show that the greater part of the superficies of Egypt to the north of the ancient site of Memphis, must have been raised above the level of the Mediterranean by the deposits of the Nile since the historic date of the founding of that city. The

statement of Herodotus to that effect is thus fully verified by the measurements of Mr. Fowler.

At the time of the founding of Memphis, according to the statement recorded by the great historian, 'except the Theban *'nomos*, all Egypt was marsh, and none of those parts which 'now exist below Lake Morris were above water.' The area of the delta itself, between the two existing streams forming the Damietta and Rosetta mouths, is stated at something under 2,000 square miles. But the area indicated by Herodotus amounts to at least four times that dimension, as fairly as it is possible to compute from the irregularities of the actual coast and internal lines. M. Lenthéric makes it amount to 2,300,000 hectares. We shall find good reason to conclude that in the time of Herodotus the outlines of the coast occupied a position intermediate between that maintained in the time of Menes and that which is represented on our last hydrographic survey.

The earliest Egyptian literature yet deciphered speaks of Memphis as a city. The hieroglyphic characteristic is a pyramid; and the name in the inscriptions is read by Dr. Birch as 'the city of the Mennefer pyramid,' or pyramids. The word 'men' means a port; although when it is used in that sense, it is usually accompanied by a determinative not employed in writing the name of Memphis. The meaning of the name 'men' 'noïre' may be fairly illustrated by the more modern names of Havre de Grace, or Portobello, or Newhaven.

Indeed, the foundation of a city at or near to the northern limit of the *terra firma* of Egypt suggests the establishment of a port, especially as the king to whom the choice of the site is attributed had his capital at Abydos. The hills now rising above the sand in the parallel of Memphis and of Suez, and the position of the pyramids, agree with the hypothesis that, at the early date in question, the statement made to Herodotus was accurately true, and that only marsh and occasional islets then presented any barrier between the Mediterranean and the Arabian Gulf.

Thus Herodotus is fully borne out in his assertion that the Egypt to which the Greeks of his time were in the habit of navigating was altogether made ground, and the gift of the river. If we understand him aright, he seems to intimate that a distance of seven days' sail from the sea to the vicinity of Lake Morris, added to three days' sail further up the Nile, marked the extension of the Nile-formed land in his own time. There has been some difficulty in deciding on the actual distances which it was intended to define. He reckons in *schœni*,

and says that each *schœnus* was equal to 60 stadia. If these are to be regarded as Greek stadia, Herodotus would have over-stated both the length and breadth of Egypt by about 50 per cent. But the words of the passage in question are, 'And each *schœnus*, being Egyptian measure, 60 stadia.' If we understand that an Egyptian stadium is intended, we have to ascertain the length of that measure by the actual distance between the indicated points. As closely as these can be ascertained, the distances quoted are accurately proportioned to one another. The distance in longitude from the Plinthinian Bay to the Serbonian Bog is exactly proportionate to the distances in latitude from Elephantina to Thebes, and from Thebes to Heliopolis. As a fourth measurement of Herodotus is that from Heliopolis to the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile, we have here a measurement of the seaward extension of the delta in the last 2,300 years.

The *schœnus*, if we take the above distances as determinative, is a length of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  geographical miles, which is a unit very readily understood by those who are aware of the combination of divisions by 4, by 6, and by 10, which were used by the most ancient astronomers and geographers. Ptolemy, in the account of some of the ancient eclipses, which he gives in the *Almagest*, uses the Chaldean division of the day into 6 degrees, each consisting of 80 scrupules. The number 96, or its double, 192, is one that constantly recurs in the Chaldean scale, and has the advantage of being divisible by 2, 3, 4, and 6. The *schœnus*, according to this determination, contains 192 seconds of latitude; and the *stadium* is, consequently, equal to 98.77 metres. Jomard, in his *Système Métrique des Égyptiens*, makes the stadium used by Aristotle, Herodotus, and Megasthenes 99.75 metres in length. The difference is not of sufficient magnitude to interfere with the present inquiry, but the lower determination is more accordant than the higher with the Chaldean system of measures.

The distance given by Herodotus from Elephantina to Thebes is 30 *schœni*, being equal, according to the above determination, to 96 geographical miles, which is in as exact accordance with facts as can be required. From Thebes to Heliopolis the distance of 81 *schœni* gives 259.2 geographical miles. The position indicated for Heliopolis in modern maps is about 6 miles further north than the site thus fixed. But it is probable that the point indicated by Herodotus is that of the apex of the delta, or first bifurcation of the Nile. The occurrences of islands and loops of the river renders it difficult to indicate the exact head of the delta even at the



present time. A spot 400 kilometres to the north of the parallel of  $30^\circ$  is that which may be taken with the nearest approach to accuracy as the present position of the first division of the Nile into two main branches or channels; and this determination agrees so closely with that arrived at from the measurements given by Herodotus, that there can be but little doubt of the secular permanence of the true apex of the delta. The distance of 36 *schœni*, or 112·2 geographical miles, from the Plinthinetian Bay to the Serbonian Lake, is, again, as accurate as it is possible to determine. There remains a distance of 21 *schœni*, or 67·2 geographical miles, from Heliopolis to the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile. This would place the northward termination of the delta in the time of Herodotus in latitude  $31^\circ 8' N.$ , or 33 geographical miles southward of the existing coast-line, as laid down in Admiral Spratt's Survey in 1858.

Against this very simple and consistent reading of the account given by the great historian, it has been attempted to adduce evidence from Strabo. The only pretext, however, for so doing is taken from an identification, which is altogether imaginary, of the ruins of the Bourg el Tineh, or the mounds of Faramah, with the ancient Pelusium. Admiral Spratt, in his 'Investigation of the Effect of the Prevailing Wave Influence on the Nile Deposits,' states that the name Faramah applies to the whole chain of mounds lying  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the south-east of the Bourg el Tineh, and that they indicate the site of the city of Pharamia, of the times of the Crusades, a place which is mentioned in Michaud's 'Croisades' as a distinct city from Pelusium. Tineh, indeed, is an Arabic word, signifying mud; and the name Pelusium is derived from a Greek word of the same meaning. On this coincidence (being only that of names which might with equal propriety apply to any buildings in a district won from the mud of the Nile) the attempted identification entirely hangs. Bourg el Tineh, however, is on the right bank of the ancient Pelusiac branch, according to Admiral Spratt's Survey. Pelusium, according to the account given by Josephus of the march of Titus, was on the left bank of that stream. There is, moreover, a passage in Strabo which has not been hitherto cited, but which is in exact accordance with the position of the Sebennytic mouth fixed by Herodotus. This passage fixes the site of Pelusium at 26 *schœni* from the apex of the delta; a distance which, considering the eastern inclination of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, very accurately coincides with the previously quoted

distance, stated by Herodotus, of 21 *schœni* from Heliopolis to the Sebennytic mouth.

If we take, then, the ancient bifurcation of the Nile, or apex of the delta, at 111 *schœni* from Elephantina, or in latitude  $30^{\circ} 0' 12''$  N, which is in accordance with the latest map, we find that the extension of the delta from the date of the commencement of this bifurcation, or approximately from the era of Menes to the time of Herodotus, was 62 geographical miles. The period of time indicated, according to the Egyptian chronology, was 4,000 years. From the date of Herodotus to that of the Survey of Admiral Spratt, during a period of 2,300 years, the growth of the delta has been 33 geographical miles. Considering that the northward growth of the delta must become slower as the coast-line advances to the northwards, it would be impossible to find a more satisfactory check on the original calculation.

An independent verification of the measurements of Herodotus may be obtained by a careful examination of the map of Egypt. The large map prepared by M. Linant de Bellefonds leaves, indeed, very much to be desired in the way of clearness of definition, which may be to a great extent the fault of the lithographer. It also possesses the grave defect of confusing hypothetical with actual determinatives, especially with regard to positions thought to be mentioned in the Pentateuch. But it is the best survey of Egypt yet attainable: and the observations for which we refer to it are far within any conceivable limit of error.

It will be readily seen that engineering works of such importance as the formation of an artificial channel for the Nile, are likely to leave an impress on the face of the country. The whole course of the river, as is the case in most unrestrained channels, is tortuous and irregular. An artificial channel would be naturally straight. It is known that the present Rosetta branch of the Nile is the ancient Bolbitic channel, being one of those which is described by Herodotus as artificial. We find, on the map, a length of some 4,400 metres, extending from the Railway Bridge at Zaiad to a point in lat.  $31^{\circ} 0' 7''$ , which gives every sign of having been originally artificial. It is approximately straight, and wider than the sinuous portions of the river, which exist to the north and recommence to the south of this part of the channel. Something of the same nature, though less distinct, may be traced in the parallel part of the Damietta branch, for a length of some 3,800 metres, terminating about  $31^{\circ} 0' 3''$ . As Hero-

dotus does not give the date of the excavation of either of these channels, it is not possible to state, on his authority, how far they must have terminated to the south of the latitude reached by the Sebennyitic mouth in his day. It is certain that the latter was in the most advanced portion of the delta, and that the artificial mouths, when first opened, as being lateral, must have been to the south of the seaward head of the delta. A difference of 6 or 7 miles, therefore, such as actually exists between the latitude of the points indicated, brings us very close to what might have been expected. The difference at the present day between the lengths of the Rosetta and of the Damietta branches is given at 8 miles.

Continuing to use round numbers, as being really the most suitable for a calculation of this approximate nature, we find that the waters of the Nile have been the means of raising above the level of the Mediterranean, in a period of 6,300 years, an area of some 8,000 square miles. A square English mile, one yard thick, contains a little more than 3,000,000 cubic yards. We have seen that the annual deposit of the Nile amounts to 240,000,000 cubic yards. This would give an annual average increase of area of 1·27 miles, with a mean depth of deposit of 61 yards. In a boring made by Mr. Fowler at the east end of the Damietta barrage, the upper part of the ground consisted of brick earth, loam, and brown clay, to a depth of 11·4 metres, succeeded by 10 metres of running sand and silt, and then by alternate layers of coarse running sand, coarse sand and gravel, dark silt, fine yellow silt, coarse running sand, and fine running sand and silt, to the total depth of 37 metres. At this level no signs appeared of being near the bottom of the fluvial deposit. At the distance of 13 miles from the present coast-line, Admiral Spratt found the bottom of the Mediterranean to contain no trace of the Nile deposits, but to consist of pure sea productions, viz. pure coral, coral sand, and shells. The depth was 31 fathoms, or 62 yards—a very remarkable verification of the accuracy of the foregoing estimate. The actual encroachment of the shore at Port Said, between 1868 and 1873, has been at the rate of 52 yards per annum, notwithstanding the distance from the Damietta *embouchure* of the Nile, or more than double the mean annual encroachment of the delta since historic times.

It will be seen that we have been able to collect a series of data from widely differing sources, the results of which show an accordance that approaches very nearly to demonstration. The present outline of the Egyptian coast, together with the soundings, is taken from the Reports of Admiral Spratt, R.N.,

in 1858. The positions of the apex of the delta, and of the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile, in the time of Herodotus, are referred to actual latitudes by the distances given by that historian from Elephantina and from Thebes. The approximate position, four centuries later, of the Pelusiatic mouth is given by Strabo. The quantity of solid material annually brought down by the Nile is ascertained by the admeasurements of Mr. Fowler. For the first time these various records have been compared, and they mutually vouch for each other's accuracy. It remains for us to inquire into the evidence that may be obtained as to the annual changes to which the coast of Egypt is subjected under the conditions actually existing at the present time.

The prevailing winds, and therefore the prevailing wave movement, off the coast of Egypt, are from the north, or north-west, according to the observations of Admiral Spratt. Off Alexandria the coast and shallows are rocky, and not sandy; the coast as far as Cyrene westward being formed of a rocky shore line, broken into headlands, which are the spurs or salient bases of mountain ranges. Abukir Castle stands on the extremity of this rocky shore, on a spur of land which formerly jutted out as a natural mole into the sea, rising from 50 to 100 feet above the water level. Westward of this natural groin the sea is deep, as well as unencumbered with sand; a depth of 100 feet being attained within two miles of the shore. As soon, then, as the secular growth of the delta brought the apex of that formation northward of the shelter of the Abukir reef, the deposits at the mouths of the Nile became exposed to the full swell and current of the Mediterranean, and instead of being allowed to settle in comparatively still water, were each year more and more dispersed along the coast to the eastward, as far as the shore of Syria itself. Nor are they absolutely arrested by that shore. The sand, when dry, is blown up from the margin of the sea. In some places it accumulates in dunes. All along the coast, as far as Jaffa, it is steadily advancing on the land, where it is not encountered by fir plantations; and is overwhelming the beautiful gardens near that town (which were celebrated for their fertility as far back as the date of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty), at the rate of a yard per annum.

The members of that pleasant excursion party which M. de Lesseps dignified by the name of the 'International Commission,' and hurried up the Nile and across the Isthmus of Suez as the guests of the Khedive, report that all the sands brought down by the Nile are deposited at its mouth; and that the

advance of the latter is admitted to be not more than nine or ten feet per annum. This double assertion is simply puerile. Its entire inaccuracy is not matter of opinion. The charts and soundings taken by Admiral Spratt, Captain Nares, Colonel Stokes, and other officers, are so careful and exact, that the information which they convey can only be ignored by a very wilful and determined ignorance. As to the actual rate at which either the Damietta or the Rosetta branch now annually protrudes its *berge* of sand into the Mediterranean, it can only be accurately determined by the comparison of successive surveys, such as those which have been made around the locality of Port Said. But Admiral Spratt states that a tower which was situated at the mouth of the Foum el Farez, one of the principal *embouchures* of Lake Menzaleh, at the time of the French occupation of Egypt, is now fully half-a-mile from the sea, owing to the encroachment of the shore. Between the years 1868 and 1873, according to the Report of Colonel Stokes,\* the shore-line at Port Said has advanced 780 feet, being an encroachment on the sea at the rate of 52 yards per annum, or double our estimate of the secular average encroachment of the Delta. In fact, the annual solid matter brought down by the Nile being an approximately constant quantity, a diminution of the advance of the delta at the *embouchures* of the river must be accompanied by an equivalent increase of the deposits in some part of the Mediterranean to the eastward of those *embouchures*.

The actual arrangement of the lagoons and strips or cordons of sand, which now form the greater portion of the seaboard along the entire coast-line of Egypt, is such as to indicate a considerable change in the littoral disposition of the deposits of the river since the formation of the last 30 or 40 miles of its channel; or, indeed, since the time when it was allowed to form its own course in continuation of the two artificial outlets mentioned by Herodotus, which have become portions of the two main existing branches known as the Rosetta and Damietta channels. The sands brought down by the first-named of these branches have been swept to the eastward by the littoral current, so as to form the cordon or belt of some 40 miles long, which separates the lagoon called Lake Bourlos from the sea. A similar cordon, of equal length, stretching eastward from the Damietta mouth, forms the northern shore of Lake Menzaleh. To the

\* Egypt, No. 2. Correspondence respecting the Suez Canal. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1876. (See Chart at p. 30.)

east of the ruins of Bourg el Tineh, two parallel lagoons, extending for more than 50 miles from east to west, occupy the ancient position of the eastern part of the Pelusian bay. Over the entire district, the only part in which the delta has continued its original mode of solid growth, is within a range of some 40 miles to the westward of the Damietta branch, an area which has been entirely filled up by the action of the now choked up Sebennyitic branch of the seven-mouthed Nile.

The annual change that is taking place on the shore of Egypt is only partially to be appreciated by a map or bird's-eye view. It requires also to be measured by the sounding line, and delineated on a properly constructed section or contoured chart. In the immediate neighbourhood of Port Said this has been done. During the present year there has been presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, a comparative plan, showing the decrease of depth seaward from Port Said, from 1869 to 1873, which was drawn up by Colonel Stokes, and transmitted by that officer to the Earl of Derby on November 11, 1874. This plan shows the soundings taken from the French survey, of 1869, in black; those of Captain Nares, in 1870, in blue; and those of Captain Wharton, in 1873, in red. Colonel Stokes reports that between the dates of the two last-named surveys more than 5,000,000 cubic yards of solid matter have been thrown down between the present 18 and 30 feet lines of soundings to the west of a line drawn in continuation of the west pier of Port Said. In that time the 30-foot line has receded seawards 1,200 yards on the prolongation of the west pier, in other places for more than that distance. Over a space of 1,200 yards west to east, and 800 yards north to south, the depth has shoaled from 5 to 8 feet between the 30-foot line of 1870 and that of 1873.

This shoaling is probably local, being the direct effect of the check opposed to the littoral current by the pier of Port Said. But its magnitude is such as to intimate that the deposits of the Rosetta, as well as of the Damietta stream, are brought as far eastward as Port Said. If we suppose the volumes of the two branches to be approximately equal, and that the sand brought down by the Damietta mouth is gradually deposited by a littoral current of 3 miles wide over the 140 miles of coast to El Arish, we should not be able to anticipate a shoaling of more than from 3 to 4 inches per annum at a distance of 40 miles from the *embouchure*, which is the distance of Port Said. We find, however, from actual survey, a deposit of from 20 to 32 inches per annum within half-a-mile from the shore; an advance of the 30-foot line of soundings at the rate

of 400 yards and more, and an encroachment of the coast-line at the rate of 52 yards per annum. However narrowed be the area over which these changes are now actually in progress, they show the unabated activity of the mighty causes which have won the entire soil of Lower Egypt from the Mediterranean within the historic time that is covered by hieroglyphic inscriptions.

The secular changes in the face of Egypt comprise not only the advance of the shore-line into the Mediterranean, but a more or less imperceptible warping up of all the soil flooded by the Nile. The rise of the river itself, which was measured on a nilometer built into a wall at Elephantina, must be affected by the deposit on the face of the country below that spot. Herodotus states that in the reign of Mœris a Nile flood of 8 cubits rise inundated all Egypt below Memphis. The only difficulty in this passage is as to date. Herodotus says the priests told him that the reign in question was 900 years before his own time. That number of years, however, only reaches back to the reign of Ramses Miamoun, of the nineteenth dynasty. The formation of Lake Mœris is dated 1,200 years before that reign; and the name Mœris is that of a monarch of the twelfth dynasty, which reigned from B.C. 2812 to B.C. 2599. The general phenomena of the increase of the delta are far more consistent with the earlier than with the later of the two dates thus intimated; that is to say, with the period of the twelfth rather than that of the nineteenth dynasty, as having witnessed so low a rise of the Nile, especially when we consider that from the time of Herodotus to our own, but little variation has occurred in this respect. A minimum rise of 15 cubits was required, Herodotus says, to flood the country in his day. The statue of Nilus in the Vatican is encircled by 16 *amorini*, symbolising the 16 cubits of rise which gave the omen of a fertile season in the time of the thirty-third dynasty. The nilometer at Elephantina gives a cubit of 21 inches, making the 16-cubit flood show a rise of 336 inches. During a period of sixteen years, according to the observations taken under the direction of Mr. Fowler, the average height of the flood was 6·87 metres, or 271·84 inches. The highest flood during this time was in 1874, when it rose 8·48 metres, or 335·25 inches, a very close reproduction of the 16 cubits of the time of the Ptolemies. The lowest was in 1868, being only 5·87 metres, or 232·27 inches, which is yet 64 inches higher than the rise referred to the time of Mœris. It is certain that the less obstruction the flood met in its descent below Memphis, the less would be the height that it would maintain at that spot.

Mr. Horner endeavoured to form a scale of the antiquity of the delta by sinking a shaft beside the statue of Rameses, and measuring the depth of made earth that had accumulated since the erection of that statue. If his conclusions as to the original level, which are quoted by Sir Charles Lyell, are accurate, the rise of soil at the base of the statue has occurred only at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches per century. But Mr. Horner assumes that the ancient builders erected works of colossal magnitude on a site subject to annual inundation—a most improbable hypothesis. The true deduction to be drawn from the small accumulation above the platform of the statue is, that the low rise of the Nile referred by Herodotus to the time of Mœris had not been exceeded at the date when this sacred work was executed. Sir Charles Lyell estimates the rise at Elephantina at 5·3 inches, at Thebes at 4·9 inches, and at Heliopolis at 4·1 inches, per century. In none of these estimates does there appear to have been due attention given to the fact that the quantity of the matter held in suspension by the Nile during its floods varies in proportion to the depth of water. The nearer the surface, or the shallower the water, the less the deposit. Thus, comparing equal heights of flood, less deposit would annually occur on higher than on lower ground, and less deposit on the same area year after year. Again, any obstructions that interfered with the flow of the flood would have a powerful influence on the depth of deposit. It is thus conceivable, or indeed certain, that while inches were deposited in certain localities, feet would be deposited in others, in the same space of time. It is desirable to exhaust all the means of comparison in a question of this magnitude. But actual experiments as to the deposit made from a given depth of flood water, like those of Mr. Fowler, must yield far more luminous results than casual observations, which estimate the amount of secular change without due consideration of all the conditions that may have affected the exact locality.

A historical inquiry of considerable interest is connected with the physical history of the Egyptian delta. Considerable discussion has arisen as to the track indicated by the book of Exodus as that taken by the Israelites in their flight from Egypt. The choice of route lies within narrower limits than might be assigned from a hasty view of the map. Through the Gulf of Suez itself, from within a short distance of its northern extremity, the channel has a depth of at least 10 fathoms. The date of the Exodus, according to the most careful comparison of the various indications given in the



Pentateuch and historic Hebrew books, was in the year 1541 B.C.; which corresponds to the third year of the reign of King Thothmes IV., seventh king of the eighteenth dynasty. This monarch is spoken of in the inscriptions as the 'tamer of the Syrian shepherds,' an expression which may very well be taken for the Egyptian account of an event which the Jewish historian regarded from so different a point of view. At this time, according to the estimate above given of the growth of the delta, the seaward apex of that formation must have been about 30° 54' of north latitude. The right bank, or shore, (taking the delta as maintaining approximately a series of parallel outlines during its growth,) would have been somewhere near the spot now occupied by Ismailia. The space now covered by Lakes Menzaleh, Ballah and Timnah, and the intervening and neighbouring marshy and sandy districts, must at that time either have been far below the level of the Mediterranean, or have been covered by lagoon and marsh, accessible to the waters of that sea, when driven by a westerly wind. On the right hand of the comparatively narrow isthmus then existing, the depression of the Bitter Lakes was, no doubt, connected with the Arabian Gulf. The main, or even the entire, distance which at that time divided the waters of the Arabian Gulf from those of the Mediterranean may, therefore, be taken to correspond to the Ym Suph, or sea of reeds, of the Pentateuch: a term which was first erroneously translated by Erythian or Red Sea, in the time of Ptolemy II., when the physical change which had gradually occurred in the isthmus had obscured the true meaning of the language of the Book of Exodus, accordant as it is with that used by Herodotus.

On this view of the case (the accuracy of which can only be a question of detail), several expressions which have perplexed the students of the Book of Exodus become perfectly clear and intelligible. When the flying bands, descending Wady Tomilat, which most Egyptologists identify with Goshen, arrived at the coast, the intention of their leader being to avoid the well-frequented track by the shore of Philistia, through the dominions of a people apt to arms, and experienced in resisting invasion from Egypt, the line of march was necessarily turned to the right. At night-fall, the people bivouacked on a grassy plain—the Coptic language yet preserves the word Pichairoth with this signification, which is also that of the term used in the Septuagint version—between the Pharos, or watch-tower on the shore (Migdol) and the Temple of Typhon (Baal Zephon), which may readily be identified with the ruin known as the Serapeum. The prevalence during the

night of a strong east wind—the Septuagint calls it a south wind, and St. Jerome, rather uncandidly, uses the participle *urens*, but all the expressions point to a wind from the south or east, or from the hot quarter, in fact to the commencement of the Khamaseen, for which the exact period had arrived—drove back the water in the lagoons connected with the Mediterranean. Those of the Arabian Gulf, and its connected lakes, must on the contrary have been raised by this wind; so that it is evident from which sea danger was to be apprehended. Through the very district of the Ym Suph, over the edge of or between the lagoons from which the water had been driven back by the force of the wind, the one body fled, and the other pursued. In the morning, the sea returned with a change of wind. The expression used by St. Jerome, *primo diluculo*, which has been followed in the ‘when the morning appeared’ of the authorised version, is more correctly indicated by the Septuagint as meaning ‘towards the east,’ a phrase which corresponds to the previously described effect of the west wind in reducing the level of the water. Referring only to the physical phenomena indicated by the passage, the whole account is as clear and consistent, according to this view of the nature of the locality, as it is perplexing and unintelligible if referred to a passage over the ten fathom deep channel of the Arabian Gulf, or even over the site of the Bitter Lakes at the head of that gulf, in the whole of which an easterly wind raises, and a westerly wind depresses, the level of the waters.

The map of Egypt by M. Linant de Bellefonds, to which reference was previously made, inserts imaginary stations on the march of the Israelites with no less precision than it indicates the sites of existing structures. It has the misfortune to define the point of the crossing the isthmus by Moses as between the Bitter Lakes and the present head of the Gulf of Suez; a position for the selection of which no distinct reason can be adduced, and which is liable to the fatal objection that a westerly or southerly wind would raise the waters, instead of depressing them, as described in the Pentateuch. If Josephus drew on other sources than his imagination in describing the mountain which shut in the line of march, he may have very well referred to the plateau of El Guisr, in which the ruin of the Serapeum is found. Every expression used with reference to the Exodus is consistent with the idea of a passage through the reedy marshes between the Mediterranean and the Arabian Gulf lagoons, which would have protected either flank of the expedition, and thus made the waters, in the language of the country, a wall to the fugitives on either hand.

The identification of the Ym Suph with the Gulf of Suez, is not only entirely imaginative, but is a leap in the dark which can only throw undue discredit on a venerable record, the true sense of which had become obscured, by the date of the translation in the time of Ptolemy II., by the physical changes of the locality.

Egypt at the present hour is thus far what she was 6,300 years ago. She is at once one of the best practical schools which can be found for the engineer, and one of the localities where the skill of the engineer can most richly augment the products of nature. The first great work of which the oldest tradition embalmed in the pages of Herodotus gives note was one almost identical in its nature with one of the last undertaken by a Mussulman prince. The dam which Menes is related to have built across the Nile cannot have been placed in a very different situation from that which was selected by the engineers of Mehemet Ali. The actual distance between the two stations appears to be about 15 miles; and an engineering reason for the change may be found in the higher level now attained by the Nile flood, in consequence of the growth of the delta during a period of 6,300 years. The Nile formerly flowed close to the western suburbs and gardens of Cairo, from which it is now from half a mile to a mile distant. The plain of Boolak, seven miles long, and at least a mile and a half wide, is said in the notes to Lane's 'Modern Egyptians' to have been formed within a period of 200 years. Thus, independently of the general encroachment of Egypt on the sea, local displacements and changes, so easy to be effected in an alluvial soil of 100 feet in depth, have advanced at a rapid pace. It is only by the remains of human work, or by the occurrence of solid rocks, which formerly were islands, that any ancient sites can now be positively identified in Lower Egypt. But between the character of the engineering works of the early Thinite dynasties, and those of the Moslem Viceroy, there is that difference which exists between the labour of men and the petulant toil of children. The former built, if not for eternity, yet for a duration to be measured by millenniums. The latter, by a barbaric impatience, so hurried the work undertaken for barring the Nile, in 1847, that the rise of 15 feet which it was intended thus to secure has never been approached. The utmost difference in level for which the engineers have dared to trust to the strength of the dam is under 6 feet; and no doubt is entertained that the head of water would blow up the dam and destroy all the work of the barrage long before it rose to the moderate height originally

anticipated. Thus a work which is admirable in design, and accordant with the most ancient tradition of the former grandeur of the country, has proved little more than a ridiculous failure; and that not so much in consequence of the want of professional skill, as owing to the barbarism of the Government of Egypt.

That enormous wealth might be drawn from the delta by well-executed works of irrigation, there is not a shadow of a doubt. Sugar, cotton, rice and indigo, for which the climate of Egypt is suited, are summer crops, and cannot be raised there without irrigation. The summer discharge of the Nile is as low as 40,000,000 cubic yards of water per diem. There are three and a half millions of acres of cultivable land in Lower Egypt, out of which only about one-fourteenth part is irrigated by the rude chain pumps, worked by oxen, which are known by the name of Sakiehs. Twenty-six cubic yards of water per acre per diem are required for the irrigation of land producing summer crops, and rice requires nearly three times that supply. The former quantity is about equal to a daily rainfall of one-fifth of an inch. The irrigation of a million of acres would consume more than half the volume of the Nile at its lowest, and it may be very questionable how far it would be practically safe to abstract so large a quantity of water from the channel during the dry season immediately preceding the inundation.

The volume of the river must also place a limit to such an effort to restore the fertility of the district above the cataracts, as may otherwise be considered to be within the reach of engineering science. It is probable that the effect of earthquakes in destroying the natural barriers of the cataracts, has tended to the desolation of Nubia. Measurements on the face of the rock at Semneh, above the second cataract, prove the rupture of a great barrier across the river lower down at some period later than the twentieth century B.C. Sir Gardner Wilkinson is of opinion that this barrier existed at Silsilis. From this point to the delta the Nile continually diminishes in volume by evaporation. The supply needed for irrigation above this spot might have been far more readily spared 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, when the delta had attained only about a third part of its actual area before Memphis, than would now be the case. But in regarding the possible advantages to be drawn from the barrage of the stream, attention should not be exclusively confined to the delta. The effect of well-designed works in the vicinity of the cataracts is a subject well worth the attention of the Government of Egypt.

Whatever view be taken of the best method of utilising the

annual bounty of the Nile, the fact of the great amount of deposit which it annually brings down is one that can no longer be matter of doubt. It is possible that the foregoing estimate may require some correction. It is, however, based on positive data; and the accordance between the cubic quantities estimated by Mr. Fowler, and the successive boundaries of the delta indicated by Herodotus, by Strabo, and by Admiral Spratt, is so close as to show that there cannot be any very serious error in either statement. That the seaward extension of the delta has of late years been but small, in consequence of the protrusion of the coast being diminished by the eastward movement of the deposit caused by the prevailing currents, after the shelter of Aboukir Point was lost, is probable enough. The form of the cordons joining the lagoons is conclusive as to the character of this littoral movement. The surveys of Captain Nares and Captain Wharton tell us of its effect on the neighbourhood of Port Said. It is high time that it should be generally known that the results of the observations of these able hydrographers have been reduced to definite form, and that the question of the encroachment of the shore at Port Said has been removed from the category of subjects on which it is possible for educated men to hold widely divergent opinions.

We have no space to refer to the observations of Admiral Spratt on the growth of the delta of the Danube; a matter of no small European interest. We must be content if we have been able to call the attention of the engineer, the hydrographer, and the geographer to the activity and importance of the changes which river action is at this moment effecting; and to the need of collecting full and adequate observations on the various elements requisite for the solution of the general problem. The areas of water-shed basins, the amount of rainfall, the inclination of the zone of erosion, the measurement of the volume of the river at its mouth, the quantity of solid matters held in solution or suspension in its waters throughout the year, the growth of deltas and cordons as ascertained by actual survey—such are the points which it is needful to study, and we hope that every fresh occasion may be seized to add exact information to our knowledge of them.

ART. V.—*The Paston Letters.* A New Edition. Edited by JAMES GAIRDNER, of the Public Record Office. 3 vols. London: 1872–75.

ABOUT four years ago we briefly noticed the first volume of this new edition of the ‘Paston Letters,’ for which the public is indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Arber and the critical skill of Mr. Gairdner. At that time, the history of the originals of this most interesting correspondence was, to use Mr. Gairdner’s words, ‘mysterious.’ Of five bulky volumes, those of only one, the fifth, were known to exist, while the letters from which the four first had been printed by Sir John Fenn in 1788 and 1789 were entirely lost. The original letters of volumes one and two had been presented by Fenn to George III., to whom the work had been dedicated as the ‘avowed patron of antiquarian knowledge;’ and, as an acknowledgment of the value of the gift, the editor was summoned to court and received the honour of knighthood. It was on May 23, 1787, that Fenn was knighted, and on the same day the original letters, bound in three volumes, were presented to the king. This, one would have thought, would have been the surest way to preserve them, short of depositing them in the British Museum. They might have been looked for in the library of the king, now among the National Collections in Bloomsbury, or in one of the royal palaces. Strange to say, those volumes have never been found. They have hardly been heard of since that May 23, 1787, now nearly ninety years ago; though there is a tradition that they were last seen in the hands of old Queen Charlotte, who, it is supposed, must have ‘lent them to one of her ladies in attendance.’ If so, we may carry on the supposition, and suppose that the lady-in-waiting lent them to a lord-in-waiting, who in turn lent them to some one else. If they have escaped the inevitable butler, they may yet turn up in some private collection, and it has been suggested that it would be a bright feather in the cap of the Historical Manuscripts Commission if they could ferret out and bring to light documents so valuable for English History. But this was not the whole of the ‘mystery’ connected with the originals of the ‘Paston Letters.’ For a long time those of the three remaining volumes which had not been presented to the king were equally undiscoverable. It seemed so strange that the actual documents contained in five volumes should have vanished from the face of the earth, that unbelieving critics arose, who declared that there never were any

original Paston Letters at all; and an ‘ingenious *littérateur*,’ as Mr. Gairdner calls him, made the disappearance of all the MSS. a ground to question the authenticity of the published letters.

In this dreadful state of things a discovery was fortunately made, but not till the year 1865; on which Mr. Gairdner makes the just reflection that ‘it is certainly a misfortune for ‘historical literature that the owners of ancient documents ‘commonly take so little pains to ascertain what it is they ‘have got.’ It was ascertained in that year that though Mr. Sergeant Frere, when he edited the fifth volume, after Fenn’s death, had declared that the originals of that volume were not to be found, they had actually been in his house at Dungate, in Cambridgeshire, all the while; and there they lay hidden till Mr. Philip Frere, his son, brought them to light in the year named. Under these circumstances, it is a comfort to think that those originals were shortly afterwards secured for the British Museum. When such doubt had been thrown on the authenticity of the letters, the discovery even of the originals of the fifth volume was very welcome; and Mr. Gairdner shortly afterwards undertook the publication of all the volumes, adding to them such additional documents connected with the Paston family as had come to light since the first publication. The first volume of the new edition appeared in 1872, and the second in 1874, up to which time no portion of the originals of the third and fourth of Fenn’s volumes had turned up, except two in the third volume, one of which was found in the British Museum and the other at Holland House; showing, as was supposed, that the originals of those volumes had never been bound up by Fenn, and had been scattered and perhaps destroyed after his death. But before Mr. Gairdner had published his third volume, another discovery had been made, proving that the letters contained in the third and fourth volumes had not been dispersed, but were quietly lying hid in the eastern counties. And where does the reader suppose that they were found? Why, in another house of the Freres at Roydon, where the head of the family had long been the ‘un-‘conscious possessor’ not only of all the originals of the old third and fourth volumes, except the two letters we have already named and another, but of a large number of additional letters belonging to the Paston family!

From what has been said it will easily be perceived under what difficulties Mr. Gairdner’s edition has been produced; but the promise made when it was undertaken, that it would contain more than four hundred additional letters derived from

Magdalen College at Oxford and elsewhere, has been amply redeemed, for before the discovery at Roydon the number of new letters already exceeded four hundred. For those who are never satisfied except with a complete edition, it may be mortifying to think that the printing of Mr. Gairdner's third volume had proceeded so far that he was only able to treat the Roydon find in an appendix, and in most cases to summarise the contents of the letters. Those, however, of our readers who are reasonable enough to see that there is no such thing as completeness on earth, who may think that enough is as good as a feast, and that it is possible, to have more than enough of a series of medieval letters, will no doubt be satisfied when we tell them that they will have to read through more than a thousand letters in very crabbed English before they get to the end of this edition of the 'Paston Letters.' As we are glad to think that all men are not gluttons, and fewer still literary gluttons, the ordinary reader will be content with the feast which Mr. Gairdner has provided for him, and not sigh for further correspondence when he has come to the end of his meal. As for Mr. Gairdner himself, he must console himself for this small disappointment by the expectation that a new edition of the letters may in due time be called for. On one thing, however, we must congratulate him. While the discovery of these originals has proved Fenn's general accuracy and faithfulness, it was not to be expected that he should not occasionally have fallen into mistakes and misreadings. It is very much to Mr. Gairdner's credit that in his criticism and correction of such errors he has almost invariably been borne out by the originals, and thus their tardy discovery has proved his critical insight, which in some cases almost amounts to intuition. Let us add that these volumes leave nothing to be desired by the way of introduction, chronology, and index. The 'Paston Letters' are not thrown on the world as inarticulate babes; for Mr. Gairdner is ever at hand to speak for them, and to explain their utterances, which to the general reader are often very incoherent.

And now, who were the Pastons that their correspondence is so valuable? They were a Norfolk family, who from small beginnings won their way in the fifteenth century to position and wealth. In the present time, even after East Anglia has been opened up by railways, Norfolk is to many an out-of-the-way place. Before railways its inaccessibility was summed up in the exclamation of the fine lady when invited to stay in the county, 'Ask me to Norfolk! You might as well ask me to the moon, and besides, it leads to nowhere.' Since



then everything has been done to render Norfolk socially attractive; but we doubt whether even the residence of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham has been so successful as might have been expected in this respect. Norfolk still remains to the million rather a dreary county, famed for dull houses and large *battues*; its chief productions being barley, fat cattle, yeast dumplings, pheasants, and turkeys. A little farther back it was famed for horrid murders and for the litigiousness of its population; but we rather question whether in these doubtful honours it has not had to bow to other counties in England. But the Norfolk of the fifteenth century and of the Pastons was very different. It was then by far the wealthiest of England's counties, and Middlesex had to yield to it in this respect, even though in Middlesex was reckoned London, the heart of the kingdom. If we turn to Mr. Rogers' book on 'Prices and Labour in Medieval England,' we shall see at once the position of Norfolk in respect of wealth, compared with other English counties, and the reason of its affluence. So far from leading to nowhere, by the great ports of Lynn and Yarmouth it was the direct road by which the wool of East Anglia and the bordering counties found its way to the Low Countries. Those ports owned half the shipping of the nation, and as to Norfolk being unvisited by travellers, the great shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham vied in its crowds of pilgrims with those who streamed to that of Becket at Canterbury. Norwich, the capital of the county, was in those days really a capital, thronged with a busy and thriving population, mostly of weavers, which made it an English Ghent, and even to this day attests its ancient wealth by the number of churches within the circuit of the medieval walls. In it was the palace of one of the few dukes not of the actual blood-royal to be found in the realm, a provincial prince of whose power for ill or good we find ample evidence in these very letters. Everything was to be settled when the Duke came down to Norfolk, and if he stretched out his hand to do wrong it was hard to get redress. The Pastons, then, might well boast that they belonged to the landed gentry of no mean county, and we may be sure that when they rode to London it was rather an honour than otherwise to be able to call themselves Norfolk men.

We have said that the family rose from small beginnings, but this does not at all mean that they were ever proved to have been of low or servile birth; though when they grew to be powerful even this charge was laid at their door by those who envied them for their rise in position and possessions. Their

home when we first hear of them was the little village of Paston, not far from the sea, near Cromer, about twenty miles north of Norwich, a district still thoroughly rural, and almost unvisited by strangers, for it is intersected by no railways to bring down herds of tourists. Bloomfield, not the most accurate of county historians, claims for them a Norman descent 'on the evidence of certain documents,' which Mr. Gairdner tells us 'have been since dispersed.' But whether Norman or Saxon, or, as is more likely, Dane, there they had been at Paston for a long time when we first hear of them at the beginning of the fifteenth century, in the position of small gentry. To our mind what a man is is much more worth knowing than what he was, or what his ancestors were. We begin our account, therefore, of the Pastons with William, the son of Clement, who, having been sent to school by his father and well taught, practised the law and rose to be a Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VI.—a man whose uprightness caused him to be commonly called 'the good judge.' Of the date of his birth we are ignorant; but as he died well stricken in years in 1444, it is probable that he was born about 1380. Besides being a good judge, he was a prudent thrifty man and acquired much property in land, besides the original inheritance of the family at Paston. Thus he acquired part of the adjacent manor of Bacton and the manor of Oxnead, which in later times became the principal seat of the family. Besides these, he bought the manor of Gresham from Thomas Chaucer, the son of the poet, all of which descended to his son John. So far all seems fair enough with the fortunes of the family; 'the good judge' had much increased the family estates, and his son enjoyed them after his death. In all probability the reader already knows it, but if not we must tell him, that law, which we so much abuse in these days, was very different in the fifteenth century, and as for estates, though they might be held by law, they were often lost by the lawlessness of neighbours and the insecure state of society. No doubt as a good lawyer, William Paston took care that the titles to the estates which he had purchased were perfectly good; but this precaution, as we shall see, was often of little avail to himself and still less to his descendants. In his lifetime, in spite of his legal powers, he was much tormented by suits about rights of way, by threatenings against his life from adversaries of the clients whom he had defended, and by the machinations of Sir Thomas Erpingham, whom we are sorry to find so prominent as a persecutor, but who deprived the Judge of the favour of the Duke of Norfolk, got bills introduced in Parliament to

his prejudice, and made it unsafe for him to stir abroad. A state of things quite incredible to our modern minds that a counsel and a judge should be persecuted for doing their duty to clients and for administering equal justice between man and man! But that was a lawless age; quarrels were rife even in the Council of the infant king, who as he grew older became weak and imbecile, between the Duke of Gloucester and Bishop Beaufort, and afterwards between Suffolk, Somerset, York, and Warwick. 'Nothing,' as Mr. Gairdner well says, 'was so firmly established by authority but that hopes might be entertained of setting it aside by favour.'

In such an age we wish we could say that the character of 'the good judge' comes out quite pure; but we are sorry to remark that No. 19 in this correspondence contains a petition to the House of Commons in 1433 complaining that 'William Paston, one of the Justices of our Sovereign Lord the King, takyth diverse fees and rewardes of diverse persones in the shir of Norfolk and Suffolk, ayeins [against] the King for to be of hir [i.e. their] counsell to destroy the right of the King.' This, which is endorsed *falsa billa*, contains the names of certain corporate bodies, beginning with the town of Yarmouth, and looks at first ugly; but while fully agreeing with Mr. Gairdner in his assertion that it proves 'the good judge' had enemies as well as friends, we further excuse him by supposing that the charge which is endorsed '*falsa billa*,' was trumped up out of the old annual retainers, which those corporate bodies had been in the habit of paying him before his elevation to the Bench. That William Paston was much worried by his enemies, appears from the following extracts from one of his letters: 'I pray the Holy Trinity to deliver me of my three adversaries, this cursed Bishop for Bromholm, Aslak for Sprouston, and Julian Herberd for Thornham.' Of the last nothing is known, though his conduct, to judge by that of the others, no doubt deserved the curse. Aslak was the adversary who had already threatened Paston's life for defending his client, while 'this cursed bishop' was a monk of Bromholm Priory, famous for its Rood, against whom William Paston had been counsel in an action brought by the Prior for apostasy. It is a curious illustration of the conflict of laws in that age that the apostate, though found guilty, escaped beyond the seas to Rome, where he brought an action in the Papal Court against Paston and the Prior, getting the former condemned in a penalty of 205*l.*, a large sum in those days. Paston's friends at Rome advised him to compromise the matter, but he contested the validity of the sentence,

and got excommunicated for his pains. As for his adversary, he had interest enough to get himself appointed and consecrated Bishop of Cork. This Priory of Bromholm, for which he was counsel against this apostate brother, was an object of special interest to William Paston, who exerted himself on its behalf on several occasions both before and after his elevation to the Bench. It was within a mile, as he tells us himself, of the place of his birth. After his death it became the burialplace of the family, and in it John Paston his son was sumptuously interred in the reign of Edward IV. It was a monastery of some celebrity, as its ruins still attest, standing by the sad seashore, and conspicuous from a distance both by land and sea. After Walsingham no religious house in Norfolk attracted more pilgrims, for it could show a very special treasure in its Holy Rood, mentioned by Chaucer in the 'Canterbury Tales,' which contained a bit of the True Cross, brought from Constantinople two hundred years before the period of which we are writing.

At last, as we have said, in 1444 'the good judge' died, but not before he and his wife had chosen a suitable wife for his eldest son John. We forgot to mention that the judge himself was married to Agnes, daughter and heiress of Sir Edmund Berry of Harlingbury Hall in Hertfordshire. And now let none of our readers, old or young, suppose that marriages in those days were like marriages in these, when the feelings of the young people are more consulted than the will and prudence of their parents. Then fathers and mothers, or worse still, guardians, had the sole arrangement of the matter, and in the best of cases, all that was considered was whether the union were equal on either side in position and property. With regard to parents, we do not remember that they sold their children in marriage any more than they do now, but in the case of guardians it was notorious that wards were constantly sold without regard to their own will or consent, and all the redress that a ward had against his guardian was that he might sue him if he had been matched with a woman unequal in fortune or in rank. Marriages, in fact, in those days were matters of business and not of sentiment; and it does not appear that the wedding of John Paston, the judge's son, was any exception to the rule. His father and mother picked out for him a gentlewoman of good family and fortune, and John was handed over to her and she to John, as if they had been mere bundles of goods. Her name was Margaret, daughter and heiress of John Mauteby of Mauteby, near Caister in Norfolk, and in a letter from Agnes Paston to the judge, she sends him 'good tidings of the coming and bringing home of the gentlewoman

‘from Reedham,’ when we are expressly told that this was the ‘first acquaintance’ between John Paston and the said ‘gentlewoman,’ who had made him such ‘gentle cheer,’ that her future mother-in-law, at the advice of a ‘parson’ who knew the young lady’s taste in colours, begged her husband, who was then in London, to buy her a gown, which must be a ‘goodly blue, or else ‘a bright sanguin.’ If her daughter-in-law could only get that there was hope that there would be no need of ‘any great treaty ‘between them.’

We are bound to say that the ‘gentlewoman’ thus brought into the family proved a most devoted and affectionate wife to John Paston for about twenty-six years. After his death she was the mainstay of the family in perilous times, and without her advice her children could scarcely have weathered the constant storms to which the Pastons were exposed. Her letters form a great part of this whole correspondence, and certainly are the most interesting of any that we find in it, as introducing us to a woman of great force of character and resolute will, but yet truly humble, gentle, and loving. Very early in these volumes, we find in No. 36 a letter which, as Mr. Gairdner observes, ‘is pretty sufficient evidence that women, ‘at least, were human in the fifteenth century.’ She was left with her first child in Norfolk while her husband was laid up in London, by an illness seemingly occasioned by some wound or injury. It was a case of urgency, and Agnes his mother had vowed to give to our Lady of Walsingham an image of wax of the weight of her son, while Margaret was to go on a pilgrimage to Walsingham and also to St. Leonard’s at Norwich. ‘If I might have had my will,’ she writes, ‘I ‘should have seen you ere this time. I would you were at ‘home if it were for your ease—and your sore might be as ‘well looked to here as there ye be—even liever than a gown ‘though it were of scarlet;’ where, in midst of all her distress and love for her husband, we see ‘the gentlewoman’s’ old love of bright colours peeping out.

Before leaving this part of the subject, we must say that the treatment of children by their parents in the fifteenth century was different from ours. Fifty years ago the young were certainly not petted and spoilt as they too often are now, so that we sympathise heartily with the feelings of the father who declared that he had never eaten the wing of a chicken in his life, for when he was young it was always given to his parents, while now that he was old it was given to ‘the little ‘dears.’ But this wholesome severity of sixty years ago was altogether different in kind from the cruelty with which chil-

dren, and especially portionless daughters, were treated by their parents in the reign of Henry VI. This correspondence is full of evidence of the efforts made to get rid of them; first, when children, by putting them out to serve in great houses and learn manners, and afterwards to marry them and get rid of them for good. We have no reason to suppose that the household of 'the good judge' was sterner than that of any other man in the same position, but his daughter Elizabeth, who was afterwards twice very well married, was considered such a drug by her mother Agnes, after refusing two or three suitors, that she was allowed to see no visitors, and still proving intractable, was about one particular Eastertide 'beaten, once 'in the week or twice, and sometimes twice in one day, and 'her head broken in one or two places.' In this instance, the method employed to bring the young lady to reason was so severe that we cannot help thinking that Agnes Paston was acting on Bacon's rule, 'Marry your daughters betimes, 'lest they marry themselves,' and was afraid of that most dreadful thing a *mésalliance*, such as actually befell her grandchild Margery, who engaged herself to and married Richard Calle, the family bailiff, both to her mother's and her brothers' disgust. One of whom writes, 'an my father, whom 'God assoil, were alive and had consented thereto, and my 'mother, and ye both, he (Calle) should never have my good-'will for to make my sister sell candle and mustard in Fram-'lingham.' In spite of which awful prospect, we believe that the marriage of Richard Calle and Margery Paston was a very happy one.

We have already remarked that 'the good judge' was much worried by his enemies while he was alive. Even his knowledge of the law and its resources could not hold him harmless, but it was much worse for his family when he was gone who had been their shield and buckler. They had worse foes now than 'Aslak for Sprouston,' or that 'cursed Bishop for Brom-'holm.' They were envied as upstarts by all their neighbours, and all the more so because they had bought manors from impoverished heirs. When his father died, John Paston was only four and twenty, and though bred to the law he neither possessed the learning nor the weight of the judge. All kinds of claims were soon set up to dues and quit rents on a portion of the property which William Paston had purchased in fee simple and, worse still, the manor of Oxnead was claimed outright by one of the family of Hauteyn, who hoped to recover it by the influence of the great Earl of Suffolk. It was fortunate for the Pastons that the fall of that powerful nobleman

while the claimant's suit was pending induced him to abandon it and to join with others of his family to release their rights at once and for ever to Agnes Paston, on whom Oxnead had been settled by the judge. But this was only the beginning of troubles which, we may say at once, dogged John Paston all through his life, and pursued his descendants after him. In these the family certainly relied much on the vigilance and discretion of Margaret Paston, whose great duty seems to have been to defend the possessions which the Pastons had acquired from the attacks of their foes while her husband or her sons were absent in London. Thus, as we have seen, another of William Paston's purchases had been the manor of Gresham from Thomas Chaucer, who had bought it from the Molyne family, who had thus lost all right to it. But this did not at all hinder young Robert Hungerford, who, after his marriage with a Molyne, had been created Lord Molyne, from seizing Gresham in 1448. After fruitless representations to the young lord, John Paston took a leaf out of his assailant's book, and seized on 'a mansion within the said town,' in which he maintained himself for three months; but in January 1450, while John was forced to go to London, and Margaret was left in the house with only twelve retainers, a company of a thousand persons appeared before it, turned the faithful wife out, and then rifled the mansion, only departing when they had cut the door-posts asunder and done damage to the amount of more than 200*l*. As they went the rioters declared that if they could have laid hands on John Paston they would have taken his life as well as his goods. To make a long story short, we may say that John Paston at last succeeded in regaining possession of his ruined house; but that when he went further and brought an action against Lord Molyne for waste and damage, and indicted him and his abettors for felony, the sheriff, who was well disposed towards him, gave notice to Paston's friends that he had received a distinct injunction from the king to make up a panel to acquit Lord Molyne. 'Royal letters of such a 'tenure,' says Mr. Gairdner, 'do not seem to have been at all 'incompatible with the usages of Henry VI.'s reign;' and to show the cheapness of injustice in these times—when court favour went for everything and right for nothing—John Paston himself tells us that the document on which the sheriff acted was one that could be procured for 6*s*. 8*d*.

While the Paston family was barely holding its own in defence of the property acquired by the judge, a fresh accession of wealth and influence was being prepared for them, which, while it threatened to ruin them by reviving the envy of their

neighbours, again plunged them in a sea of troubles. At the time of which we write almost the last of Henry V.'s great captains had died or been slain like the veteran Talbot, in 1453, at Castillon. With them had gone all the English possessions in France, and the strife in which England was to be engaged for twenty years was civil war. But one of those captains still remained, the veteran Sir John Fastolf, of whom we first hear in this correspondence as captain of Le Mans in 1434, but who for some years had given up soldiering, and lived in London in his own house at Southwark, where we find him at the time of Jack Cade's rebellion, when he was falsely accused of having diminished the garrisons of Normandy, Le Mans and Maine, and thereby caused the loss of the king's inheritance beyond the sea. Of this, as well as of the accusation of cowardice at the battle of Patay—though in all probability the cowardice of Shakspeare's fat knight has arisen out of the story—it is needless to say Fastolf was quite guiltless. That he had been a great and fortunate captain no one could deny. Well-born, his paternal manor of Caister had been vested in him by his mother when he was six-and-twenty; since then he had gone to the French wars with Henry V., and shared in the glories of the battle of Agincourt and the siege of Rouen. He had served in France under the Regent Bedford, had taken several strong castles and one illustrious prisoner, the Duke of Alençon; had governed conquered districts, and fought with glory in many pitched battles. That this brilliant career had not been unattended with profit was evident to all men. The ransom alone of his prisoners must have made him a wealthy man, and what we know of his character and prudence after he returned to England amply proves that in his thrifty hands wealth would not be allowed to lie idle. It is but seldom that to the glory of a great commander is added the occupation of a money-lender and the pettifogging of an attorney. If it detracts from the fame of Fastolf to find him combining all these three pursuits in one person, we cannot help it; but so it was. For years after his return from France Sir John lingered in London, very useful in the king's council, but always intending to return to his native Norfolk, where he had an intention to fulfil, but never accomplishing his purpose. In those days, as alas, is common in ours, great men often wanted money, and especially those mighty lords who alternately entertained the king, or made their way in arms to his presence, to displace, by a great show of retainers, their rivals in the royal favour. In such a position was the Duke of York, the first of the leaders of the White Rose party, who, in December 1452,



was in need of money. In this strait he applied to the old knight in Southwark, and accordingly, in one of the additional documents which Mr. Gairdner has incorporated in this edition, under No. 182, we find the original indenture under which the money was borrowed. By it it appears that Richard, Duke of York, for the sum of 437*l.*, to be repaid before the Feast of St. John Baptist next ensuing, 'pledged to Sir John Fastolf certain jewels, to wit, a nouch (brooch) of gold, with a great pointed diamond set up on a rose enamelled white; a nouch of gold in fashion of a ragged staff, with two images of a man and woman garnished with a ruby, a diamond, and a great pearl; and a flower of gold garnished with two rubys, a diamond, and three hanging pearls.' As this indenture was signed at Fotheringay, the duke's strong castle, shortly after a royal visit to Ludlow, we may well imagine that the money was needed to defray the cost of the entertainments on that occasion.

We have heard that it is part of the creed of a London pawnbroker that jewels once pledged are seldom or never redeemed, and it is curious to see that these jewels, one of them evidently the badge of the White Rose, was forfeited and remained with the others in Fastolf's hands till his death, when, with an immense quantity of jewels and plate, they fell into the custody of his executors. That the House of York thought them of great value is proved by the fact that in the year 1461, shortly after Edward IV., the Duke of York's son, had been proclaimed King, he redeemed those family jewels from John Paston, as one of Fastolf's executors, for the sum of 700 marks, to be repaid in three annual instalments of 200 and one of 100 marks. All this was promised 'on the word of a king;' and all we can say is, that we hope Fastolf's executors got the money, for Edward was anything but firmly seated on the throne, and had many a hard fight still before the White Rose finally triumphed over the Red. Had he not been a great soldier, Sir John would have made a first-rate attorney, and one who, in our time, would rather be found about the Old Bailey than in Lincoln's Inn. His correspondence is full of writs and distresses, and altogether, what with his lawsuits and processes, his agent, Sir Thomas Howes, must have had a hard time of it. Mr. Gairdner thinks that the familiarity with the law shown by the old knight was due to the fact that all classes were then more versed in the law and its technicalities than we are in this generation. Even when Shakspeare makes Justice Shallow ridiculous with his *coram* and *custalorum* and *ratorum*, he sees in that jargon a fresh proof of his position. He

thinks, therefore, that as Sir John Fastolf had more property to protect than most people, he would make more use of legal phraseology than others. Be that as it may, there, about the year 1450, was the old knight, with his mails filled with mortgages and obligations, his strong-room full of plate and jewels, his ships continually passing between Yarmouth and London, in every respect a money-making accumulative man. We have already said that while he lingered in London he had one great object in life. As early as the reign of his master Henry V., he obtained leave to fortify a dwelling on his paternal manor of Caister 'as strong as he himself could devise.' For years this had been his desire, and now, when more than seventy, it was about to be fulfilled. 'Masons and bricklayers,' says Mr. Gairdner, 'were building up for him a magnificent edifice, the ruins of which are still the most interesting features of the neighbourhood,' while the walls compassed more than six acres of ground. This strong castle had been many years in building, but at last, in 1454, it was finished, and Sir John removed from London and took up his abode at Caister, where he seems, with one short interval, to have spent the remainder of his days. If we are asked what all this has to do with the Pastons, the answer is ready. The old knight was related in blood to John Paston's wife, and even to the Pastons themselves, for in his last will he calls John Paston his cousin. But he had other ties to him; he was not at all likely to cultivate his cousins unless they had been of use to him. For some reason, no doubt a good one, Sir John had a high opinion of John Paston's capacity for business, and was often asking his advice. When Caister Castle was on the eve of completion, John Paston was allowed to have some control over the edifice, and probably acted as clerk of the works. At last, when the great man came down, it was regarded as an event not only in the neighbouring town of Yarmouth, but in Norwich itself. On this occasion John Paston's brother wrote to him from London: 'Sir John saith ye are the heartiest kinsman and friend that he knoweth. He would have you at Mauteby dwelling,'—Mauteby being Margaret Paston's manor close by his Caister. There at Caister he lived for five more years, meditating over unsettled accounts that he had with the Crown, and, contrary to the divine precept that it is more blessed to give than to receive, generally appearing in his dealings with his fellow-men in the unpleasant shape of a creditor. 'Cruel and vengeable he hath been ever,' says his own servant Henry Windsor, 'and for the most part without pity and mercy.' So also his secretary Worcester served him for years without

a rise in his salary 'of one farthing,' and when he asked for more, all the satisfaction he got from the testy old knight was the expression of a wish that he had been a priest, for then he could have given him a living.

Along with Sir John came to Caister his stepson Stephen Scrope, who was the child of lady Millicent, Fastolf's wife, by her first husband. He was of good family, and heir to a considerable property, of which his stepfather had the management during his minority, a trust which was not well discharged. To make matters worse Fastolf sold the wardship of the boy to Chief Justice Gascoigne for 500 marks; 'through the which sale,' wrote Scrope, 'I took sickness that kept me a thirteen or fourteen years ensuing; whereby I am disfigured in person and shall be while I live.' Gascoigne meant to have married Scrope to one of his own daughters, but as this was not thought by the youth's relations an equal match, Sir John bought Scrope back again, for which his stepson was not very grateful. 'He bought me and sold me as a beast, against all right and law, to mine hurt more than 1,000 marks.' The stinginess of his stepfather caused Scrope afterwards to sell a manor which was part of his inheritance, and when he served with him in France he brought him in a long bill for his meat and drink. As this claim was pressed Scrope was driven to contract a disadvantageous marriage to find the means to pay it, and then his stepfather brought an action against him, by which he was deprived of the little property that his wife had brought him.

But even usurers and iniquitous hard-hearted stepfathers have souls, and Sir John Fastolf began to think of his when he settled down in his castle. Besides that outstanding account with the Crown, he had another open with Heaven, and he prepared to close it after the fashion of the day by founding a college or religious house at Caister, in which seven poor folk were to be maintained, and seven priests were to 'pray for his soul and the souls of his wife, father, and mother, and others that he was beholden to.'

It does not appear that John Paston, who in the meantime had been elected member for the county, was more about the old knight than usual during the last years of his life. On the contrary Friar Brackley, a fine specimen of the medieval clergy, and a stanch friend of the Paston family, was obliged to write to him to come down, as Sir John could not live much longer. 'It is high time, he draweth fast homeward, and is right low brought, and sore weakened and feebled.' The old knight was eager to see him, and when Paston came he was

to be sure to bring with him a draught petition to the king about the foundation of the college, and an arrangement with the monks of St. Benet's for his satisfaction. 'Every day these five days he saith, "God send me soon my good cousin Paston, for I hold him a faithful man, and ever one man;" and when the friar said, "That is sooth," and pressed him to take meat, the sick man rejoined, "show me not the meat, show me the man."' Of this affection for Paston the explanation is that of all his kinsmen John Paston was the only one he trusted, and this was shown when, on Nov. 5, 1459, Sir John Fastolf breathed his last, and it was found that, subject to the conditions for founding the college in question, and of paying 4,000 marks to the other executors, he had bequeathed to John Paston all his lands in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. We are tempted here to compare the deathbed of this vindictive, usurious old man with that imaginary one in which Shakspeare has described the end of his fat and dissolute knight, whose character was perhaps suggested by that story of cowardice at Patay against the real Fastolf. We wonder if the Sir John Fastolf in his castle, with twenty-seven chambers crammed with costly furniture and plate, and surrounded by his mortgages and pledges, made as 'fine an end' as he who went away 'an it had been any christom child,' or whether he saw something which reminded him of 'a black soul burning in hell-fire.' Anyhow he was gone, and his wealth remained behind, John Paston coming in for a large share of it.

Nowadays, of course after waiting a certain time, a notice would appear in the newspapers that Sir John Fastolf, Knight, had died, and made such and such a disposal of his property; the will would be proved by the executors, and the bequests, supposing the testator capable, and the document in proper form, would be handed over to the legatees. This might take a year in ordinary cases; but though wills were proved in those days, they did not go quite so fast or so smoothly. In the first place under the Feudal system—we are afraid this is not so generally known as Mr. Gairdner supposes—land did not pass by will, but when a tenant *in Capite* died, his landed estates were seized in the king's name by an officer called an Escheator, who held them till a jury of the country had ascertained who the lawful heir was and whether he were under age. The estates of Sir John were not all exactly in this condition, for he had handed some of them over to trustees, of whom John Paston was one, declaring his intention with regard to them just before his death by the will, to which John Paston and Sir Thomas Howes were the sole acting

executors. These escheators acted under the writs of *diem clausit extremum* appointing them ; but before they were issued there had been a general scramble in the counties where Sir John's immense estates lay, several great lords striving to seize and hold them by force. Thus the Duke of Exeter set up a claim to Fastolf's house in Southwark, while others offered to prove the Crown's right to the whole of the personalty. Under such circumstances it was something for the heirs to stand well with the escheators, and that they should act with them, that they might be put, with as little delay as possible, in possession of their rights. It is with the Norfolk and Suffolk properties that we are concerned, as these were to belong to the Pastons ; and here it, fortunately for them, happened that the escheator, Richard Southwell, was a friend of John Paston's, so that, but not until after a delay of five months, the Norfolk and Suffolk inquisitions were held at Acle. Such proceedings knew nothing of wills, but they acknowledged the right of trustees ; and thus John Paston, as one of Sir John's trustees, was put into possession of these properties which he afterwards could claim as his own, after fulfilling the dispositions made by old Sir John in his will.

We have used the word possession, and we know that possession is now held to be nine points of the law ; and so it was in those days too, only that possession then often meant the right of the strongest to seize and keep any manor that he might choose to occupy. Even before Sir John Fastolf's death the Duke of Norfolk had tried to induce the old knight to sell him the reversion of the castle and manor, but Sir John told him he meant to give it to Paston to found a college. This proposal on the part of that powerful nobleman at once irritated Fastolf and aroused his suspicions as to what the rest of his trustees would do after his death. He knew, as we have seen, that he could trust John Paston, and he therefore made him his chief executor in order that 'no great lord nor great estate should inhabit in time to come within the great mansion,' and disturb his monks and almsmen at their devotions. This Paston was to provide, and then he and his heirs might have the Norfolk and Suffolk estates for themselves. And in order that his intention might be the more plain, he declared that if John Paston was interfered with by anyone he was to 'pull down the said mansion and every stone and stick thereof,' and to found three of the said priests at St. Benet's, one at Attleborough, and one at St. Olave's church in Southwark. John Paston therefore was put into possession of the Fastolf estates by the escheator, but this right little availed him or his heirs

for many years. As for Caister, it was seized by the Duke of Norfolk, and not only by him but by successive Dukes of Norfolk more times than we can count, the Pastons recovering possession for short intervals, and then being ousted by their powerful adversaries. At last, after more than twenty years, they were put into peaceable possession of the castle, but this was not until long after the death of John Paston. It might have been thought that one duke was enough for the Pastons to have on their hands at once, but the castle and manor of Caister were not all the Norfolk possessions of the old knight. He owned Drayton and Hellesdon, in the valley of the Wensum, close to Norwich, a valley now fair and fruitful, with its flour and paper mills on one side the river, while beyond it lies Costessy common, and the noble house of the Staffords. The mansion of Hellesdon in those days lay near the church, and, above it, further up on the hill, was Drayton Lodge, which now crowns it as a venerable ruin. But at that time Drayton Lodge was a fortified house, until it was ruined, as we shall see. The manor of Costessy was owned by the Duke of Suffolk, the son of him who had given 'the good judge' trouble, and who now was to give the Pastons still more annoyance. The duke had really no right either in Drayton or Hellesdon, but, profiting by some trouble in which the Pastons were involved, and which caused the temporary absence of the stout Margaret in London, he came to Norwich with a retinue of 500 men, coerced the followers of Paston, some of whom he threatened to hang, and then proceeded to make a regular attack on the mansion at Hellesdon, which had a slender garrison, quite unequal to cope with such odds. Having thus obtained possession, the duke's men destroyed the mansion, carrying off all the movables, and hacking to pieces what they could not carry off. At the same time they ransacked the church, turned out the parson, and spoiled the images. The day after they destroyed Drayton Lodge, and left it the ruin which still crowns the ridge that, just beyond Bloodsdale, looks down on the valley of the Wensum. Of course the Pastons petitioned for redress, but it was not obtained till John Paston was dead, and, in fact, not till years afterwards, when Edward IV. was more able and willing to render justice than in the earlier years of his reign.

No doubt this fresh trouble contributed to shorten John Paston's days, but he had a greater cause of care than either Caister or Hellesdon. In his last days a very awkward story arose as to Sir John Fastolf's will, on which his right to the property mainly rested, and this was supported by the

evidence of William Worcester, the old knight's secretary, who was vexed that no provision had been made for him in the will. The accusation was that that document was a forgery. This is by far too long a story for us to enter into, and all the less, that the right of the Pastons to the property was ultimately acknowledged; but the charge probably brought John Paston to his grave in 1466. When we consider that all in consequence of this new acquisition of wealth he had, by the machinations of his enemies, been once outlawed and three times imprisoned in the Fleet in the space of five years, we may well think that his access of fortune had been a curse rather than a blessing. Nor was this charge of forgery all. His enemies concocted a strange story that these upstart Pastons, who were thus making to themselves lordships, were after all not of gentle blood, but serfs, bound to the soil and the king's bondsmen, who might, if he chose, dispose of them or their property as if it belonged to the crown. This was so serious a charge that John Paston's son, Sir John Paston, before he asserted his rights to Caister and Hellesdon, was bound to clear himself of the stain attempted to be thrown on the family. The case came before the king in council in 1466, and it was then satisfactorily proved that the Pastons had been of worshipful blood since the Conquest, and that so far from being bondsmen their ancestors had themselves been owners of bondsmen. After this, Sir John Paston, who, strange to say, had another brother of the same name who succeeded him, was much about the Court, and in such favour with Edward IV. that when the king's sister, Margaret, went over in 1468 to be married to Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, both the brothers John Paston went with her. Then it was that the younger John wrote to his mother that he had never heard of anything like the splendour of the Burgundian Court, 'except that of King 'Arthur.' But for all that, the disputes about Sir John Fastolf's will and the seizures of Caister still went on; nor was it until July 1470, that a compromise was made in the matter of the will, by which it was arranged that Bishop Waynflete should be sole executor, that the lands of Fastolf in Essex, Surrey, Norfolk, and Suffolk, which had been much wasted in the interval, should be divided between Sir John Paston and the Bishop, the former undertaking to surrender the title-deeds of all the manors except Caister. The project of a college there was to be given up, seven priests and seven poor scholars in Waynflete's new college of Magdalen in Oxford being founded in its stead. Thus it will be seen, as it were by the irony of Providence, that the express intention of the

old knight was violated. His castle at Caister did not contain his college as he desired, and so far from monks and almsmen perpetually praying for his soul in his own castle, a portion of his possessions passed away to augment the endowments of a college of which he had never heard, in a university which, in all probability, he had never seen. The stranger, and even the resident, in Oxford, as he passes over the bridge which spans the Cherwell, and gazes at the beautiful tower of Magdalen College thinks, perhaps, of Waynflete and his munificence, but he little dreams that those sculptured stones and that splendid pile arose out of the savings of that vindictive and usurious knight.

A little before this compromise was made, the Pastons had been at last put in possession of Caister by another compromise with the Duke of Norfolk, backed, no doubt, by Sir John Paston's influence at court. For himself, though he was not so stern as either his father or his grandfather, he was rather a provoking character, provoking no less to his stout old mother than to the reader. Always on the lookout for an heiress, and yet never married, owning rich manors, and yet always out at elbows; now threatening to sell land or cut down wood, to the indignation of his mother, who threatened to disinherit him of Mauteby if he did so; now pawning plate, and now borrowing money; he spent his life in rather a disreputable way, not even taking the pains to erect a monument to his father at Bromholm, as he had undertaken to do, and for which his mother had largely contributed, so that it seems to have been unfinished at his death. His conduct was no doubt a great grief to his mother, who survived him. His brother, the other John, who married Margery Brews in 1477, was a much more respectable character. He it was who first of the Pastons really enjoyed the estates of the family. Almost all the disputes about them were over before he came into possession, and besides, as he grew older, the times became more settled and property more secure. When the politic Henry of Richmond overthrew the line of the White Rose, a sterner rule was established in England, where now no great nobles were allowed to swagger about the country with hundreds and thousands of retainers at their back to invade other men's manors and destroy their houses. The times were gone when the Earl of Warwick could appear in London with six hundred men behind him all clad in his livery, or when he feasted them with numbers of oxen roasted whole, and all the taverns near Warwick Inn behind St. Paul's were full of his meat, for every man might carry away what he



chose from his table. Many of the great lords on either side had perished either by the sword or the axe, and on those that were left the jealous eye of Henry VII. kept strict watch. The reign of brute force in England was over, and the king was now to be absolute lord of all.

By such a state of things none profited so much as that lesser nobility which, like the Pastons, were growing up on the ruins of the old houses. Sir John Paston seems to have proved himself a capable man, for we find him in 1500 ordered to attend on Catharine of Aragon on her arrival in England. In 1503 he died, as appears from a letter of Archbishop Warham to his son and successor William. This William followed the example of his great-grandfather, and took to the law. Though he did not rise to the Bench he was a man of influence, and one of his daughters was married to Thomas Manners, the first Earl of Rutland, so that the blood of the Pastons runs in the veins of one of our dukes. William had two sons, one Erasmus, who died before his father, and Clement, who was the most illustrious of all the race. Born at Paston Hall near the sea, he had an early love of ships, and going into Henry VIII.'s navy became a great commander. After routing the French fleet he took their admiral, Baron de Blankard, prisoner and kept him at Caister till he paid a ransom of 7,000 crowns, besides giving up plate and jewels. Of this victory a trophy remained among the Paston plate, for Clement bequeathed to his nephew William who succeeded him 'his 'standing bowl called the "Baron St. Blankhard."' Besides these exploits he served on land, being present with the Protector Somerset at Pinkie, and in Mary's reign he was the man to whom Sir Thomas Wyat surrendered. His latter years were spent in building a magnificent mansion at Oxnead. He lived to a great age, dying at the close of Elizabeth's reign, who called him her 'father,' as the Protector Somerset had called him his 'soldier,' and Henry VIII. his 'champion.' Dying childless, he was succeeded by a nephew William. In James I.'s time the head of the house became a baronet, and in that of Charles II. he was raised to the peerage in the person of Sir Robert Paston, who was created first Viscount, and afterwards Earl of Yarmouth, probably in return for his boldness in 1664, in proposing in the House of Commons a grant of 2,500,000*l.* for the Dutch War. He was a man of taste and learning, and impoverished himself by entertaining the King and Queen and the Duke of York at Oxnead. His life, though one of pleasure, was not unattended by danger, for on August 9, 1676, he was waylaid by a band of ruffians

who shot four bullets into his coach, one of which entered his body. The wound, however, was not mortal, and he survived the attempt at assassination six years. His son William married Lady Charlotte Boyle, one of the natural daughters of King Charles, of whom we read in the most interesting correspondence between Prideaux and Ellis recently published by the Camden Society. This great alliance led him into extravagance, and he was soon in difficulties. His father's library and collections were sold, the noble house at Oxnead fell to ruin, and on his death was pulled down and the materials sold to satisfy his creditors. With him the line of the Pastons came to an end, for the second earl had survived all his male issue, and the title became extinct. As for this correspondence, which still exists to perpetuate the memory of these Pastons, and through them that of the old knight who had bequeathed his manors to them that his soul might be prayed for, it passed with the ruin of the family through several hands till it fell into those of Fenn, who rendered a great service to literature and history in rescuing them from destruction. Thanks to him, and after him to Mr. Gairdner, they remain a mine of wealth for all who care to see what our ancestors were in the fifteenth century. It is a mine which we have only touched in this notice; but we are sure that anyone who works in it steadily will find himself the possessor of a treasure of information such as he little dreamt of.

ART. VI.—1. *New Lands within the Arctic Circle. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship 'Tegetthoff' in the Years 1872-74.* By JULIUS PAYER, one of the Commanders of the Expedition. Translated from the German, with the Author's approbation. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1876.

2. *The Official Report of the Recent Arctic Expedition.* By Captain NARES, R.N., Commander of the Expedition. 8vo. London: 1876.

THE unexpected return of the English ships fitted out but twenty months ago for Arctic exploration has given rise to so much discussion as to the dangers and difficulties of Arctic navigation and Arctic travel, that it cannot but appear a most fortunate coincidence which has put before us, at almost the same time, the very interesting volumes in which Lieutenant Payer, of the Austrian army, has related the Arctic experiences

of the Austro-Hungarian expedition of 1872-74. It is such a short time since the return of the men of this expedition, and since we were able, by reference to the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society and to Dr. Petermann's '*Mittheilungen*,' to give some account of the actual work which had been performed, and of the additions which had been made to geographical knowledge,\* that the main features of the voyage will, we may hope, be still fresh in the memories of our readers. The more detailed narrative now before us permits us to complete that account by a closer examination into the circumstances and details of this remarkable adventure, the record of which stands, in many respects, alone amidst the stories of Arctic discovery, and may, even at the present time, temper our maritime pride, and force from us the admission that our sailors have no exclusive right in those qualities which may deserve, if not win, success.

This work is now brought before the English public with peculiar advantages. We had occasion, some short time ago, to peruse it in German, and we confess that the diffuse clumsiness of the style and the multitude of irrelevant details, addressed to readers of small experience of nautical matters, caused us to do scant justice to the real merit of its contents. But the English translator has surmounted and removed these defects. He appears to have in great measure re-written the book, which now presents a singularly vivid picture of a marvellous expedition. The English publisher has likewise done his part; and for beauty of typography and of illustration these volumes are as perfect as anything which the press in this country has produced.

The '*Tegetthoff*,' a steamer of 220 tons and 100 horse-power, specially built and equipped at Bremerhaven, sailed from Tromsø on July 13, 1872, under the command of Lieutenant Weyprecht, of the Austrian navy. Her crew consisted of twenty-four men, all told, officers and seamen, including two Tyrolese jügers—Haller and Klotz—who, as accustomed to ice-work on the glaciers of their native mountains, were expected to render, and did, in point of fact, render, good service on the ice of the far North: in addition to these were eight dogs, whose exploits, whose strength, whose courage, whose playful tricks, whose tragic end, render them no mean persons in the narrative.

Twelve days brought them to the ice in latitude 74° N.,

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\* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 288, pp. 460-466.

much farther south than the experience which the two commanders had gained in the preceding year had led them to expect; and it was not without tedious detentions and some difficulty that they reached the coast of Novaya Zemlya, and anchored at the Barentz Isles on August 13.

The state of the ice, and the delays to which it subjected them, boded no good for the future; their passage had been made amongst enormous ice-fields, across diminutive ice-holes, and through narrow lanes; mists and snow-storms and bitter cold alternated with the most glorious blue skies, with comparatively genial warmth and great solar heat, the measure of which, the black-bulb thermometer, stood occasionally as high as 113° F. But this brilliant sun, which, as it sank at midnight to the edge of the horizon, and tinted the icebergs and ice, or the distant rocks and glaciers of Novaya Zemlya, with a rosy light, whose beauty made them almost forget the desolation by which they were surrounded—a beauty of which perhaps Rasmussen's wonderful picture, 'The Discovery of Greenland,' or Morris's gorgeous verse, may convey some idea.

——'the glorious sun rose up,

And the heavens glowed above him like the bowl of Baldur's cup,  
And a golden man was he waxen; as the heart of the sun he seemed,  
While over the feet of the mountains like blood the new light streamed.'

*Sigurd*, p. 132.

This powerful sun, whose noontide heat caused magnificent cascades to precipitate themselves down the sides of the icebergs, or with a noise as of thunder tore off Titanic masses, which, as they plunged into the sea, raised huge volumes of foam, and startled the seabirds from their peaceful confidence into wild flight and terrified screams—this glowing, burning, blistering sun brought no escape from the ice-fields amongst which they were entangled, or by which they were held fast; and their rescue came at length from a heavy swell which broke up the ice, and was accompanied by rain and a soft temperature of 41° F.

When they arrived in the open coast-water of Novaya Zemlya they found that Count Wilczek, the generous patron of the expedition, had out-sailed them. With the intention of establishing a depôt of provisions for them at Cape Nassau, he had left Tromsø some days after the 'Tegetthoff,' in a fishing smack, the 'Isbjörn,' the same in which Lieutenants Weyprecht and Payer had made their reconnaissance in the previous year; and the fact that an imperfectly-equipped, weakly-manned sailing-vessel had thus gained on the steamer specially fitted out for the work in which she had been engaged, seems to point

out very strongly that what, in our ignorance and for want of a better name, we must call luck, plays a most important part in the success or failure of an Arctic voyage. The 'Tegetthoff,' in company with the 'Isbjörn,' remained a week at the Barentz Islands, and formed a depôt, on which they might retreat, in a crevice of a rock, known to the whalers on the coast by the ill-sounding name of 'The Three Coffins.' During this week the weather was persistently bad; mist and snow hindered them from getting sights to fix their position with sufficient accuracy; and the ice, continuing to press close in on the land, would have prevented their leaving even if they had been ready. It was the 20th before some changes in the ice seemed to make navigation possible: they paid a farewell visit to their friends on board the 'Isbjörn,' and with a fresh wind from the north-east steamed away into the North. In the afternoon they ran into an ice-hole, but during the night, barriers of ice stopped their further progress; the ship, then in latitude  $76^{\circ} 22' N.$ , longitude  $63^{\circ} 3' E.$ , was made fast to a floe, the steam was blown off, and the adventurers awaited the parting asunder of the ice. They waited a very long time. Immediately after the ship had been made fast to the floe, the ice closed in on them from all sides, and they became close prisoners in its grasp. No water was to be seen around; from day to day, week to week, month to month, at the changes of the seasons or of the year, they continued to hope for their deliverance, but it never came. They were no longer discoverers, but passengers against their will on an ice-floe.

In this position they passed the winter; the ice pressed closely round them, and the floes, bound together by heavy falls of snow, were frozen into a single field. Holes occasionally formed at but a small distance from the ship, but all efforts to reach them were vain, and they quickly froze over, leaving hope of escape farther off than ever. And meanwhile, at the mercy of winds and currents, they drifted continually to the north-east, slowly indeed, but surely. Excursions on the ice, building ice-huts for the swell to engulf, much as children on the shore build battlements of sand to oppose the advancing tide, shooting matches, bear-hunting—and of bears there seems to have been great plenty—were the amusements of the day. The serious business was the continual preparation to abandon the ship if she should be crushed by the ice.

The first serious alarm which they had from this danger was on October 13. As they sat at breakfast, the floe burst across immediately under the ship. They rushed on deck, and found that the ice all round was in motion, and pressing in

on them. Vast masses were reared up out of the plain, and the low groan which issued from them grew into a deep rumbling sound, and rose at last into a furious howl. Noise and confusion reigned supreme. The floe was crushed, and its blocks, piled into mountains, were driven hither and thither; here towering high above the ship, or forcing the protecting timbers of massive oak against the hull; or there falling down as into an abyss under the ship, so that the quantity of ice beneath her was continually increased, and began at last to lift her above the level of the sea.

Shortly after noon the pressure reached its height; every part of the vessel strained and groaned, the ship heeled over on her side, and huge piles of ice threatened to precipitate themselves upon her. This passed, the ship righted, and the men went below to their dinner. Their time was short; the strain was again felt, and all hastened on deck, carrying their dinner in their hands, or stuffing it into their pockets. The danger appeared imminent; officers and men went to their stations, and carried out the special duties which had been assigned to each in the contemplated abandonment of the ship. Everything was prepared; the boats, with provisions, stores and ammunition, sledges and tents, were hoisted out; each man, with his bundle, stood ready to start, but no one pretended to know how or whither. Boats or sledges were equally out of the question. The ice, in blocks and floes of all shapes and sizes, was in active motion, rising, falling, rearing, turning, twisting; none was at rest, none on the level. A sledge would at once have been swallowed up, and for a boat there was no water. The very dogs recognised the extremity of the danger, and were completely tamed. Sumbu, a big Lapland dog which had joined at Tromsö, fox-like in nature, cunning and impudent in expression, became timid and humble, meekly offering his paw, unbidden, to all passers-by; and the huge Newfoundlands, on piles of chests, stood motionless, like scared chamois.

About 4 P.M. the pressure moderated; an hour afterwards there was a calm; the carpenter made his examination, and found that the ship had sustained no serious injury. Owing to her fine lines the pressure had lifted instead of squeezing her, and the close stowage of her hold, which had rendered her almost a solid body, had resisted what squeezing there was. In the evening there was thirteen inches of water in the well, which was pumped out without difficulty.

This alarm was but the first of a long series. Every noise came to be regarded with suspicious apprehension; the days were growing shorter, the nights longer; and daily, for one

hundred and thirty days, they went through the same experiences in greater or less measure, almost always in sunless darkness. 'Every night,' writes Payer, 'we are startled out of our sleep, and like hunted animals up we spring, to await, amid an awful darkness, the end of an enterprise from which all hope of success has departed. It becomes at last a mere mechanical process to seize our rifles and our bag of necessities and rush on deck.' They lost the sun on October 28, and the darkness increased the horrors of their situation.

There is perhaps a very general misunderstanding that the Arctic night is night only in name; that a perpetual twilight reigns; that the reflection of the snow illumines distant objects; that the moon is always at the full; and that the flashes of the Aurora, the merry dancers of the North, are always brilliant. We are not exaggerating when we say that we have, at one time or another, heard each of these propositions, and especially the fragment of a lunar theory, seriously maintained by men who would be generally spoken of as 'well-informed.' It is well, therefore, to say that they are, each and every one of them, misstatements and misconceptions based on absolute error. That in the lower latitudes within the Arctic Circle the twilight at noon is very perceptible; that the moon, when full, shines through the clear air with great brilliance; that the Aurora occasionally gleams with great splendour and beauty; and that what little light there is is intensified by the white lustre of the snow, are points to be readily admitted, but do not alter the great law of nature to which Arctic travellers have to submit. The Arctic night is, practically speaking, as dark as any other night, and the experiences of the officers of the 'Tegetthoff' afford us some homely measures of its intensity.

In the beginning of November, in clear weather, day was still distinguishable from night, but the darkness, even at noon, was so great, that mists could not be seen, but felt only. On one occasion, Sumbu was mistaken for a fox, and narrowly escaped being shot. A few weeks later, and even this faint distinction between day and night had disappeared. Occasionally, with full moon and very clear weather, a faint twilight was perceptible at noon, but generally there was no difference between the light of midday and of midnight. The heavens were usually overcast, and the light of the Aurora, during the few minutes of its greatest intensity, seldom exceeded that of the moon in its first quarter.

Christmas and the New Year were celebrated with an attempt at German conviviality, in which the dogs took their part. Jubinal, a Siberian dog of great size and strength, found

his way into one of the cabins, and refused to quit till he had finished a heap of maccaroni. Sumbu, who, being of a close and saving disposition, had accumulated a private hoard in a depôt of his own, got very drunk on the sailors' rum, and his companions, taking advantage of his helpless condition, devoured his stores without scruple.

It was thus, then, that through the darkness of one hundred and eleven days—from October 28 to February 16—in ever-recurring danger and ceaseless dread, fast locked in the ice, they drifted to the north. The day came, and the summer followed, but their drift still went on, changing only somewhat in direction. It had been from the first towards the north-east, but from February 2, the ship being then in latitude  $78^{\circ} 45' \text{ N.}$ , longitude  $73^{\circ} 7' \text{ E.}$ , it turned towards the north-west, and so continued. The summer had almost passed: it was August 30, 1873, and they had been carried by the drift into  $79^{\circ} 43' \text{ N.}$ ,  $59^{\circ} 33' \text{ E.}$ , when, about midday, a wall of mist suddenly lifted, and 'revealed afar off in the north-west 'the outlines of bold rocks, which in a few minutes seemed to 'grow into a radiant Alpine land.' Their drift then took them a little to the south, and though it soon came back to its former direction, it was not until October 31, in latitude  $79^{\circ} 51' \text{ N.}$ , longitude  $58^{\circ} 56' \text{ E.}$ , that the floe in which their ship was embedded brought up against the fast ice of a small island, to which they gave the name of the staunch promoter of their enterprise, Count Wilczek. The sun had left them some days before, and in the scanty hours of twilight which still marked the middle of the day, they were able indeed to visit, but not to explore the land now so near them.

The winter passed away in anxious longing for the light which was to lead them on to discovery; but their night was very long; it lasted for 125 days. In the history of Arctic exploration, two expeditions only—the American expedition in the 'Polaris,' under Hall, and the English expedition which has just returned—have wintered so far to the north, or had such a long night. On this account, the record of it has a more particular interest, especially at the present time when an eager discussion is raging as to the possible, or necessary, or unavoidable effects of the long-continued darkness on the health of men. But, geographically speaking, a point of greater importance is the direction, and the change in the direction, of the 'Teget-thoff's' drift during these fourteen successive months. The Austrian officers, both Weyprecht and Payer, seem to have formed the opinion that this drift was caused mainly by the wind, and that currents were of secondary moment. But, in



point of fact, this is only another way of saying that drift currents are caused by the wind, and that prevailing winds are subject to deflections very similar to those of currents which the pressure of the coast-line turns into streams. All analogy shows that we might expect a feeble set towards the north-east over the greater part of Barentz Sea, and along the northern shores of Novaya Zemlya, and that this set would circle back on itself, deflected by the shore-line and by the drift from the Siberian Sea. That the wind must act on a rough surface of broken and piled-up ice with much greater power than on a smooth surface of water, is beyond dispute; and, accepting the evidence of the 'Tegetthoff's' observations, the facts of the 'Tegetthoff's' drift seem to us quite in accordance with the wind theory of ocean currents. Vice-Admiral Baron von Wüllerstorff-Urbair, in analysing the circumstances of this remarkable drift, has been led to a conclusion similar to that which we have stated; and allowing great value to the direct action of the local winds, he remarks: 'The curve, at the commencement, corresponds pretty nearly with the direction which the Gulf Stream would take after passing round Norway, and in its further course with that current which comes out of the sea of Kara between Novaya Zemlya and Cape Taimyr. It is probable that there exists a sea-current in the seas between Novaya Zemlya and Franz Josef Land; at any rate, its existence cannot positively be denied, although the prevailing winds may produce similar phenomena.'

As the winter passed away, preparations for sledging were carefully made; and it was agreed on between Payer, who was to command on shore, and Weyprecht, who was to command on board, that the ship should be abandoned in the summer if the ice round her continued fast; that at any rate they must try to avoid a third winter, which, with their crews debilitated, and their medical stores and provisions running low, would in all probability prove fatal. The sledge, with which Payer started on his principal journey on March 26, was built and equipped according to the instructions which had been given them by Sir Leopold M'Clintock: it was thus essentially the same as those since used by the English expedition, with which, either in the dockyard of Portsmouth or in the pages of the illustrated papers, the English public is now well acquainted. The gross weight was, in the present instance, 1,565 lbs.; to drag which the party consisted of two officers, the two Tyrolese, three sailors and three dogs. Of these Jubinal, the hero of the maccaroni, a dog of extraordinary power, was a Siberian; the dissipated Sumbu was a Laplander; and Torossy, a New-

foundland born on board on May 1, and thus barely a year old, but big, strong, and courageous. The three sailors were Dalmatians; good, well-behaved, stout-hearted men, but with a constitutional reminiscence of the sunny South that somewhat lessened their capabilities of endurance.

The experiences of the sledging party were, in the main, those with which all readers of Arctic travel are familiar; the same danger, fatigue, wretchedness and discomfort; but in addition to their rations, they obtained throughout a plentiful supply of fresh meat: during a great part of their journey they lived almost entirely on bear-flesh; and though opinions may differ very much as to the niceness or nastiness of bear—some Arctic travellers having pronounced it delicious, whilst Payer considers that ‘it is a diet hardly fit even for devils on the fast days of the infernal regions,’—there is only one opinion amongst practical men as to its great value as an anti-scorbutic. As a change, some birds were also obtained; and a gull flying temptingly overhead drew Sumbu away to his death; he broke his traces and went off after the feathered siren, but never returned; he either perished in the snow or fell a victim to some hungry bear. Rum was served out regularly; and on one occasion, Klotz, one of the Tyrolese, feeling unwell, cured himself by swallowing his ration at a gulp. The opinion of Payer, as well as of the commander, Weyprecht, and of the doctor, was decided, that a moderate allowance of grog was beneficial, and to some extent anti-scorbutic; and this is, we believe, the unanimous verdict of all officers of Arctic experience.

On April 7, the party passed over the low land of Becker Island and saw Austria Sound still stretching away towards the north. If they could have forgotten how helplessly the ‘Tegetthoff’ had drifted towards Franz Josef Land, that Sound would have seemed the true road to the Pole; that beyond them lay open water was certain, both from the dark hue of the sky, and the continual flight, backwards and forwards, of vast numbers of birds; the stretch of land to the north is more doubtful, but eastward it must be considerable. As they went on, they passed on their right hand the sea front of glaciers, which they named after Professor Dove of Berlin; glaciers of a size so enormous as to speak necessarily of a wide-spreading country beyond, and to lead to the supposition that what is now marked as Wilczek Land is of vast extent.

On April 9 they reached Cape Schrötter, in latitude  $81^{\circ} 37'$ , and there determined to divide; three of the men, with the ‘big sledge, were to remain; Payer, Orel a midshipman, Klotz,

Zaninovich a Dalmatian seaman, and the two dogs were to go on with a light sledge which had hitherto been carried on the other. This sledge with its load was estimated at 4 cwt., and the two dogs drew it over level snow with ease. M'Clintock, the greatest and most experienced authority in sledge-travelling, estimates 200 lbs. as a full dragging load for a man, and 100 lbs. for a dog; but none of his dogs would seem to have been anything like the equal in size or strength of either Jubinal or Torossy. It is to these two splendid animals, their endurance and courage, that Payer unhesitatingly and decidedly attributes what success the sledging party obtained; not to their own endurance, for they had scarcely started when Klotz broke down, and had to be sent back; and Orel, before they returned, was helplessly snow-blind: but notwithstanding all difficulties, they did get as far as  $82^{\circ} 5' N$ . It had been a question with them whether they could reach the parallel of  $82^{\circ}$ , and having passed it, they turned back. At their farthest north the sea was open, studded with icebergs, but almost clear of ice-floes; an enthusiast or a Morton would immediately have pronounced in favour of an 'Open Polar Sea,' but Payer more carefully writes thus:—

'Open water there was, of considerable extent and in very high latitudes; of this there could be no question. But what was its character? From the height on which we stood we could survey its extent. No open sea was there, but a "Polynia" surrounded by old ice, within which lay masses of 'younger ice. This open space of water had arisen from the action of the long prevalent E.N.E. winds.'

But far beyond this position, 60 or 70 miles to the north, were seen mountain ranges, and land extending east and west, which received the respective names of Petermann and King Oscar Land. The mountainous extremity on the west of Petermann Land, which was called Cape Vienna, was estimated to lie on the 83rd parallel, the northernmost land yet known with the exception of Aldrich's Cape Columbia, which is in  $83^{\circ} 7'$ , and has not been merely seen, but passed round and surveyed. It is, however, likely enough that Petermann Land extends much farther to the north, and in that case, the only possibility of rivalry as to latitude, on the American side, rests with Beaumont's Cape Britannia and the coast-line behind it.

When Payer with the small sledge rejoined the party which had been left at Cape Schrötter, it was curious to observe how a few days, without active employment and without discipline, had demoralised the members of it, the two Tyrolese and two

Dalmatian seamen; black with oil-smoke, wasted with diarrhoea, they crept listlessly out of the tent to meet their companions. Yet they had not broken out in any way; they had not wasted their provisions; they had simply sat still and moped, till they had reduced themselves to such a state that they were ready to lie down and die. Haller, as their chief, had been instructed to make the best of his way to the ship if the advanced party had not returned at the end of fifteen days: on now asking him which way he would have gone, he pointed, not due south, as the ship lay, but up Rawlinson Sound, or about N.E. The disordered state to which he had brought himself had wiped out all idea of the variation of the compass.

The task of return was thus very serious. Klotz was disabled with ulcerated feet; the three others were much enfeebled; the three who had been out with the dog-sledge were worn; all were suffering, more or less, from snow-blindness; and the advancing season rendered the ice very insecure. As they proceeded they found the congealed snow lying on beds of water, into which they broke, and through which they waded with difficulty; and on April 19, in latitude  $80^{\circ} 36'$ , near the middle of the Sound, they were confronted by an open sea: they had no boat; their provisions were running short; the iceberg on which they had established a *dépôt* was floating away to the southward; and the ship was fifty-five miles distant: their position seemed desperate.

There was scant time for deliberation: only one way of escape suggested itself—a sharp turn to the eastern land, and a march to the southward over the glacier. This they accomplished in the teeth of a violent storm of wind and snow; as they got on to solid earth, after an exhausting struggle of seven hours, they pitched their tent to rest, but they were wet through, they had nothing to eat, and hunger, cold, and moisture forbade sleep. On the morning of the 20th, after a starvation breakfast, and with the storm still raging, they resumed their march; it was evening before they arrived at a *dépôt* where they had buried a quantity of boiled beef and a bear's carcass. The consumption of flesh at that supper is put at 3 lbs. per man; not a bad meal for Europeans, southern Europeans more especially, although a mere trifle to what has been reported of the Eskimos. The storm had somewhat abated; they went on stronger and bolder, and arrived at Cape Frankfort; the open water had drawn back to the west, and continuous ice seemed before them, stretching away towards the ship. Two days later, though not without ever-present alarm as to the persistence of the ice, they reached another

depôt, 25 miles distant from the ship, and got on board on the morning of April 24.

They had been absent from the ship twenty-nine days, and had made good a distance of 135 miles, out and home; but covering in the double journey, as actually measured on the track laid down on their chart, a distance of about 360 miles, being an average of 12·4 miles a day, which, including all stoppages and detentions, is exceptionally large, and speaks, without further evidence, of a journey free from any serious embarrassment; and the fact that the two dogs, as already mentioned, dragged the small sledge, a weight of 400 lbs., at a good rate, or as fast as the men could walk; and on another occasion, during a short trip undertaken just after the longer one, dragged this sledge and a load of 300 lbs. with ease, through a forced march of twenty-two miles, whilst it convinced Payer that 'a sledge with a strong team of dogs must be the best form 'beyond comparison of sledge-travelling,' is to us equally convincing that the ice and snow travelled over were, on the whole, smoother than what has fallen to the lot of most sledging parties.

By the beginning of May it was determined to abandon the ship: the most cheerful preparation for so doing was 'plundering' her; the stores that could not be carried away were freely used, and the 'Tegetthoff' was for the few remaining days 'transformed into an abode of Epicureans.' But the work was grave in the extreme; the little they could carry with them, in what was certain to be a most toilsome and probably a most dangerous journey, had to be apportioned with the utmost care; the barest necessities only could be allowed; and with the scantiest of equipments, and dragging three boats, the crew left the ship on May 20, 1874. One of their number, the engineer, had died, and been buried on Wilczek Island; two more, the carpenter and a seaman, were sick; all told, including the officers, there were twenty-one men and the two dogs to drag the sledges and boats. The ice was very rough, very unsound, was constantly in motion, and, unfortunately for the adventurers, was for the most part drifting back to the north. Day after day their utmost exertions barely made good over the ice one mile, sometimes not more than half-a-mile; the sledges sank deep into the snow, those on which were the boats stuck fast; then they had to be unloaded, the whole force to be mustered, and the obstacles overcome with a one, two, three, haul! Even under more favourable circumstances, half their strength was scarcely able to move a sledge or a boat, and every bit of the road was passed over three times

heavily laden and twice empty. The weather was, in Arctic language, hot and sultry, that is to say, from  $21^{\circ}$  to  $27^{\circ}$  F.; the sky was overcast; the perspiration streamed from their faces; their clothes were saturated with moisture from within and without, and they naturally had very limited change.

The detailed account of this sledging experience must be looked for in the pages of Lieutenant Payer's narrative; it has, and, as we have said, it has more especially at the present time, a great and pertinent interest; it is the account of sledging, with weights necessarily great, over rough ice, with a crew, not indeed chosen with sufficient care in the first instance, and weakened by two Arctic winters and two almost polar nights, but supported by abundance of fresh meat, flesh of bear or seal, and by the ever-present hope and signs of a speedy break-up of the ice. None the less, the ice did not break up, but drifted backward, and on June 6, after 18 days of most severe work, they were only five miles from the ship. Lieutenant Weyprecht took advantage of this retrograde movement, as the road was smooth and well trodden, to send on board and bring on another boat; the ice was evidently breaking up, and the party was full of life and animation. On the 18th of June they were able to launch their boats, and though they had to haul them up again on the next day, the first getting them afloat seemed the herald of better things to come. Water and ice alternated and made the work very severe, but very hopeful; and at length, after many most vexatious and tantalising disappointments, and northerly drifts, and drenching rains, they bade a final adieu to the ice-fields on August 14; they could not carry the dogs with them; they would not abandon them; they therefore shot them, a last sacrifice to the grim king of the North. After that, every thing went well with them; they ran past the dépôt at 'The Three Coffins,' and after a fair-weather voyage of ten days, were picked up by a Russian fishing schooner, which they forthwith chartered to carry them to Wardö. They arrived there on September 3, and their safety and success were telegraphed to their homes, and at once made known all over Europe.

And yet the word 'success,' as applied to their expedition, has, after all, a very doubtful meaning. That the 'Tegetthoff' passed two winters in the ice, and that the crew, having abandoned their ship, got home in safety, after exploring some 200 miles of coast till then unknown, is what was really done; but the existence of the land was known presumptively before, and the expedition was fitted out with the object of attempting the north-east passage. Bearing this in mind, when we see that

the ship, caught in the ice and helplessly drifted at the caprice of the wind or current, scarcely advanced to the eastward of Novaya Zenlya, but was taken away to the north and to the New Lands, which—as had been expressly stated—it was not an object to seek, it is clear that the word ‘success’ is used in a sense which must be regarded as to some extent conventional.

But the fact is that in all exploration, and in Arctic exploration more particularly, the object aimed at is so obscure, that any addition to our knowledge, and especially when it clears up previous misconceptions, is, more or less, a success. In this way the expeditions of Livingstone and Cameron in Central Africa have been considered successes, although they found the sources of the Congo, whilst looking for those of the Nile: in this way the Austro-Hungarian expedition has been called a success, although it discovered Franz Josef Land, unintentionally, unwillingly, and by stress of fortune, whilst striving to achieve the north-east passage; and it is still in the same way that we claim the English expedition which has just returned as a geographical success—not because the ‘Alert’ attained a higher latitude than any ship before had attained, nor because the advanced sledging party, under Markham and Parr, pushed farther to the north than even Parry’s farthest in 1827, but because it has solved the question of the alleged extension of land to the northward beyond Robeson Channel, has traced the outline of the coast far to the west, far to the east, and perhaps most of all, because it has thoroughly disposed of that pet fancy of theoretical geographers—the Open Polar Sea.

This romantic fancy had been so thrust forward by imaginative writers, that many had pictured to themselves our ships sailing gallantly over a summer sea, or dressing, manning yards and saluting, as the meteor flag was hoisted at the very Pole. To such of course the expedition is a failure; but to those who considered the expedition as strictly one of exploration, a decided advance, such as has been made, in our knowledge of the geography and of the physics of the Arctic Sea, is a fair measure of success; not indeed a complete and most glorious success, as ill-advised partisans have endeavoured to maintain it, but a success which would have been generally considered satisfactory, were it not for an uneasy feeling that more might and should have been done; and that more was not done is beyond doubt due to the outbreak of scurvy amongst the men.

So far as reaching the Pole is concerned, Sir George Nares has told us that this in no way affected the result; and it is

indeed clear that, scurvy or no scurvy, Markham and Parr could not have reached the Pole, a distance of 400 or more miles, at the rate they could travel over the old pack with the new name, though they might have won a few more minutes of latitude; and the extreme difficulties which beset Beaumont's route were altogether independent of the scurvy, which served only to endanger his return.

But it was assuredly the scurvy which hurried home the ships equipped to stay out another season. There is no doubt that in so coming home Captain Nares exercised a wise discretion; crews so enfeebled would have probably broken down during the winter, and could not be depended on for work in the following spring; to return was the only course which a prudent commander could adopt; the work of the expedition was cut short to save the lives of the men; and but for that necessity, we should probably have known, in the course of next year, what lies beyond Beaumont's Cape Britannia. As it is, we do not know; Sir George Nares thinks Cape Britannia is the northern extremity of Greenland; Dr. Petermann thinks that it is not; both give very good reasons, and we shall not know which is right till some one goes and sees. British seamen, and for that matter Austrian seamen too, as this book shows, will do anything and dare anything for the honour of their flag, for advancement in their profession, for fame in the world; and these expeditions are greater tests of courage and endurance than the perils of naval war. But we confess that we feel great doubt whether it is right in a nation to expose some of the bravest and noblest of its sons to intolerable hardships, privations, and to death itself, for such results as these. It now appears that the attainable limit of Arctic navigation, or very nearly so, was reached by Parry fifty years ago. The most interesting discoveries made since that period have been effected by expeditions along the coast; and we very much doubt whether any benefits to science or to mankind would be gained by further attempts to penetrate the icy deserts and the murky nights of the great Polar Sea.



ART. VII.—*Life of William Earl of Shelburne, afterwards first Marquess of Lansdowne, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence*. By Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1875–76.

LORD SHELBURNE, though one of the foremost statesmen of the earlier half of the reign of George III., is less known to fame than any of his eminent contemporaries. Having served with distinction in the Seven Years' War, he quitted the profession of arms for political life at the commencement of the new reign, and at the age of twenty-four we find him in the confidence of Lord Bute, and the trusted friend of the first Lord Holland. He was afterwards admitted to the intimate counsels of Lord Chatham, who rarely trusted anybody; he was the friend and the foe of Mr. Fox; and Mr. Pitt first took office as Chancellor of the Exchequer when Shelburne became head of the Government. Yet the name of Shelburne has come down to us conspicuous chiefly for an imputation of duplicity which has fastened upon it; a remarkable exception to the rule that contemporary slander leaves no permanent stain on a distinguished reputation. In an age of selfishness and corruption, when public men plotted and intrigued, abandoned and betrayed each other, it would be difficult to point at a single transaction in which Shelburne acted otherwise than with good faith and honour.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has undertaken the task of redeeming the memory of his ancestor from unmerited obloquy by a plain and impartial narrative of his public life. The manuscripts at Lansdowne House, arranged by Sir James La-caita, the papers of Lord Bute and of the first Lord Holland, together with other original sources to which he has had access, have furnished Lord Edmond with materials for an important and interesting book, not only to dispel the obscurity which has dimmed the reputation of an English statesman, but to shed new light on the history of the period in which he played so prominent a part. A considerable portion of the work consists of Shelburne's own accounts of the affairs in which he had been engaged, and of the characters of the public men with whom he had acted. The latter are frequently drawn with much point, but not always with historical indifference; but there should be no reason to doubt that Lord Shelburne's statements as to matters of fact are substantially accurate. The 'Chapter of Autobiography' with which the first volume opens, is curious and interesting. It dates from his birth in 1737; but the biographical part of the chapter fills only twenty pages out of seventy-five. The rest consist of detached historical

sketches, and flying comments relating chiefly to the earlier years of the Hanover succession.

The first four years of Lord Shelburne's life were passed 'in the remotest parts of the south of Ireland, under the government of an old grandfather, who reigned, or rather tyrannised, equally over his own family and the neighbouring country' (p. 1). Up to the age of fourteen the boy's education was neglected. 'Arrived at the age of sixteen,' he writes, 'I had nobody to teach me and everything to learn, of which I was fully aware; but I had, what I was not at all aware of, everything to unlearn.' At sixteen he went to Oxford; there, under the direction of a tutor whom he describes as a narrow-minded man, he made some progress in his studies, and at the same time his father introduced him to Lord Chesterfield, Lord Granville, and other persons of distinction.

We next hear of Lord Fitzmaurice in 1757, an officer in Wolfe's regiment, distinguishing himself at Minden and at Kloster Kempen, rewarded with the rank of colonel and that of aide-de-camp to the King. This rapid promotion gave such umbrage to the Whig courtiers that the Duke of Richmond resigned his office in the Household from resentment that Fitzmaurice should have been preferred to his brother, Lord George Lennox, who had been equally distinguished. His staff appointment brought Lord Fitzmaurice into immediate contact with the Court, and he there found an opportunity of making his political fortune, which he seized with promptitude and dexterity. Lord Bute had undertaken the mission of emancipating the young King from the dominion of the Whig oligarchy which had hitherto held the House of Hanover in bondage. A more desperate enterprise could hardly have been conceived. Bute was connected with no party, he had no personal following, no popularity. He was a poor Scotch lord, known only as the Chamberlain, and the reputed favourite of the Princess Dowager. He had no political experience, and but a slender capacity. The Minister, on the other hand, a man of unrivalled abilities and strenuous will, was at the height of fame and power. He was supported by the strongest combinations in Parliament, and he had the country at his back. Called to power, as he proudly boasted, by the voice of the nation at a crisis of danger and disgrace, the 'great Commoner' had secured its safety and restored its honour. The downfall of Pitt was therefore an indispensable preliminary to the policy of the Court. The career of military triumphs which had set in under his guidance must be stopped, and peace at any price must be obtained.

Such was the project which a half-educated young man, newly entered upon public life, undertook to promote! The first thing to be done was to secure the services in Parliament of some able, experienced, and unscrupulous partisan. There was one man of great courage and capacity, who in former years had coped, not always unsuccessfully, with Pitt; but, overborne at last by the ascendancy of his rival, Henry Fox had retired from public life, pursued by public obloquy, and loaded with the spoils of office. But when the new reign opened a prospect of a change of policy, Fox evinced a desire to return to political adventure. There had been a connexion between Fox and Fitzmaurice's father. Early in 1761 Fox made an overture to Lord Bute through Fitzmaurice. A meeting took place accordingly, and a basis of negotiation was soon agreed upon. Fox was willing to do the work of the Court at a price; and as that price involved no question of policy, but simply a personal bargain, there could be no real difficulty in effecting an arrangement. The details were entrusted to Fitzmaurice. Fox demanded a peerage for his wife by way of a retaining fee. Bute, by desire of the King, who was throughout his reign very chary of granting honours, tried to put him off with a promise that Lady Caroline should have a peerage at the first opportunity; but Fox was not the man to be dealt with in this way; he threw out a significant hint that unless his terms were granted he could give only a general support to the new Ministry, and that a 'general support was tantamount to a half opposition.' This was sufficient; the peerage was granted, and soon after Pitt having been thrust out of office, Fitzmaurice was urging Bute, who had lately made himself Secretary of State, to assume the name as well as the position of Prime Minister.

Fitzmaurice having succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father, nominated Colonel Barré as his successor in the representation of the family borough of Chipping Wycombe. Barré was a great accession to the Court party, and shortly after he had taken his seat he opened the war by an insolent though powerful invective against Pitt. It was naturally supposed that Shelburne had instigated this attack, and it is not improbable that he was privy to it; but Barré had a private grudge against Pitt, who had neglected his application for promotion after the taking of Quebec. Barré afterwards became a staunch adherent and one of the few devoted personal friends of Chatham. Shelburne, though at this time firmly opposed to the Whig combination, which had so long monopolised power, affected to take an independent course in Parliament, and was

consequently regarded with distrust by the Court whips.\* The Duke of Bedford, though a member of the Government, made a motion in Parliament for the recall of the troops from Germany. Shelburne supported the motion, which was in furtherance of the new policy; but the Duke of Newcastle was still at the head of the Government, and Bute was not yet prepared for the vigorous and decisive measure proposed by Bedford. He preferred the less direct mode of putting an end to the German war by stinting the supplies. Newcastle asked for two millions; but Grenville, who was the chief Minister in the Commons, insisted that only one million should be voted, and Bute supported him. Newcastle threatened to resign, though without any idea of being taken at his word. The Court, however, eagerly seized the opportunity, and Newcastle, like Pitt, was forced out of office. Lord Hardwicke and the Duke of Devonshire also resigned. Bute now became Prime Minister, and invited Shelburne to join the Administration. But the young and rising statesman, though willing to aid in breaking up the Whig combination was not disposed to embark his political fortunes under the guidance of such a pilot as Bute; and as men seldom avow, even if they know, the real motives which influence their conduct, Shelburne wrote to Fox excusing himself for refusing Bute's offer of employment for the high-sounding reason that 'men of independent fortune should be trustees 'between King and people, and contrive to think in whatever 'they do to be occupied in actions of service to both, without 'being slaves to either'—a pretence which Fox treated with ridicule, plainly telling him that if he meant to get on in public life he must get rid of such 'puerile notions.'

The peace was now hurried forward. The war in Germany was practically abandoned, and the treaty with Spain was in progress, when, unfortunately for the Court, the British army achieved an inopportune success by the capture of the Havana. Some equivalent must in decency be demanded for this important conquest, for murmurs had already been heard through the country that terms had been offered which could only be compared to the 'infamous stipulations of Utrecht.' Bute was in sad perplexity. He dared not conclude a treaty without the sanction of Parliament; while, on the other hand, it was hopeless to submit the preliminaries to a hostile House of Commons, which, for once, represented public opinion

\* 'Lord Shelburne,' writes Jenkinson, the principal manager of the 'king's friends,' 'is a mad politician.' (Jenkinson to Bute, Feb. 14, 1761, p. 129.)

throughout the country. He could not depend upon his colleagues for support; Grenville was discontented, and on the point of resignation; Sir Francis Dashwood, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the intervals of pleasure was occupied in learning the elements of finance. Under these disheartening circumstances, it is not improbable that Bute would have given up his attempt as desperate, had he not been sustained by the courage and decision of the young aide-de-camp who was now constantly at his ear. Shelburne never ceased to urge upon the hesitating Minister the necessity of concluding the peace, and taking the necessary steps to secure the support of the House of Commons. This could be done only by securing the services of some man of ability and experience, who would not scruple to employ the means which could alone secure the vote of a venal and corrupt assembly. The public life of England at that time could supply many men whom no scruple of principle would deter from any work, however foul, but there was only one man who combined the qualities necessary for organising rapidly and surely all the resources of corruption, and bringing them to bear upon one particular point. That man was Fox; and Shelburne was at length commissioned by Bute to engage the services of the most skilled and experienced master of party management in the modern history of Parliament. Fox was not unwilling to undertake a job congenial to his nature and suited to his capacity. But the service was difficult, and even dangerous, and must be highly paid. The Minister thought the office of Secretary of State, the lead of the House of Commons, and a peerage when the work was done, would be sufficient remuneration. Fox refused to be Secretary of State on the ground that he could not perform the duties of the office and attend to the management of the House of Commons at the same time; his real reason being that the acceptance of the office of Secretary of State would necessitate the resignation of the Pay Office, which was far more lucrative. We need not pursue the details of this sordid bargain, to which Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice devotes a portion of the chapter called 'The Pious Fraud;' neither need we dwell on the well-known history of the mode by which Fox obtained the consent of the House of Commons to the peace of 1763. The result, so far as concerned the public interest, was that a treaty was obtained quite as favourable as most of the treaties which have terminated successful wars. The particular result, important only to the parties concerned, was a breach between Fox and Shelburne. The former accused the latter of having secured his services under a misstatement of the terms. Shel-

burne, according to a contemporary authority, admitted that, in his anxiety to effect an agreement between the high contracting parties, he had not observed strict accuracy in his representation of the terms proposed by the one and assented to by the other. Lord Bute is reported to have designated this as 'a pious fraud;' Lord Holland, however, who considered himself personally aggrieved, while he recognised the fraud, failed to see the piety. Bute, it seems, had been given to understand that in consideration of a peerage, Fox was willing to resign the Pay Office; but the peerage was to be his reward for securing the vote of the House of Commons for the peace.

Fox had been in possession of the Pay Office since 1757. Had he bartered this lucrative office for a peerage, he would have received no compensation for a service of the greatest value which no other statesman could have performed, and which none other, even in that shameless age, would have ventured to undertake. His sinecure office of Writer of the Tallies and Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, which has been stated as part of his reward for carrying the peace, was a permanent office of small emolument, and had been conferred on him some years previously. Fox's indignation at this attempt, as he considered it, to cajole him was expressed in no measured terms; according to Horace Walpole he went about London abusing Shelburne as 'a perfidious and infamous liar.' Fox, however, was not the man to be outwitted. He retired with his peerage and his places; but he never forgave Shelburne; and Charles Fox, the best natured and most generous of men, inheriting his father's resentment, always regarded Shelburne with dislike and distrust.

Bute having, as he thought, established the ascendancy of the Court over the Whig combination, by the vigorous and unscrupulous policy of Fox, was minded to relieve himself from the irksome responsibility of office while still retaining power. He therefore nominated Grenville as the ostensible head of the Government, and, still employing the agency of Shelburne, reconstructed the administration on the principle of the King's absolute right to choose his own Ministers. Shelburne himself was to have been Secretary of State; but upon the urgent remonstrance of Grenville this design was for the present abandoned, and he was forced to accept the inferior post of President of the Board of Trade. He demanded, however, to be placed on a footing with the Secretaries of State, as regarded the privilege of access to the King; but Bute evaded this claim, and gave Shelburne a significant hint that concord among members of the Government was essential for the King's service. The

Board of Trade at that time was more a consultative than an executive department; and as Shelburne probably felt no great deference to the abilities and authority of his official superiors, notwithstanding the warning he had received, he soon came into collision with the Secretary of State on questions both of policy and administration. Nor were these the only questions upon which he differed with his colleagues. A few days after he had taken office, he detected and exposed the blunder which Lord Halifax had made in issuing the famous general warrant for the arrest of the authors of the 'North Briton.' Before he had been in office two months he became so intractable that it was with difficulty Bute could persuade him to remain.

From this time, however, he seems to have been engaged, with the concurrence of Bute, in an intrigue, the object of which was to displace the existing Government, and to bring back Pitt with the Bedford connexion. The negotiation was not immediately successful, but it resulted in the final and absolute retirement of Bute from public life. Shelburne also resigned, and attached himself to Pitt in opposition to the Government and the Court on the vital question of Wilkes's expulsion from the House of Commons. For his conduct on this occasion, the King deprived him of his staff appointment, and when he appeared at Court, took no notice of him. His somewhat too forward career of ambition being thus severely checked, Shelburne retired into the country, and occupied himself in the improvement of his estate, and the collection of the historical manuscripts which now enrich the library of the British Museum. He also cultivated the society of men of letters; and early in 1765 he married the daughter of Lord Granville, better known as the accomplished and eccentric Carteret, one of those brilliant meteors which flash across the page of history, and pass into oblivion.

During Lord Shelburne's retirement, political events of the greatest moment were in progress. The first fruit of the policy which had made George III. 'a King,' was about to be reaped in the form of the Stamp Act, which deprived the Crown of half its dominions. The dangerous character of this measure was not indeed at first foreseen. Barré, who represented the opinions of Shelburne, and spoke from personal knowledge of the Colonists, was almost alone in warning the House of Commons that they were violating the liberties of a people who inherited the resentment of their countrymen against arbitrary taxation. Such counsels as these passed unheeded in Parliament, and the Stamp Bill was regarded throughout the country as a reasonable demand upon the Colonies to contribute to the

common defence of the realm. Shelburne himself seems to have attributed more importance to the Regency Bill; for he quitted his retirement at Bowood to denounce the bill in the House of Lords as unnecessary and unwise. Six peers only supported Temple and Shelburne in their opposition to a measure which, however badly devised, was in itself a prudent and constitutional provision for a possible and even probable emergency.

The King, disappointed in his expectation of finding in Grenville the firm supporter, if not the pliant tool of prerogative, set to work, according to his fashion, to intrigue against his Minister. Overtures were made to Pitt, to Lord Temple, to Lord Lyttelton, but in vain; and at length, through the intervention of the Duke of Cumberland, a negotiation with a section of the Whigs which recognised the Marquis of Rockingham as their chief, ended in the assent of that nobleman to form a new Administration. Both Shelburne and Pitt, though earnestly pressed, refused to take any part in the new arrangement. The Rockingham minority entered upon office without a policy; but Pitt, who now resumed his place in the House of Commons, very soon dictated a policy, which the minority from sheer weakness and incapacity were fain to accept. The great chief of opposition declared for the absolute and immediate repeal of the Stamp Act, and in speeches of eloquence and power which were never equalled in the House of Commons, nor surpassed by himself, he denied the *right* of Parliament to tax the Colonies, and *rejoiced* that they had resisted the attempt. The Prime Minister, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Dartmouth yielded to Pitt; the King, still determined on coercing the rebellious Colonies, made an effort to form a new Administration from that portion of the Cabinet which hesitated; but the effort was hopeless; and his Majesty was reduced to the necessity of saving his honour by passing an Act declaratory of the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies, at the same time that the exercise of that right was finally relinquished.

The Rockingham Ministry did not long survive the withering ascendancy of Pitt. He was of course offered a place in it, but the offer was rejected with ill-disguised contempt. Pitt was determined not to hold a second place in any Administration, nor to lend his aid to any ministerial arrangement dictated by the great Whig lords. There was indeed at that juncture but one possible Minister, and that was Pitt himself. The announcement of his promotion to the head of affairs was therefore received with acclamation; but some surprise and disappointment was expressed when it became known that the



Great Commoner had been transformed into the Earl of Chatham. It seemed incongruous that the people's Minister should quit the appropriate field of his fame and power; and that in mid career he should pass into that serene assembly where his illustrious predecessors had been content to retire from the turmoil of public life. But it was little foreseen that clouds and thick darkness were already gathering round an Administration which opened with such brilliant prospects.

Chatham, content to be at the head of the Government, was probably indifferent as to its composition. He invited all the existing Ministers, with the significant exception of Rockingham, to retain their places, and some of them consented. Shelburne, who had been faithful to the fortunes of Pitt, obtained the post of Secretary of State, which had long been the object of his ambition. The other principal Ministers were Grafton, Northington, and Camden. Newcastle was left out, and Temple, as usual, sullen and impracticable, refused to join. Chatham himself, declining an office of business, took the sinecure place of Privy Seal; while the Duke of Grafton, as first Lord of the Treasury, was to act as a deputy Prime Minister.

Soon after the Government was formed, Chatham fell ill, and was forced to absent himself from their deliberations. Questions of vital moment regarding India and the American Colonies divided the Cabinet; and it was in vain that Shelburne and his colleagues wrote to their chief urging him to determine their distracted councils by a decision. Chatham was now sinking under the pressure of bodily and mental disease, and the appeals to his judgment were met by querulous evasions. In the absence of a supreme, controlling authority, the brilliant abilities of Charles Townshend asserted their ascendancy in council, and his disastrous policy of coercion towards the Colonies was vehemently supported by the King. The Cabinet, demoralised and disorganised by the want of a presiding will, resolved itself into its elements, and every member, treating the public interests as a secondary consideration, was occupied in providing for his own safety in the ministerial wreck which seemed imminent. Grafton was looking out for a new alliance; Camden and Conway wished to be rid of the responsibility for measures which they did not approve. Every man's hand was against Shelburne. The King hated him. Grafton and Northington denounced him as a 'secret enemy.' Charles Townshend spoke of him with the greatest contempt. But as the sole representative of Chatham in the Government, Shelburne, though anxious to retire, felt

bound to keep his place. The sudden death of Charles Townshend in the midst of his ambitious intrigues, followed by the resignation of Northington and Conway, made way for the Bedford party, who had long been intriguing for power. Lord Weymouth became Secretary of State, and Lord Hillsborough at the Board of Trade relieved Shelburne of that part of his duties which related to the administration of the American Colonies. The policy of coercion towards the Colonies was thus continued; while the foreign enemies of England regarded the access of the Bedford party to power as an earnest of peace. Thus within a short year after he had become the nominal head and reputed genius of the Government, was the policy of Chatham in its capital points completely reversed.

Shelburne now found himself thwarted upon every point. His Irish policy was overruled; his protest against the annexation of Corsica by France was disregarded; he stood alone in the Cabinet in his opposition to coercive measures against the Americans. At length Grafton wrote to the Prime Minister to insist on the dismissal of Shelburne. The answer from the nominal head of the Government was that he himself would resign. Under these circumstances, it only remained for Shelburne to wait upon the King and tender his resignation, which was readily accepted. His sole representative in the Cabinet being thus removed, Chatham at length relieved himself from the nominal responsibility for measures of which he would have wholly disapproved had he been in a condition to express any opinion. The Bedford party was now in the ascendant, and the Bedford party was the worst of the factions which Chatham had denounced as the plague of the country. A pusillanimous foreign policy and an arbitrary domestic policy were the leading characteristics of the party of which the Duke of Bedford was the head. France and Spain had no longer anything to fear from England; but the Colonists were told that their demands were to be put down by force, and that their patriotic leaders were to be punished as traitors. At the same time an insolent attack was made upon the representative institutions of the country by the expulsion of Wilkes from the House of Commons and the substitution of a candidate who had been rejected by the constituency.

Shelburne, on his retirement from office, was pursued by a shower of libels which held him up to odium as a monster of duplicity and deceit. His public conduct had given some colour to these imputations. His first appearance as a politi-

cian was in the character of an agent for negotiating an iniquitous bargain between Bute and Fox; a transaction which resulted in his being openly charged by one of the principals with fraud and falsehood. He had been more or less engaged in subsequent political intrigues. He had lately attached himself to the fortunes of Chatham, and for the first time had held high office; but he was so unfortunate as to incur the distrust and dislike of every one of his colleagues. His manner also was against him. He affected an elaborate courtesy and an exaggerated style of compliment, which, even in that age of artificial stiffness and ceremony, disgusted many with whom he came in contact. Charles Townshend, as we have seen, treated him with scorn. To Burke he was an object of aversion; and Walpole assailed him with the bitterest invective. By the newspapers and their readers he was called *Malagrida*, after a Portuguese Jesuit priest who had lately been put to death for a supposed complicity in assassination. Vague slanders like these are attracted by every man of eminence; nor is it necessary to contend, as regards Shelburne, that they were wholly without foundation. In times when party discipline was lax in the extreme, party honour was almost unknown. In the last century, public men adapted their conduct to the circumstances of the day, and entered into temporary combinations generally with a view to personal objects of ambition or of gain. In the early part of the reign of George III., the standard of public morality was at its lowest point. And this may be easily explained. The division between Constitutionalists and Loyalists had disappeared. There was no longer fear of civil war. There was no important question of domestic policy in agitation. The popular belief was and is that the administration of Walpole was the era of parliamentary corruption; but we doubt whether Walpole in twenty years spent so much in bribery and corruption as was lavished by Fox in securing the vote of the House of Commons for the treaty of 1763. Walpole was a frugal Minister; he knew every man's price, and he never gave a bank note or a place without full value. The majority of Walpole's parliaments were honest and zealous supporters of the House of Hanover; but the majority of the parliaments which Fox had to deal with were hostile to his policy; and he had to buy them over by the sheer force of places, pensions, and ready money. There was no affectation of patriotism among the sordid and self-seeking politicians with whom Shelburne mingled on entering public life; and Shelburne made no pretension to rise above the level of the statesmen of the time. A Shippen or a Pitt would have been very unfitting

instruments to negotiate such a business as the purchase of the House of Commons. All that can be said is that Shelburne was not more scrupulous than his contemporaries, though his fortune and position enabled him to avoid the taint of personal corruption. The transactions in which he was engaged involved, to a certain extent, dissimulation and double-dealing; but, apart from this exigency, there seems to be no ground for charging him with habitual duplicity. Benjamin Franklin, with whom Shelburne was for a long time in confidential correspondence on the subject of the American war, spoke of his conduct as perfectly straightforward. M. Morellet and Mlle. de l'Espinasse, who knew him well, bore similar testimony. Jeremy Bentham, on the other hand, who was the frequent guest of Lord Shelburne, and esteemed him highly, speaks of his evasive and ambiguous manner in terms which seem to imply that candour and frankness were not the most prominent traits in his character. It is not uncommon to meet men of very honest meaning who, by an affectation of mystery and reserve, produce an impression of craft and insincerity.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, however well he may represent the undoubted ability of his ancestor, certainly does not inherit the disingenuousness which was attributed to Lord Shelburne. With an impartiality, rarely to be found in a biographer, Lord Edmond shows both sides of the question. Shelburne indeed, throughout these volumes, is very much his own biographer. His letters and papers, his fragments of history and characters of his contemporaries, are clever and amusing. The reader, however, would be much misled who should adopt all Shelburne's views of the events which he narrates, and of the characters which he portrays. He derides the notion of 'Foreigners,' that freedom and constitutional government were promoted by the revolution. These blessings, it seems, were wholly owing to the weakness of the reigning family, who were driven by a disputed succession 'to abjure the rights of 'royalty, and to throw themselves into the arms of the old 'Whigs; in other words, telling the people "we are your 'slaves and blackamoors.'" France, on the other hand, in the seventeenth century, was 'systematically and wisely governed, under Louis XIV., a king in every sense of the word, 'who identified himself as few kings do with the public, with 'whom he was one and the same.' William III. was 'a proud 'sagacious Dutchman,' who hated liberty, who was actuated in his public conduct solely by ambition, and who came over to this country to forward his political purposes, and to provide for his worthless followers, the Bentincks, the Nassaus, the

Keppels, &c. The princes and statesmen of the Hanover succession do not fare much better. Of George I. and II. there was little, perhaps, to be said; and it would be difficult to imagine a character more contemptible than Frederick Prince of Wales. But we were not prepared to learn that Lord Chancellor Hardwicke caused Admiral Byng to be shot to save the reputation of his son-in-law Lord Anson; nor that Lord Mansfield, 'like the *generality of Scotch*, had no regard 'to truth whatever.' We might multiply specimens of this unjust and ill-natured criticism. But Lord Shelburne could sometimes treat the characters of great men with candour and discrimination. His sketches of Sir Robert Walpole, of Lord Granville, Lord Chatham, and Lord Ashburton are finely drawn.

After Chatham and Shelburne had resigned, the residuum of the Ministry, yielding to the stubborn will of the King, entered upon a contest with Wilkes, as if the destruction of a profligate adventurer was a vital question of policy. While this was going on, says Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, 'outside 'the limits of the court and the aristocracy lay the rising 'power of the middle classes. The party able to gain their 'support was certain of ultimate success.'

"I sell here," said Matthew Boulton to those who like Shelburne visited his works, "what the world desires to have, power." The year which marked the beginning of the ascendancy of Bute, had seen the completion of Brindley's canal over the Irwell; in the year in which he fell, Wedgwood had established the potteries, and Hargreaves was inventing the Jenny. While Grenville was passing the Stamp Act, Watt was discovering the steam engine; while the House of Commons was occupied in expelling Wilkes, Arkwright was inventing the spinning machine; and the great English newspapers were attracting to themselves a larger capital, and showing increased enterprise as each day passed by. The old Whigs, however, forgetting that the revolution had to a great extent been rendered successful by the support of the commercial classes, resolutely shut their eyes to the signs of the times, and seemed determined not to look beyond the charmed circle of their own family connexions.' (Vol. ii. pp. 189-90.)

Lord Edmond is a little hard upon the old Whigs. The revolution of 1688 was a party, as contradistinguished from a popular, revolution; and it was brought about mainly by the firmness and courage of the Whigs, without any material assistance from the commercial, or any other class. The old Whigs had many faults to answer for. They were factious, exclusive, and overbearing; but they never forsook their guiding principle of civil and religious freedom; and that principle was best served, in their day, by restraining the power of

the Crown. The first two princes of the House of Hanover, foreigners with a disputed title, were easily kept in subjection ; but when a young king came to the throne who could boast that he was born a Briton, with an undisputed title and an avowed policy supported by the whole Tory and Jacobite connexion, the Whigs were alarmed, and not without reason, lest the work of the last seventy years might be undone. The conflict therefore, between George III. and the Whigs, during the early years of his reign, was not, as it has sometimes been represented, a struggle between the Crown and a selfish oligarchy, but a struggle which was to decide whether the principles of the revolution should be maintained or high monarchism. We do not detract from the praise due to Lord Shelburne and some of his contemporaries in anticipating the wisdom of a later generation by their acceptance of the truths of political economy ; but we think the Whigs as a party were better employed in resisting the designs of George III. and his friends against the British Constitution than in actively promoting the prosperity of the cotton trade. We firmly believe that if the King had been allowed to have his way in setting up prerogative, in corrupting parliaments, in turning English statesmen into courtiers, in truckling to foreign Powers, and coercing his colonial dependencies, the Crown would not have withstood the shock of the French Revolution.

The resignation of Shelburne caused an important change in the policy of the Government. He had been one of the bare majority in Council who were for moderate and conciliatory measures with regard to the American States. Grafton proposed to repeal all Charles Townshend's unfortunate taxes ; this was agreed to, but, by a majority of one, the Cabinet determined to retain the duty on tea, for the purpose of saving the right of taxation. The King would not allow the Secretary of State in communicating the decision of the Government to the Colonies to employ the soothing language which the Ministers had dictated. After this, the Whig members of the Administration felt that they could no longer retain office. Camden denounced the policy of his colleagues in his place in Parliament, and was deprived of the great seal. Dunning, the solicitor-general, followed his chief ; and though not a member of the Cabinet, the resignation of this great law officer was of hardly less importance than that of the Chancellor himself. The Duke of Grafton, after an ineffectual attempt to patch up the Government, at length resigned. There had never seemed so fair an opportunity for the formation of a powerful Whig Ministry. Chatham had come out of his mysterious seclusion

in the full vigour of his unrivalled powers. Shelburne supported his old leader with conspicuous ability. Rockingham, with characteristic irresolution, hesitated for a while, but at length took his place in front of the Opposition. The Grenvilles were reconciled to their old allies by the question of the Middlesex election. The Marquis of Granby, deserting the Court, brought the aid of his popularity to the Whig combination. The only members of the Whig connexion which clung to the wreck of the Administration after the retirement of Grafton were the Bedford party; but the Bedford party had long departed from Whig traditions, and during the present reign had stedfastly supported the policy of the Court. Out of these materials the King determined to reconstruct the Government. He told General Conway, he would rather abdicate, or appeal to the sword, than submit to the Whigs; \* and he acted with his usual promptitude and decision.

One of the few public men who had consistently and consecutively supported the King against the old ruling oligarchy was Lord North. Among the foremost statesmen of this country none have resembled each other so nearly as Lord North and Lord Melbourne. The same attachment to the Crown, the same honesty of purpose, moderation, good sense, good temper, and knowledge of the world characterised both; while in one rare quality, an exquisite wit, and fine sense of humour, they are nearly parallel. Still more, we will venture to say that had Lord North's lot been cast in the happier days of Queen Victoria, he would have been the sagacious counsellor, as well as the faithful friend and guide, of his youthful sovereign. But so much are human beings the sport of circumstances, that this able and amiable man, who, under favourable conditions, might have ranked in history among the best of English Ministers, by an undeviating course of mistakes and misfortunes, was destined to bring his country to the verge of ruin. North had not as yet taken a prominent part in public life. On the death of Charles Townshend, he had been persuaded, not without reluctance, to accept the vacant post of Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. He had previously filled subordinate offices, but was so well thought of that he had been talked of as the successor of Lord Halifax at the Board of Trade ten years before. He had been the early friend, and for a short time the preceptor, of George III. His nomination therefore to the head of the Government, as the most eminent of the party known as the King's Friends,

caused no surprise, and, outside the circle of the Whig party, no dissatisfaction; while the Court could command the majority of the House of Commons. The Whigs, disappointed in their hopes of coming into power, had already relapsed into their normal state of dissension. The Ministry were, nevertheless, in much trouble. The hesitation of their foreign policy at a time while England was insulted by France and Spain, caused Choiseul the French Minister to observe, with as much truth as point, 'Le Ministère ne veut pas faire la guerre, et ne sait pas faire la paix.' On the other hand, the last despatch which they had sent to America was equivalent to a declaration of war against our own people; while they were committed to a domestic conflict at once ignoble and dangerous by the vindictive determination of the King to ruin Wilkes. But all these elements of danger to the country did not seem to imperil the safety of the Government. While party-spirit was raging in Parliament, the country was a cool and uninterested spectator. The ostensible causes of dispute with France and Spain were remote and not very intelligible. The Manilla ransom and the occupation of Corsica were matters which failed to excite a war passion. The affair of the Falkland Islands, which was nearer in interest, admitted of settlement by treaty. The Colonial policy of the Government, fraught as it was with danger and disaster, met with approval throughout the country. The Middlesex election was regarded as a local and parliamentary quarrel, which only affected the parties immediately concerned. The City had made a stir, but an attempt to get up a movement in the aristocratic county of York had not been successful. The people in that age showed more sympathy with the Crown than with the party who would tell them they were ill-governed. Before the end of the first year of Lord North's administration, the Opposition had virtually broken up. The several sections of the party had at length come to oppose each other as virulently and as publicly as they had ever opposed the Government. Shelburne, disgusted and disheartened at this state of things, determined to withdraw for a time at least from public life and to go abroad; and announced his intention to Chatham in an angry letter, which seemed intended to sever their connexion.

Lord Shelburne, who had recently become a widower, was accompanied on his travels by Barré, with whom he was associated by a long, unvarying private and political friendship. They visited France and Italy. At Milan they made the acquaintance of Beccaria. At Paris they made a prolonged stay, and were received by Madame Géoëfrin, in whose *salon*



'all that was most brilliant in French society was accustomed to gather.' Madame de Boufflers, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, the friend of D'Alembert, Madame du Deffand, Turgot the great financier, and Morellet, the Adam Smith of France, were among the persons of European reputation whose friendship Shelburne formed in the French capital. It was to Morellet that he owed his conversion to the doctrines of the economical school, which did not then include many practical politicians. Morellet afterwards visited Bowood, where Jeremy Bentham, Dr. Price, and Dr. Priestley were frequent guests. Priestley ultimately took up his residence at Calne in the capacity of librarian at Bowood and Lansdowne House, an office which he held for seven years. Shelburne's intercourse with these eminent Nonconformists led to his taking an active interest in a question which had lately engaged public attention. A certain number of the clergy adhering to that section of the Establishment now known as the Low Church, had come to Parliament with a petition for relief against subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. The Protestant Dissenters, with more reason, prayed for a similar relief; and through Shelburne they succeeded in obtaining the support of Chatham. Accordingly a bill was brought into Parliament to exempt Nonconformists from subscription; and as the bill only confirmed an immunity which had been practically enjoyed since the Toleration Act, the Ministry, not unwilling to conciliate the Dissenters, but afraid of offending the Church and the King, adopted a shabby compromise. They allowed the bill to pass the House of Commons, but abandoned it to the bishops in the House of Lords. The bill was accordingly lost on this occasion, but seven years afterwards it was allowed to pass with a faint show of opposition. The session of 1773 was mainly occupied by East India and colonial affairs, in the debates upon which Shelburne added greatly to his reputation by the knowledge and ability which he displayed. But all other questions, however important, were thrown into the shade by the arrival of a crisis in the quarrel between England and America.

The armed forces of the Crown and the insurgent Colony of Massachussetts had come into collision at Lexington. Boston was invested by a provincial army of twenty thousand men, and the battle of Bunker's Hill, though ending favourably to the regulars, was contested with so much vigour and conduct that the British generals found they had not a disorderly levy to disperse, but a formidable insurrection to put down. France, eager to avenge the humiliation to which she had been subjected by this country in the late war, saw her opportunity in

the American revolt. The Government, however, satisfied by the pacific assurances of the French Minister, made no preparation, while warlike stores were sent from France to America, and French officers in great numbers had accepted commissions in Washington's army. Under these circumstances, Shelburne insisted that Chatham should be recalled to the head of affairs; but Chatham was again prostrated by illness, and could only urge from his bed of sickness the necessity of taking prompt and effectual measures for a reconciliation with the Colonies; but the counsels of Chatham without Chatham in power were urged in vain against the infatuated arrogance of the Crown, the Parliament, and the people. In the following year the Declaration of Independence was promulgated by the United Provinces of America, and it was too late then to offer terms of reconciliation. Lord Howe's mission was rejected with contempt. The ill-timed success which attended the British arms in their early encounters with the American levies rendered all farther attempts to put an end to the war hopeless; next came the surrender of Burgoyne, which made the prosecution of the war by this country equally hopeless. The Government, which a little more than a year before had denounced the insolence and ingratitude of the rebellious Colonies, now came down to Parliament with measures giving up all the rights for which this country had contended, proposing to treat with the Congress of the United States as a legally constituted assembly, and hesitating only at a direct formal recognition of the independence of the Union. Hardly had these humiliating measures been introduced when it was announced that a treaty of alliance had been signed between France and the American Colonies. The unanimous voice of the country now called for Chatham. His old antagonists, Bute, Mansfield, and Richmond, and notably Lord North himself, concurred in the general opinion. There was but one man who offered an uncompromising resistance to this call, and that was the King. 'No advantage to the country,' said this patriotic sovereign, 'no personal danger to myself, can ever make me address myself to Lord Chatham, or to any other branch of the Opposition. Honestly, I would rather lose the crown I now wear than bear the ignominy of possessing it under their shackles.' His Majesty had no objection to receive Lord Chatham with Shelburne as subordinate to Lord North and implicit supporters of his policy, but he very naturally expressed his belief that Lord Chatham 'and his crew' would not consent to these terms. Chatham, on the other hand, was hardly less arrogant, and, it may be added, hardly more reasonable in the conditions

upon which he insisted. Shelburne, with whom North opened a communication on the subject through Mr. Eden, declared that 'Lord Chatham must be the dictator;' that Chatham would consider any change insufficient which did not comprehend and annihilate every party in the kingdom, and that the whole Administration must be reconstructed. In this wide divergence, no basis of negotiation could be found.

After the death of Chatham in 1777, 'the small band of statesmen,' says Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, 'which in his declining days still recognised him as their chief and now followed him to the grave, chose Shelburne as his successor at this perilous juncture.' But it is no disparagement to Shelburne to say that he had no pretension to the power and authority which was peculiar to Chatham. The dissensions in the Opposition, which Chatham could have silenced, were beyond the control of Shelburne, or any other Whig leader. Thus North was left without a rival; a result which perhaps no man deplored more sincerely than himself. With the Court, the Parliament, and the people all of one mind, and an Opposition neutralised by its divisions, the Minister was hurried along upon a course which his judgment disapproved. We need not dwell on the shameful events which followed in rapid succession—the military triumph of the insurgent Colonies; British waters swarming with privateers, and her shores insulted with impunity by the foreign enemy; Ireland obtaining redress of grievances with arms in her hands; the metropolis itself threatened with destruction by an incendiary mob. All these things happened within three years after Chatham's death. At length the country was aroused. Public meetings were held—rare expressions of public opinion in those days—petitions for reform of Parliament—the shape which public discontent now began to assume—poured into Parliament. The House of Commons became alarmed; and this assembly, which had for twenty years been the obsequious tool of the Court, hastily agreed to a motion 'that the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.' The want of common purpose and of united action among the members of the Opposition were the only obstacles to their return to power; but these obstacles seemed insurmountable. The Ministry were therefore left to complete the work of ruin in which they had been so long engaged; and it was only when the great Colonial empire in America was irreparably lost that they were forced to retire.

In the spring of 1782, the Marquis of Rockingham became Prime Minister, with Shelburne, Camden, Cavendish, and

Charles Fox as his principal colleagues, upon the express understanding that the King would consent to acknowledge the independence of the revolted Colonies. The temporary pacification of Ireland by the recognition of her legislative independence—a measure which the experience of a few years proved to be impracticable—was, under the advice of Shelburne, the first act of the new Administration. At the same time an informal communication had been opened with Dr. Franklin, who was a member of the American Commission at Paris, through the medium of Mr. Oswald, a London merchant and the owner of extensive estates in America. Franklin, however, refused to move except in concert with the French Minister Vergennes, and Vergennes said he could not treat without the concurrence of the Northern Powers. This reception was not encouraging, but Oswald met the difficulty with a bluntness which no diplomatic skill could equal. He told Franklin that if England were driven to extremities by unreasonable demands, the whole nation would unite in continuing the war with the utmost vigour. Oswald returned to England to report the result of his mission, and brought with him a paper, or rather a memorandum, by Franklin, suggesting that the cession of Canada to the United States should be considered in framing proposals for a treaty. This paper, to which Shelburne attached so little importance that he did not think it worth while to show it to his colleagues, and which he docketed ‘as mere conversation matter between Mr. O. and Mr. F.,’ afterwards led to a serious misunderstanding. Upon Oswald’s report the Cabinet determined that Oswald should return to Paris, and arrange with Franklin the terms of a treaty on the basis of a recognition by Great Britain of American independence; and that Mr. Fox as Secretary of State should submit for the King’s approval the name of a proper person to make a similar communication to M. de Vergennes. In accordance with the last part of the Cabinet minute, Mr. Thomas Grenville was named to treat with the French Minister. The principle of this arrangement, which was to separate the connexion between France and America by proposing to each distinctly such terms as seemed most applicable to their respective interests, was not unpolitic. An alliance between an insurgent dependency and an ancient rival of the mother country could be founded only on purely selfish and temporary considerations on both sides, nor could such a bond of union be depended on one moment after either party had obtained his object. The Americans had no desire to continue the war for the purpose of forwarding the European views of French

ambition; nor was the old French monarchy animated by the love of freedom in supporting the American revolt. Shelburne's idea of detaching the Americans from their new friends by a separate and confidential negotiation, while the treaty with France was left to the ordinary forms of diplomatic agency, was wise and appropriate. But it had nearly been frustrated by an outbreak of that personal jealousy which was the bane of the Whig connexion.

A detailed account of the negotiations at Paris is to be found in the pages of Mr. Bancroft.\* The American historian describes in vivid language the jealousies and differences which were apparent between the agent of Lord Shelburne and the accredited envoy of the British Government who represented the views of Mr. Fox, the Secretary of State. With the object of directing the negotiations exclusively from his department, Fox insisted that the recognition of the American States as an independent Power should be the preliminary to the treaty; Shelburne, on the other hand, contended that the independence of the States should be only the basis of the treaty. The Cabinet adopted this view, and Fox, with loud complaints of the duplicity of his colleague, threatened to resign. While this indecent quarrel was at its height, Lord Rockingham died; and on the following day Lord Shelburne received the King's commands to assume the head of the Government. When this decision was communicated by Shelburne to his colleagues, the friends of the deceased Minister objected on the ground that any new arrangement ought to have originated with the recommendation of the King's principal advisers. In other words, the Rockingham party claimed the right of nominating the Ministers of the Crown. It is hardly necessary to point out the monstrous character of this pretension. It is an elementary principle of the Constitution that the nomination of the Executive Government appertains exclusively to the Crown; and though under the modern system of parliamentary government, the exercise of this power is indirectly under the control of the House of Commons, the insolent assumption of

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\* We have consulted the excellent French translation of M. le Comte de Circourt, who has been enabled to publish the despatches of M. de Vergennes and other foreign statesmen in their original language. On Mr. Bancroft's own impartiality we place no reliance, but he succeeded whilst he was in Europe in collecting a large amount of valuable diplomatic correspondence relating to the American War. This M. de Circourt has republished, and he has prefixed to it an introduction, or rather summary of the whole case, remarkable for its accuracy and insight into the history of the period.

an irresponsible cabal to dictate to the Crown is a very different matter. Shelburne having accepted the post of First Lord of the Treasury, Fox immediately resigned, and was followed by the principal members of the Rockingham party. The adherents of Lord Chatham remained, as did Richmond and Keppel. Mr. Pitt, who already ranked among the foremost leaders in Parliament, became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the place of Lord John Cavendish, and the rising talents of Mr. William Grenville were recognised by his appointment as secretary to his relative Lord Temple, who became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The retiring Ministry went into violent opposition. Fox denounced Shelburne and his colleagues as ‘men whom neither promises could bind, nor principles of honour could secure; who would abandon fifty principles for the sake of power, and forget fifty promises when they were no longer necessary to their ends.’ Burke, as Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice acutely observes, ‘surpassed himself in that bad taste which nearly invariably disfigured his speeches, *when persons and not principles were in question.*’

‘His speech, which was listened to with the utmost impatience, concluded by his asking Conway, whether, if he had lived in the time of Cicero, he would have taken Catiline upon trial for his colleague in the consulship, after he had heard his guilt clearly demonstrated by the great orator? “Would he be copartner with Borgia in his schemes, after he had read of his accursed principles in Machiavel? He could answer for him he knew he would not. Why then did he adhere to the present man? He meant no offence, but he would speak his honest mind. If Lord Shelburne was not a Catiline or a Borgia in morals, it must not be ascribed to anything but his understanding.”’ (Vol. iii. p. 235.)

The dissolution of the Rockingham Administration removed the principal difficulties which impeded the progress of the negotiations at Paris. Mr. Thomas Grenville, the adviser of Mr. Fox, was succeeded by Mr. Fitzherbert, who had previously been the English Minister at Brussels, and Oswald was formally invested with plenary powers to conclude a peace with the American Colonies on certain terms, the principal of which was the absolute concession of independence. The policy of the French Minister, however, was still to delay the treaty between England and America, until the particular interests of France and Spain were secured; the common object of both being that England should be forced to give up Gibraltar. Shelburne, determined to put an end to these delays and dangers, instructed Oswald to give up all minor points, and, if absolutely necessary, to consent to a formal

acknowledgment of the independence without reference to the treaty. This straightforward and vigorous policy had the desired effect. Jay, the American commissioner at the Court of Madrid, who at one time had been the earnest advocate of a triple alliance between America, France, and Spain, was now altogether as eager for a separate treaty with England; this change of mind having been brought about by the opportune discovery that the French and Spanish Courts were agreed in denying the claim of the United States to the valley of the Mississippi. Jay went to Paris, and, without consulting Franklin, induced his colleague, Benjamin Vaughan, to go to England, for the purpose of forwarding a separate treaty with the United States. At the same time Rayneval was sent over by Vergennes to counteract the American envoy. In the difficult position in which he was thus placed—prepared to concede substantially all the demands of America, and proposing to conclude a general peace without making any real concession to the great patrons of the young republic—Shelburne displayed the qualities of a master of the art of negotiation. Having insensibly drawn away the Americans from the concert with their allies, on which they had insisted as the indispensable condition of treating, Shelburne now sought in like manner to detach France from Spain and the Northern Powers. With a frankness which seldom fails to baffle professional diplomacy, Shelburne at once told the French Minister, that he perfectly understood that the concession of American independence alone would not satisfy France; and he stated in plain language what he was prepared to give up, and what he meant to retain:—a couple of West India islands; an adjustment of the claims of the French on the coast of Africa and on the banks of Newfoundland; the abrogation of the clauses in former treaties relating to Dunkirk; and the settlement of the commercial relations between the two countries on a liberal basis, were the principal concessions. A demand made by Rayneval for the restitution of the British conquests in India was peremptorily refused. A claim put forward by the French Minister on behalf of Spain for the cession of Gibraltar, and urged with much pertinacity, was likewise firmly resisted. Shelburne declared he would continue the war without hesitation rather than yield this point. ‘I have told the King and the Cabinet,’ said he, ‘that as an English Minister I have only three courses before me—to make war *à outrance*, to conclude a peace, or to resign.’ He went on to flatter the Frenchman by adding, that there were only three people whose agreement was necessary to secure peace—himself, Rayneval,

and Vergennes. 'There was once a time,' he said, 'when a cannon-shot could not be fired in Europe without the consent of France and England, but now the Northern Powers aspire to act independently of us. Thus by our determination to injure one another, we have both lost our position. Let us change principles so erroneous; let us unite; let us agree; and we shall dictate terms to the rest of Europe.' Rayneval went away charmed with the result of his mission, and advised his Court to place confidence in the sincerity and friendship of the English Minister. Vaughan also was equally satisfied. Shelburne at once consented to the Americans' request, that the new commission to Oswald should describe their territory not as Colonies and Plantations, but as 'the thirteen United States of America.' We need not follow the negotiation through all its varying fortunes. The triumphant defence of Gibraltar, which was accomplished soon after the conversations with Rayneval above referred to, had almost caused the treaty to be broken off. The English war-party, represented in the Cabinet by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Keppel, and supported by the King, insisted on demanding better terms; while the war-party in France was with difficulty restrained by Vergennes and Rayneval. A serious obstacle to the settlement with America arose from the claims of the loyalists to indemnity and compensation claims; which the British Government were bound in justice and honour to press, but which the American commissioners, with equal reason, refused to admit. The matter was at length settled by the Americans undertaking that no further confiscation of the property of the loyalists should take place, and that Congress should recommend to the Provincial Legislatures the grant of an amnesty and restitution of confiscated estates. The treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States of America was signed at Paris on November 30, 1782, and on January 28, 1783, separate treaties with France and Spain were likewise concluded.

Amongst the loose charges brought against Lord Shelburne, one is that he was in favour of the surrender of Gibraltar to Spain; and so strongly was this impressed on the mind of William IV. that on the formation of Lord Grey's Cabinet in 1830, that sovereign insisted on a declaration from Lord Lansdowne that he had no intention to renew Lord Shelburne's proposition to cede Gibraltar. It now turns out, that it was not Lord Lansdowne's father but King William's father who would have ceded Gibraltar! On December 11, 1782, George III. addressed to Lord Shelburne a letter in which



the following passage occurs: ‘*I should wish if possible to get rid of Gibraltar*, and to have as much possessions in the West Indies as possible; for it has been my wish ever since peace has been on the carpet to get rid of ideal advantages for those that, by a good administration, may form solid ones to this country.’\*

While Shelburne was engaged in the completion of this great work, a plot was matured for putting an end to his Administration. The pretext was to be the condemnation of the treaties, the terms of which were not yet settled. But any pretext would have served the purpose of a combination the most shameless that the history of faction has recorded. The reconciliation of political foes is a common occurrence; unless consistency is to be ranked among the highest of public virtues, it would be absurd to condemn public men to a life of perpetual hostility; and it is possible to imagine circumstances in which the coalition of 1783 would have been excusable and even patriotic. The people of this country, while preferring consistency as a rule, have never been hasty to censure the occasional co-operation of political opponents; but a coalition for the purpose of dividing place and power is an outrage upon public morality. Fox and North, when they united their forces, and gathered up all the floating elements of discontent and corruption to be found in Parliament, believed that their victory was assured. It never occurred to them to take account of that public opinion which is more powerful than courts and parties and Parliament combined, and which visited their offence with a swift and exemplary retribution. For nearly fifty years the Whigs were banished from office; in the school of adversity they studied the interests, and relied on the support of the people; and thus when they were recalled to power by the unanimous voice of the nation, they relied less on party connexion than on those principles of freedom and progress which, after a long period of discredit, were at length adopted, and have ever since been maintained as the true principles of government and legislation.

The united parliamentary forces of Fox and North were not strong enough of themselves to overthrow the Ministry; but they were aided by circumstances which turned the scale in their favour. Shelburne had undertaken a task which is generally thankless, always perilous. He had planned extensive schemes of economy, and was bent upon a thorough reform of the public departments. This raised against him a host

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\* ‘*Life of Shelburne*,’ vol. iii. p. 313.

of enemies, with influential connexions both social and political, while no equivalent support was obtained. Neither the Court nor the Ministers desired to see patronage curtailed, while the taxpayers regarded with indifference a relief which would produce no sensible effect upon their burdens; and there were not wanting the usual cries, familiar to the ears of economical reformers, of 'parsimony and cheese-paring,' and of 'sacrificing efficiency to economy.' Not content with plans of retrenchment, Shelburne had intimated a design of extinguishing a number of nomination boroughs for the purpose of adding one hundred members to the county representation; a measure similar to that which Chatham had recommended, and which Pitt had proposed the year before when Rockingham was Minister. Both Whig and Tory were united in resisting a scheme which went to deprive so many parliamentary potentates of their control over the gifts of the Crown and the government of the country. By this menace, therefore, Shelburne alarmed and disgusted another powerful interest. Some of the loose unattached members of the House of Commons who called themselves, or were called, King's Friends, inquired what consideration they were to receive for their support; but they were told that the proceedings of 1763 were not to be repeated, and that the peace must rest on its own merits for the approbation of Parliament. We have here shown sufficient causes of discontent to endanger a powerful and united Administration backed by the support of the Crown. But Shelburne, far from being the head of a united Administration, was deserted by some of his principal colleagues, and had to seek for new connexions. The King, with his usual duplicity in dealing with his Whig Ministers, gave Shelburne full authority to treat in any question, on the one condition that he himself should remain at the head of the Government; a condition, which his Majesty, who knew the state of parties better than any man in his kingdom, probably thought impracticable. Shelburne, after an overture to some of the followers of North which met with no encouragement, made a distinct proposal through Pitt to Fox and his friends; but Fox positively refused to belong to any Administration of which Shelburne was the head. Shelburne then sounded North, but North said, 'it was too late.' In fact the Coalition had already been agreed upon, and the plan of action was settled. The treaties were of course the ground of attack. The Government moved an Address of approval in measured and even diffident terms; to which an Amendment, leaving out all the words of approval, and substituting words of evasion and re-

serve, was moved in both Houses. The treaties were powerfully defended by Shelburne in the Lords, and by Pitt in the Commons. In reply to those orators who expressed the opinion then prevalent that the prosperity of the country depended on commercial monopoly, Shelburne, educated in the new school of the Economists, did not hesitate to avow his belief that

‘Monopolies, some way or other, are ever justly punished. They forbid rivalry, and rivalry is of the very essence of the well-being of trade. This seems to be the era of Protestantism in trade. All Europe appears enlightened, and eager to throw off the vile shackles of oppressive and ignorant monopoly; that unmanly and illiberal principle, which is at once ungenerous and deceitful. A few interested Canadian merchants may complain; for merchants always love monopoly, without taking a moment’s time to think whether it is for their interest or not. I avow that monopoly is always unwise; but if there is any nation under heaven which ought to be first to reject monopoly, it is the English. Situated as we are between the old world and the new, and between southern and northern Europe, all we ought to covet upon earth is free trade, and fair equality. With more industry, with more enterprise, with more capital than any trading nation upon earth, it ought to be our constant cry, let every market be open, let us meet our rivals fairly, and we ask no more.’ (Vol. iii. p. 348.)

The Address was carried in the Lords by the narrow majority of 13; but in the Commons the Government were beaten by a majority of 16. Many of Shelburne’s friends urged him to appeal to the country; and arguing from the signal success of the dissolution in the following year, it is possible that this step promptly taken might have dispersed the Coalition. But we agree with Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice that a dissolution at that moment would have been premature and inopportune. The country, though tired of the war, was not yet reconciled to the peace; and there was a prevalent opinion, inflamed by the speeches and pamphlets of the Opposition, that too much had been conceded both to the revolted Colonies and to the foreign enemy. Shelburne himself had none of the personal popularity which counts for so much at a general election. He was indeed the most unpopular of the statesmen who had made a prominent figure since Bute. A persistent course of slander had fixed upon his name the stain of duplicity; and at best he was considered one of those proud exclusive Whigs whose rivalries and dissensions had long been regarded by the nation with impatience and disgust. Shelburne perfectly understood his position; he knew that he had no following in the country, and he had reason to think he was not supported by the King. The ground of this suspicion was

that the Court contingent, which had played such an important part during the present reign in making and unmaking Ministers, had voted with the Opposition in the recent division. He imparted his suspicions to Pitt, and it was agreed that if the King's friends should support a motion condemning the treaty in express terms, of which Lord John Cavendish had given notice, the resignation of Lord Shelburne should be signified to the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. As soon as the House assembled on the evening of February 21, it became known that Cavendish's motion was to be carried; and Pitt, recognising the fact that the Ministry and not the treaties were on their trial, expanded his speech into a general defence of their policy; and alluding to the event which was imminent, he concluded with a fine passage, which, though often quoted, will bear repetition:—

‘I repeat, then, that it is not this treaty, it is the Earl of Shelburne alone whom the movers of this question are desirous to wound. This is the object which has raised this storm of faction; this is the aim of the unnatural coalition to which I have alluded. If, however, the baneful alliance is not already formed, if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnised, I know a just and lawful impediment, and, in the name of the public safety, I here forbid the bans.’ (*Parliamentary History*, vol. xxiii. p. 550.)

Two days after this decisive vote, Shelburne resigned; and after various attempts to patch up the Government, the Coalition Ministry was formed, with the Duke of Portland at its head, and Lord North and Fox Secretaries of State.

Lord Shelburne's Administration lasted scarcely a twelve-month. Its principal act was to put an end to the protracted war, which had been wantonly begun and feebly conducted by a former Government. Two British armies had capitulated in America; French and Spanish fleets had appeared in the Channel. The Northern Powers had entered into a league to cripple the naval force of England. There had never been a concurrence of circumstances in the history of this country so unfavourable to the conclusion of an honourable peace. Yet Shelburne, by consummate skill, prudence, and temper, through many difficulties, not the least of which arose from his own colleagues, at length succeeded in obtaining treaties which made no substantial concession to the Continental Powers, and emancipated America without humiliation to the mother country.

‘En effet,’ says the American historian to whom we have already referred, ‘le traité du 30 Novembre ne fut pas un compromis ni un accord imposé par la force; ce fut une solution libre et parfaite, un

arrangement destiné à durer perpétuellement sur tous les points qui avaient été mis en question.' \*

We will add another just and graceful tribute to Shelburne from the same writer:—

'Le mérite d'avoir mis un terme à une lutte meurtrière entre des hommes d'une même parenté et d'un même langage, de l'avoir fait en se mettant au-dessus des préjugés, d'y avoir employé la modération, d'avoir agi par un désir sincère de la réconciliation, d'avoir cédé franchement à l'Amérique la jouissance de ses avantages naturels; enfin d'avoir poursuivi avec habileté un plan bien conçu à l'effet de gagner, par la liberté des transactions commerciales, une magnifique compensation pour la perte du monopole et l'abandon de la souveraineté; ce mérite appartient à Lord Shelburne au-dessus des autres hommes d'État que la Grande-Bretagne possédait alors.' (Vol. ii. p. 208.)

Besides the pacification of Europe and America, Shelburne engaged in another enterprise which no Minister who consulted his own ease and safety would have attempted, and which in fact contributed materially to his fall. He had drawn up an extensive scheme for the reform of the public service which, in consequence of the system of parliamentary management, had become a sink of jobbery and corruption. He thus raised up a host of enemies, which no Minister in those days could withstand. Even in the last hour of his Administration, Shelburne made an effort to carry through Parliament a bill to open the commercial intercourse between this country and the United States of America, in accordance with terms which had been settled by the British envoys at Paris and the American Commissioners. One of the first acts of the Coalition was to stop this excellent measure; and the opportunity thus lost of establishing commercial relations with the United States upon the basis of free trade has never to this moment been repaired.

With the exception of one speech, in which he made a forcible attack upon the financial measures of Lord John Cavendish, Shelburne took no part in public affairs during the remainder of the session. Meanwhile a cloud of obloquy was gathering round the Coalition; and the first great measure which they brought forward was manifestly designed to secure themselves in power for a certain number of years, independent of the Crown and the country. By the principal provision of the East India Bill, the whole government and patronage of India was to be vested in seven commissioners, who were to remain in office for a fixed period of four years, *and to be*

*appointed by Parliament.* The effect of this provision was to enable the Minister who could command a majority of the House of Commons to maintain himself in power for four years at least without fear of disturbance. The bill, nevertheless, passed the Commons by a majority of more than two to one, and its passage through the Upper House was looked upon as a matter of course. The King, however, was determined to fight his Ministers with their own weapon. As they had made an attempt to encroach on the constitutional rights of the Crown, so did the King, in order to defeat that attempt, resort to an unconstitutional interference with the freedom of Parliament. He caused it to be intimated through Lord Temple to such peers as were willing to listen to such a communication, 'that he should deem those who should vote for the bill not only not his friends but his enemies.' The consequence was the rejection of the bill in the House of Lords by a decisive majority. The King, who never lacked courage and decision, was resolved to carry through the bold policy on which he had entered. Finding that the Ministers showed no intention of resigning on the day after the vote on the Indian Bill, the King sent at midnight a peremptory order to North and Fox to deliver up the seals, and to send them by the Under Secretaries, as the personal attendance of the Ministers themselves would not be agreeable to him. The seals were provisionally given to Lord Temple, who was also employed to write letters of dismissal to the other members of the Cabinet; but if that lord expected his Majesty's commands to form a new Administration, he was mistaken, for Mr. Pitt was immediately appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. His colleagues, with the exceptions of Lords Gower, Thurlow, and Sydney (Thomas Townshend), were men of no political mark or experience, and comprised not a single member of the Lower House. Though many were found to applaud the spirited insult offered to an overbearing cabal, there were few who seriously thought the new Ministry could last. A young man of five-and-twenty without any party following, even though he was backed by the whole power and influence of the Court, seemed to have little chance against the most powerful combination that had ever been arrayed in Parliament. The seals of office which had been taken from North and Fox, after many refusals, were accepted by Lord Sydney and Lord Carmarthen.

While Pitt found the greatest difficulty in persuading any man of note to join his Administration, it is a notable fact that he made no overture of any kind to Shelburne. If there was

one man more than another to whom the young Minister might have looked for aid and counsel in the difficult enterprise which he had undertaken, it was his father's friend and his late chief; but it is certain that Shelburne was neither consulted nor invited to take part in the new arrangements. Historians of the reign of George III. have been unable to account for a slight apparently so wanton and ungrateful. The explanation, like that of many other mysteries, lies near the surface, and has been supplied by the research of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice among the papers at Lansdowne House. There were several causes for the exclusion of Shelburne, neither of them separately insuperable but collectively of great weight. In the first place, the King was against him. It was his Majesty's habit to accuse every Minister of deserting him who could not carry through the policy of the Court; and he was especially incensed against Shelburne for abandoning him to the Coalition. Shelburne's offence had been aggravated by his absence from the division on the India Bill, after Temple had been instructed to signify his Majesty's pleasure. The King's repugnance to a particular Minister, however, might have been got over, as it had been on former occasions, if the head of the Government had insisted on the appointment. But the real reason which decided Pitt not to offer office to Shelburne is to be found in the correspondence of their common friend Mr. Orde.\* According to Dundas, the excuse which Pitt made was that he felt a delicacy in offering office to a man under whom he had so recently held office himself. The truth was that he did not venture to weight himself with the load of unpopularity which, however unjustly, had attached to Shelburne. This was plainly expressed by Lord Sydney in a conversation with Orde:—

'He declared,' the latter wrote to Shelburne, 'in the strongest terms his own regard to your Lordship, and his sense of the obligations he lay under to you, which he was proud to acknowledge everywhere, and also his conviction that there never was a Minister who might be more depended on for spirit, ability, and steadiness, and for sacred adherence to all engagements in business. He lamented, however, the effect and absolute influence of prejudice, which at this moment prevented the applications which might otherwise have been made to you. He said that it was in vain to combat it. The prevalence of it would by degrees diminish and die away, but that at present it would not be much more alarming to many to bring Lord Bute forward. He touched also

\* Secretary of the Treasury, afterwards Secretary for Ireland, created Lord Bolton after his marriage with the natural daughter and heiress of the last Duke of Bolton.

upon another ground of apprehension, which affected some people, that your Lordship's known principle was to be absolute ; that you was to absorb all power ; and others were to act only as your puppets. He solemnly declared however, that he spoke not this, as conveying any feeling of his own, for he had found your Lordship everything he could have wished, in the conduct of the Administration. Without making any answer to this, I contented myself with expressing surprise, that no compliment should have been paid to you by any communication whatever of any plan or particulars of what was to be done. He could only, he said, desire me to consider the extreme difficulty and delicacy of doing it, when the conduct of the whole was not to be entrusted to you. My reply was of course much the same as I had made upon a like occasion to Mr. Pitt.' (*Orde to Shelburne*, Dec. 18, 1783.)

Shelburne, whose faults were of the grand order, free from any sense of petty personal resentments, wrote at once to Sydney assuring him that the Government should have his support. After the general election had resulted in the total rout of the Opposition, the main obstacle to Shelburne's return to office had been removed ; but instead of office he was offered a step in the peerage ; and the acceptance of this offer seems to have been considered by Pitt as an acquittance of Shelburne's claims upon the Government.

Shelburne, when he became Marquis of Lansdowne, though in the vigour of his years and the maturity of his experience, ceased to play a prominent part in public life. He never again held office ; but his principles, as his biographer justly remarks, were adopted by Pitt, and the measures founded on those principles have raised the fame of Pitt far above the average level of successful parliamentary statesmen. Lord Lansdowne continued his support to the Ministry for the next three years, though he seldom attended Parliament. But in 1786, acting consistently on his principle of 'measures, not men,' Lord Lansdowne went down to the House of Lords, and opposed the India Bill with so much power that extraordinary efforts were made to assure its safety. A still more important difference took place a few years later. Pitt, departing from the policy of his father, considered the balance of power to be seriously endangered by the avowed intention of Russia to seize upon Constantinople, and resolved to resist it. Fox made one of his finest and most finished speeches against the Russian armament, as it was called, and Lord Lansdowne took the leading part in the Upper House in opposition to the scheme. For the first time since Pitt came into power Parliament hesitated in its implicit obedience to his will. The majorities fell off, a change of Ministry was even talked about, and Pitt was forced to abandon the enterprise which he had so rashly undertaken.



Warned by this failure, the Minister, whose strength lay in domestic administration, flattered himself that he might withdraw from the thorny paths of foreign politics and close the map of Europe. Yet at this very time, the French Revolution had begun, and England was on the eve of a war, the longest and the most hazardous of any war in which she had ever been engaged. The Crown and the Government seemed to require a firmer support than Mr. Pitt, aided only by a Cabinet of nominees, could afford. A negotiation set on foot by Lord Loughborough to bring back Fox and his friends came to nothing. The King on his own part made an overture to Lord Lansdowne, who replied by a long and confused paper on men and measures, from which a clearer intellect than that of George III. might have failed to extract the meaning. This attempt was, therefore, likewise a failure; and Mr. Pitt remained, strengthened by the abortive efforts to discredit and displace him. From this time his policy assumed a more decided tone. He offered an uncompromising opposition to the democratic doctrines imported from France, and sought to put them down by force of law. This policy produced an immediate effect upon the Opposition. Fox had vehemently committed himself to the extreme doctrines of the French Revolution. Burke had denounced them with all the resources of his rich and copious eloquence. One section of the Whigs, following the lead of Burke, formally gave in their adhesion to the Government; some of them taking office, and being thenceforth absorbed into the Tory party, which then resumed its distinctive form and organisation. The Whig Opposition, which amidst the terrors and distractions of the times, still firmly adhered to their ancient principles, was almost annihilated. They could barely muster twenty votes in the Commons, and half a dozen in the Lords. Fox in the one House, and Lord Lansdowne in the other, were the leaders of this forlorn hope of freedom. Political adversity thus brought together the two public men who had hitherto been most consistent in their mutual hostility. The reconciliation of Lansdowne and Fox, if not personally cordial, was frank and lasting. When the King's illness, in 1801, seemed likely to end in a regency, Lord Moira was instructed by the Prince of Wales to consult Lord Lansdowne on the arrangements to be made in that event, and a Cabinet, including Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Fox as Secretaries of State, was agreed upon. But the King recovered, the Peace of Amiens was broken, and Mr. Pitt, who had temporarily withdrawn, resumed his post at the head of affairs. Fox admitted that the Opposition was now hopeless. Lord

Lansdowne's career was drawing to its close. The last speech he made in Parliament was a protest against the renewal of the war. The short remainder of his life was passed at Bowood, where he died on May 7, 1805.

'If life and health had been continued to him a little longer,' says Lord Edmond, 'he would probably have been a member of the Coalition Ministry formed in 1806 by Lord Grenville and Fox, or perhaps he would have been satisfied with seeing Lord Henry Petty filling the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer at the age of twenty-six. His remains were interred in the church of High Wycombe, in the county which has given five Premiers to Great Britain. No tasteless monument nor fulsome inscription disfigures his grave, but if any epitaph were needed to mark where he rests, it might be found in the words attributed to Bentham, that alone of his own time, the first Lord Lansdowne was "a Minister who did not fear the people."'

For a fuller account of this eminent person, and of the public transactions in which he bore a prominent part, we must refer our readers to the well-written volumes before us. History has not done justice to the character of the first Marquis of Lansdowne, who only wanted the opportunity to have taken his place in the first rank of English statesmen. During his short Administration he concluded a disastrous war by a peace in which the interests and the honour of the country were duly regarded, and the domestic policy which he pursued was only in fault inasmuch as it was in advance of the knowledge and morality of the time. His personal failings were certainly not those of casuistry and duplicity which are popularly attributed to him. He rather erred from a stubborn faith in the virtue of principle, and a contemptuous neglect of those party connexions without which, even in this improved age, it is difficult to carry any measure bearing the stamp of novelty or progress. But in truth Lord Shelburne was even more of a political philosopher than a statesman, and his political philosophy was far above the level of his own age. He was an ardent champion of American independence. He hailed with enthusiasm the French Revolution. He had always firmly maintained that France ought not to be the enemy, but the friend and ally, of England. He was the strenuous advocate of free trade. He was for Catholic Emancipation and complete religious equality before the law. He would have proposed a Reform Bill and the disfranchisement of nomination boroughs. He was in favour of the rights of the neutral flag in time of war. He did institute a close search into the gross abuses that pervaded every branch of the Administration. His house became, what it continued to be for two generations, a centre of cultivated and liberal

society, for Priestley, Price, Morellet, Dumont, Romilly, Bentham, were among his most constant associates. On all these points Lord Shelburne was fifty years ahead of his own times; and whatever place may be assigned him in the ranks of party, he was undoubtedly one of the most genuine Liberals who has ever played a part in the affairs of England. If his public life was on the whole a failure, it was throughout consistent in its adherence to these Liberal principles; it was neither stained by corruption nor disfigured by faction; and in one respect Lord Lansdowne was most fortunate; his declining years were cheered by the early promise of a son who ultimately inherited his honours and added lustre to his name.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Discoveries at Ephesus*. By J. T. WOOD, F.S.A. London: 1877.

2. *Beiträge zur Geschichte u. Topographie Kleinasiens*. Von E. CURTIUS. Berlin: 1872.

3. *Ephesos*. Von E. CURTIUS. Berlin: 1874.

4. *Ephesos im ersten Christlichen Jahrhundert*. Von G. A. ZIMMERMANN. Leipzig: 1874.

**M**ORE than twenty-two centuries ago, in the year 356 before the Christian era, two remarkable events are recorded to have taken place on the same night. The queen of Philip of Macedon gave birth to a son destined to be the conqueror of the East, and the Temple of the Ephesian Artemis was burnt by Herostratus. The Ephesian people were not long in repairing this great calamity, and the new temple which they erected far surpassed its predecessor in magnificence. It is this temple which, when St. Paul visited Ephesus, ranked among the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, and of which the site, long sought for by travellers, was found by Mr. Wood in 1873.

Before noticing the series of remarkable discoveries narrated in his book, it may be well to give some account of the earlier temples of the Ephesian Artemis, and of the city with which her world-famous worship was associated through so many centuries. The first event in the history of Ephesus which has any claim to be historical is the establishment there of a colony from Greece, under the leadership of Androklos, son of the Attic King Kodros. This event, which is said to have taken place B.C. 1044, is presented to us in that legendary garb in which the naked facts of Greek tradition were so con-

stantly clothed before the beginning of regular history. Androklos, says the local legend as Pausanias gives it, landed with his band of adventurers at a particular spot on the Ionian coast, to which they were directed by an oracle. Here, some fishermen having lit a fire to broil some fish near a fountain, startled a boar out of the brushwood, which was chased over the rocky ground near the shore, and killed by Androklos. This incident is commemorated on the coins of Ephesus, as late as the second century of our era, on which Androklos, with the title of *Ktistes*, 'Founder,' is represented slaying the boar. In the time of the Antonines, the tomb of this hero was still to be seen at Ephesus, on the road leading from the Magnesian Gate to the Temple of Artemis.

Notwithstanding the legendary character of this story, there seems to be no just ground for rejecting the main fact which it embodies, that a band of settlers from Attica established themselves at Ephesus, somewhere about the middle of the eleventh century B.C., when the Ionic immigration took place along the west coast of Asia Minor. But even at this very remote period, if we are to believe Pausanias, the worship of Artemis had been established at Ephesus from time immemorial, and this tradition is mixed up with the story of that mysterious product of Asiatic myth, the Amazons, who are said to have been the first attendants of the goddess, and whose reputed descendants in after times dwelt round her temple, blended with a population of Lydians and Leleges. These aboriginal races Androklos gradually drove before him, so as to secure for his colony a strong mountainous position called Coressus, and the command of a harbour communicating with the sea through the channel of the Cayster. Then, by an arrangement very common in the early Greek colonies, there grew up side by side two communities, one composed of natives, who dwelt round the Temple of Artemis, the other of Greek newcomers; and at Ephesus, as at Halicarnassus and elsewhere on the Ionian coast, a friendly understanding was after a time established between these two populations.

On reference to Mr. Wood's map we can easily recognise the site which must have been occupied by Androklos. It must have extended over the mountain formerly called Peion or Prion, but which Mr. Wood, for reasons which we shall have to explain, calls Coressus. The sacred harbour and the fountain Hypelaos, both of which figure in the legend of Androklos, must have been somewhere on the lower ground, at the foot of the mountain ridge which bounds Ephesus to the south, and which is called Prion by Mr. Wood. The native population

must have dwelt in the plain round the Temple of Artemis, and probably fortified the hill on which the Byzantine Castle of Ayasoluk now stands.

The goddess whose worship Androklos found so long established at Ephesus received the name of Artemis from the Greeks, from the resemblance which they discovered between her attributes and rites and those of the huntress-daughter of Latona, whom they themselves worshipped. But the distinction between the Asiatic and Hellenic deity was never lost sight of in Greek art and literature. The Ephesian Artemis, whose original name is said to have been Upis, was one of several deities in Asia Minor, whose worship the Greek settlers found much too firmly established to be rooted out, and whom they therefore adopted into their own system of mythology. Such were the Hera of Samos, the Zeus of Labranda, the Artemis Leukophryne of Magnesia, and the Artemis of Perga. The types of these primitive deities are barbaric and un-Hellenic. Most of them we know only from representations on coins struck by Asiatic cities under the Roman Empire; but the type of the Ephesian Artemis, from the world-wide celebrity of her worship, has come down to us in several statues of the Roman period, all probably derived from the idol so long and profoundly venerated at Ephesus.\* The goddess in these Roman replicas is represented as a female figure, the body a mere trunk lessening to the base with feet placed close together, as if copied from a mummy. On her chest are several parallel rows of pendulous breasts, whence she was called Polymammia; below are various symbols, such as bees, flowers, fruit, rows of projecting heads of bulls and gryphons and other animals; on her arms, which are supported on each side by an oblique strut or stick, are lions crawling upwards. How far these strange symbols are part of the original type, or which of them may have been additions due to the Pantheistic tendency of Paganism under the Roman Empire, we have no means of determining; nor do we know much as to the import of these symbols, though volumes of erudition have been written in the hope of explaining them ever since the revival of learning. The statement of St. Jerome that the Artemis of Ephesus, whom he carefully distinguishes from the Greek huntress, is the mother of all animal life, and that therefore her type was Polymammia, is probably well founded. The *modius*, or corn measure, which she wears on her head, is certainly an attribute of Chtho-

\* For the types of the Ephesian Artemis and other similar Greco-Asiatic Deities, see Gerhard, 'Antike Bildwerke,' Pl. 305, 307, 308.

nian or telluric deities, and so perhaps may be the flowers, fruit, and bees; the disk or *polos* round the head, the signs of the zodiac on the breast, the gryphons, and the lions seem rather to embody a lunar myth. The symbol of the bees must be viewed in connexion with the fact that the priestesses of the Ephesian Artemis were called *Melissæ*, and certain of her priests *Essenes*; the name given by the Greeks to what, in ignorance of natural history, they called the king-bee.\* Herr Curtius thinks that the worship of Artemis may have been founded at Ephesus by the Carians and the Phœnicians, to whom the abundance of springs here may have suggested the dedication of a shrine to the great goddess of nature, who makes the earth fertile by humidity.

After the death of the founder Androklos, his sons were expelled from power by an antimonarchical movement, and the Ionian colony was strengthened by the importation of new settlers from Teos and Karene. The original division into three tribes was enlarged, and the boundaries of the city extended, spreading from Coressus to Peion.† Some time in the seventh century B.C. a great host of Cimmerian invaders swept like locusts over Asia Minor, advancing as far as the west coast. The Ephesian Kallinoe, one of the earliest elegiac poets of Ionia, tried in vain at this crisis to awaken by his verse the martial ardour of his fellow-citizens. The Cimmerians encamped in the plain traversed by the Cayster, and partially burnt the Temple of Artemis, the plunder of which, however, is said to have been averted by the special intervention of the goddess. It is about this time that the history of Ephesus begins to be connected with the neighbouring kingdom of Lydia, then ruled by the dynasty of whom Gyges was the founder about B.C. 715-690. The tendency of this dynasty in the successive reigns of Ardys, Sadyattes, and Alyattes was to advance westward so as to menace the independence of the flourishing Ionic settlements. Sadyattes and Alyattes several times invaded the territory of Miletus, and the final subjugation of the Ionian cities was accomplished by their successor Cræsus, whose wealth, derived from the gold of the Pactolus, has become a proverb for all time. Ephesus contrived to make better terms with the conqueror than any other Ionian city. Its position on the coast made it the

\* Curtius, 'Beiträge,' p. 7. Compare Zimmermann, pp. 87-105.

† For the orthography of this name, sometimes written Prion in ancient texts, see the coin of Ephesus cited by Curtius, 'Beiträge,' p. 2, note 2.

natural port of Sardes, and it was probably to strengthen commercial relations that Alyattes married his daughter to the Ephesian Melas, a descendant of the royal house of Androklos, and of high repute among his fellow-citizens. The issue of this marriage was a son called Pindarus, who, in the reign of Cræsus, became the principal citizen in Ephesus. In the course of his invasion of Ionia, Cræsus laid siege to Ephesus, and then it was that Pindarus is said to have saved the city by a singular device. He attached a rope from the Temple of Artemis to the city wall, from which it was distant nearly a mile. After this Cræsus allowed the Ephesians to capitulate on honourable terms. The meaning of this curious story probably is that this was a solemn form of dedication by which the Ionian colony was placed under the protection of the Asiatic goddess, and such an act seems to have brought about a closer amalgamation between the Greek city in Coressus and the native community dwelling round the temple. More than one reason may have combined to induce Cræsus to grant such favourable terms to the Ephesians. He is said to have raised money in the time of his father by means of a rich Ephesian merchant, and he may have thought that his commercial relations would be most securely developed by favouring one Ionian city at the expense of the rest. Again, the Ephesian Artemis, as an Asiatic deity, was to him an object of special reverence, and hence the protection of the goddess which Pindarus invoked for the city by the solemn act of dedication would not be without its influence on the conqueror. Herodotus states that some time during his reign, Cræsus dedicated most of the columns in the Temple of Artemis, and also some golden bulls. We know therefore that it must have been in course of construction between B.C. 560 and 546. The date of its commencement is approximately fixed by the fact that it was Theodorus, the celebrated architect and sculptor of Samos, who recommended the laying the foundations on fleeces of wool and charcoal, because the site was marshy. The date of Theodorus is a matter of dispute, but he probably lived not earlier than B.C. 600.

The sixth century before the Christian era was a teeming age when Greek commerce and navigation were being largely developed, and much of the wealth thus suddenly accumulated was employed in building temples and in costly dedications. It was then that solid and sumptuous edifices built of marble and stone were substituted for the wooden structures of the earlier generations, or for the rude altar and time-hallowed idol, sometimes preserved in a hollow tree. The Heræum

at Samos, the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and the Artemision at Ephesus were all begun between B.C. 600 and 500; and it was in the latter part of the same century, according to Pliny, that marble was first employed in sculpture by two Cretan artists. The first architect of the Ephesian temple was Chersiphron, and it was continued by his son Metagenes, who is said by Vitruvius to have made an ingenious contrivance for transporting the huge architrave stones from the quarry to the temple. After these great blocks had been rough-hewn into beams, a wheel was so fixed to either end that the whole mass with each revolution of the wheels moved forward clear of the ground. The architrave stones were then lowered into their place on the building by means of paniers of sand placed under them. As the sand ran out, the gradual collapse of the paniers gently lowered the stones on their beds. One block, however, which formed the architrave over the principal doorway, was too unwieldy for the mechanical ingenuity of the architect. In the vexation and perplexity of his spirit he had an illness, in the course of which the goddess appeared to him in a nightly vision, and said, 'Be of good cheer, for I myself will see to the placing of the architrave;' and in the morning, behold, the great refractory mass had, *proprio motu*, subsided with the utmost nicety into its appointed place. This temple, according to Pliny, took 120 years to build, and was finished on an enlarged plan by Pæonius, the architect of the Temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, and Demetrius. All the Ionian cities are said to have contributed to the building of the Artemision, which Brunn supposes to have been completed about 460 B.C.\* The long delay in finishing it is accounted for when we consider the momentous revolutions which troubled Asia Minor in the space of time between its founding and completion. In that interval took place the destruction of the Lydian monarchy and the subjugation of Ionia by Cyrus, the revolt of the Ionians under Darius Hystaspes, the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and the maritime ascendancy of Athens, which was its result, and through which most of the cities of Ionia were finally reduced to a state of vassalage. On reference to the record of tribute lists in Attic inscriptions, we find the Ephesians paying tribute to Athens about the time when their temple was completed. This dependence lasted till the great Athenian disaster in Sicily, after which Ephesus sided with the enemies of Athens. The

\* H. Brunn, 'Geschichte d. Griech. Künstler,' ii. p. 383.



sympathies of the city had been more with Persia than with Greece ever since the time of Darius Hystaspes. It was the aim of Mardonius to make Ephesus the chief port of Persia on the west coast of Asia Minor; it was to the Ephesians that Xerxes entrusted his children during his expedition to Greece; and the Artemision was the only temple in Ionia which he did not plunder and destroy, probably because it was dedicated to an Asiatic goddess. Thus again, when the Athenians invaded Ephesus in the latter part of the Peloponnesian War, the Persian satrap Tissaphernes made a sumptuous sacrifice at the Temple of Artemis, and levied an army in her defence against the Greek invaders.

Ephesus continued to yield more and more to Asiatic influence till Lysander, and afterwards Agesilaus, made it the headquarters of their armies, and revived Hellenic spirit in the city. After this the struggle was not between Persian and Greek influence, but between the oligarchical party ruling by the aid of Sparta, and the democratic party who invited the interference of Philip of Macedon. These parties contended with varying fortune till the invasion of Alexander put an end to the struggle.

We have now brought the history of Ephesus down to the period of the burning of the temple by Herostratus, B.C. 356. The building of the new temple was probably commenced immediately after this catastrophe. Some money was raised by the sale of the columns of the old temple and by the voluntary contributions of Ephesian ladies, who even sold their jewels for this holy purpose. Many of the columns of the new temple were the gift of kings. When Alexander the Great passed through Ephesus after his victory at the Granicus, he re-established the democracy, and after assigning to Artemis the tribute previously paid to the Persian king, tried to conciliate the goddess with a great sacrifice, which was accompanied by a procession of his whole army in battle-array.

It was probably on this occasion that he offered to defray the entire expenses of rebuilding the temple, provided the Ephesians would allow him to inscribe his name on it as dedicator. The priests, who probably still secretly favoured the cause of the Persian king, declined this munificent offer, replying with an adroit cunning, that it was not meet for a god to make dedications to the gods. No such scruples occurred to the priests of Athene Polias at Priene. On the walls of that temple Alexander set his name as dedicator, probably immediately after his visit to Ephesus. The block of marble on which this is engraved may be seen in the Mausoleum Room

at the British Museum. The bold clear letters are fresh as the day they were cut.

Deinokrates, to whom Alexander entrusted the building of his new city Alexandria, was also the architect of the new temple at Ephesus, and one of the columns was sculptured by Scopas, one of the four artists employed on the Mausoleum.

How long the new Artemision took to build is not recorded, but, if Pliny's statement that the roof, which was of cedar, was 400 years old when he wrote his '*Historia Naturalis*,' about A.D. 77, is to be taken literally, the temple must have been finished about B.C. 323. It was probably on its completion that the celebrated picture was dedicated, in which Apelles painted Alexander the Great holding a thunderbolt in his hand. The sum which the painter is said to have received from the king for this picture is of fabulous amount.

After the death of Alexander the Greek cities in Asia Minor were the bone of contention among his successors. Above all they coveted the possession of Ephesus; the security of its harbour, only to be approached from the sea by a long narrow canal full of shoals at the entrance; its central position on the west coast of Asia Minor, so convenient either for fitting out naval expeditions, or for the defence of Ionia; its great trade and accumulated wealth ill-guarded by a population too prone to luxury to be formidable in war; all marked out Ephesus as the prize of successive victors in the great contest for the possession of the Macedonian empire. Already, before the battle of Ipsus, B.C. 301, it had passed from Antigonus to Lysimachus, and then back to Antigonos and Demetrius. We find it again in the possession of Lysimachus, B.C. 295. His short occupation of Ephesus forms an epoch in the history of the city. He forced the inhabitants to abandon the plain round the temple, where they had gathered ever since the time of Cræsus, and concentrated them on the original site of the colony of Androklos. The hill which former topographers call Prion, but to which Mr. Wood gives the name Coressus, was probably the acropolis of the city which Lysimachus rebuilt, and to which he gave the name of his wife Arsinoë. To him may with probability be attributed the line of walls which may still be traced on the summit of this hill, and the magnificent fortification which following the heights of the higher mountain ridge on the south (Mr. Wood's Prion and the Coressus of former topographers), completely enclosed the Lysimachian city. It was thus that the peculiar connexion between the Hellenic city and the temple which had existed ever since the time of Cræsus was finally severed. The sword

of the Macedonian conqueror cut through the tie of dependency by which priestcraft had attached the city to the temple of the Asiatic goddess; and it is a significant fact in reference to this political change, that about the time of Lysimachus the silver coins of Ephesus have for the first time the type of the Greek huntress-goddess, instead of the bee of her Asiatic namesake.

We will not here attempt to follow the chequered fortunes of Ephesus as it passed like a shuttlecock, backwards and forwards, from the Seleucidæ to the Ptolemies, then back to the Seleucidæ. After the fall of Antiochus the Great, it was added by the Romans to the dominions of Eumenes, king of Pergamus, and it was in the reign of his successor, Attalus II., that we first hear of that silting up at the mouth of the Cayster which, though very slow and gradual in its operation, ultimately destroyed the harbour of Ephesus. The mole by which Attalus tried to correct this tendency to silt up and which only aggravated the mischief, has been recognised by Mr. Wood in a massive stone embankment on the north bank of the Cayster, of which he traced the remains to a distance of within 400 yards of the present sea-board.

In the war between Mithridates and the Romans, B.C. 88, the Ephesians actively sided with the king of Pontus, not so much, according to Appian, through fear of that formidable monarch, who for the time being was master of nearly all Asia Minor, as through hatred of the Romans, whom they ruthlessly massacred, even when they had invoked the protection of their own goddess. Soon, with the political inconstancy which characterises their history from the beginning, they changed sides and became adherents of the Romans. It is curious to turn from Appian's statements to the plea put forth by the Ephesians themselves in an inscription now at Oxford, which once probably formed a part of the *cella* walls of the Artemision. In this manifesto, in which the Ephesian people declare war against Mithridates, they state that they sided with him only by compulsion, having always secretly cherished in their hearts their preference for the Roman alliance.\*

This decree must have been passed after the great defeat of Mithridates at Chæronea, and its date is probably about B.C. 86. The conqueror of Mithridates was not to be cajoled by the elaborate rhetoric of such documents, and Sylla made the Ephesians atone for the massacre of so many Roman citizens by a heavy fine.

Here the history of Ephesus as an autonomous Greek state

\* Lebas, 'Voyage Archéologique : Ionia,' p. 56, No. 136 a.

may be said to end. In the Roman civil war which followed they unluckily again chose the losing side, and, having too zealously supported Brutus and Cassius, were heavily mulcted by Mark Antony, who did not, however, omit to propitiate the goddess with a great sacrifice.

Looking back through the history of the Ephesians from Augustus to Cræsus, we find abundant evidence of their commercial prosperity and of their adroitness in conciliating powerful neighbours, and choosing allies on the winning side; but no heroic self-sacrifice, no daring spirit of maritime adventure, such as distinguished their ancient rivals the Milesians and the Phocæans. Their policy throughout is marked by selfishness and cunning; 'the lions from Hellas have become foxes' at Ephesus,' was a familiar Greek proverb.

But if their policy was thus ignoble, it was at any rate successful. The commerce of Ephesus, great even in the time of the Lydian kings, when the gold of the Pactolus was already flowing into the plain of the Cayster, grew with each century, in spite of all the wars and revolutions which harassed the west coast of Asia Minor, and destroyed many of its most flourishing cities. And thus it came to pass that in the reign of Augustus when the former greatness of Miletus had become a by-word; when Lebedus, as Horace tells us, was more deserted than Gabii and Fidenæ, and the other cities which once formed the league of the Panionium had mostly dwindled into obscurity, Ephesus not only maintained its ancient commercial supremacy, but was exalted above all the other cities of Asia Minor by the privileges and titles bestowed on it by Imperial favour. It was allowed to style itself first city of Asia and *Neokhoros* or minister of the great goddess Artemis, whose worship was thenceforth associated with that of the Emperor; for as we know from Mr. Wood's discoveries, the Augusteum was dedicated within the same *peribolos* as the Artemision as early as B.C. 6.

These titles and privileges represented substantial political advantages. We learn from Ulpian\* that, when a pro-consul proceeded to his post in Asia Minor, he was by law obliged to select Ephesus as the port where he first landed, and it was the seat of *conventus juridicus* or general assize, to which many neighbouring cities of Lydia had to refer their causes.

When we take into account the concourse of strangers which must have been drawn to Ephesus, not only by commercial or

\* Cited by Guhl, 'Ephesiaca,' p. 69. The ship and legend *κατάπλους* on certain coins of Ephesus refer to this. See Eckhel, 'Doct. Num. Vet.,' vol. iii. p. 518.

legal business, but by the fame of the worship of their great goddess, and the splendour of the festivals celebrated in her honour, we can understand why the Great Theatre was constructed on so large a scale, being capable, according to Mr. Wood's calculation, of holding upwards of 24,000 persons.

All through the Imperial period the wealth of the Artemision must have been steadily accumulating. The fisheries of the Selinousian lakes, which the kings who successively occupied Ephesus appropriated for their needs, were restored to the temple by the Romans. We know not the extent of the domain belonging to the goddess, but it was probably very large; and from Xenophon's description of the temple which he dedicated in Laconia, in humble imitation of the Ephesian Artemision, it seems likely that a large park full of sacred deer and other beasts of chase was one of the appanages of the temple.

Moreover, the great goddess had from time immemorial kept in her temple a bank of deposit; her credit was so good that for centuries the treasures of kings and of private persons were confided to her care.\* The re-investment of this money in loans, either on the security of real property or goods, must have enabled the goddess to do a very good business at all times, especially if she often had to deal with deposits on such easy terms as in the case of that made by Xenophon. In an interesting passage in the 'Anabasis' (v. iii. 13) he tells us that, when about to join a warlike expedition, he deposited with the *Neokoros* † or chief minister of the Ephesian Artemis, a sum of money, the proceeds of spoils of war. In the event of his being killed in battle this money was to be employed in any manner most pleasing and acceptable to the goddess; if he returned safe he was to have the right of reclaiming his deposit, which he accordingly did, when he met this same *Neokoros* at Olympia some years afterwards. To these sources of wealth must be added the fines and confiscations imposed by the state on those who violated its laws, and the gifts and bequests, by which, from motives of gratitude or fear, devotees were for ever seeking to propitiate the goddess. Mr. Wood's exploration of the Great Theatre brought to light a memorable specimen of such dedications.

The inscription which records it, though unfortunately incomplete, is one of the longest ever found in Asia Minor. It

\* Cited by Guhl, 'Ephesiaca,' pp. 111, 112.

† This term in Imperial times became an honorary title of the city of Ephesus itself. Mr. Grote translates it 'superintendent,' ix. p. 243.

tells us how one Vibius Salutaris,\* a Roman of equestrian rank, who had filled very high offices in the state, dedicated to Artemis a number of gold and silver statues, of which the weight is given, and a sum of money to be held in trust, and the yearly interest of which is to be applied to certain specified uses. On the 6th of the first decad of the month Thargelion (May 25), on which day the mighty goddess Artemis was born, largess is to be distributed to various public functionaries in the *pronaos* of the temple. The members of the Ephesian *Boulè*, or senate, are to receive one *drachma* each. The six tribes of the city, the high priest and the priestess of Artemis, the two *Neopoiai*, or Surveyors of the temple, the *Paidonomi* who had the charge of the education of the boys, and other fortunate personages, come in for a share of this munificent dole. The heirs of Salutaris were made liable for the due payment of the bequests in case he should die before paying over the principal or making an assignment of the rent of certain lands for the payment of the interest. The trust is guarded by stringent enactments. By a letter of Afranius Flavianus, pro-prætor, which is appended to the deed of trust, a fine of 50,000 *drachmæ* (rather less than 2,000*l.*) is inflicted on anyone, whether magistrate or private person, who attempts to set aside any of the provisions of the trust; one half of this fine is to go to the adornment of the goddess, the other half to the Imperial *fiscus*. The silver and gold figures dedicated by Salutaris are called both *εἰκόνας*, statues, and *ἀπεικονίσματα*, by which is probably meant replicas or copies of extant statues, and their weight ranges from two to seven Roman pounds. In the list we find a golden Artemis with silver stags, two silver figures of Artemis bearing a torch, a silver figure of the Roman people, a silver figure of the Equestrian Order, to which Salutaris himself belonged, a silver figure of the *Boulè*, or senate of Ephesus, a silver figure of the Ephesian *Gerousia*, a council which seems to have had to do with the management of sacred property. The greatest care is to be taken of these figures. When they require cleaning, it is to be done with a particular earth called *arguromotikhè*, by the custodian of the sacred deposits for the time being, in the presence of the two Surveyors of the temple. At every meeting of the public assemblage, and at all the gymnastic contests, and on every other occasion to be fixed by the *Boulè* and *Demos*, these figures are to be carried from the *pronaos* of the temple to the theatre duly guarded, and then back to the temple. During

\* In the Greek text this name is written Salutarios.

their transit through the city itself they are to be escorted by the *Ephebi*, who are to receive them at the Magnesian Gate and accompany them after the assembly to the Coressian Gate. It is impossible to read these provisions in the inscription without being reminded of that memorable scene in the Great Theatre at Ephesus when St. Paul had to encounter an uproarious multitude, whose fanaticism, in behalf of their goddess, had been stirred up by Demetrius, the maker of portable silver shrines of Diana, by whose guild probably the very statues enumerated in the inscription were manufactured. Indeed, had St. Paul preached half a century later at Ephesus, he would have seen the splendid gifts dedicated by Salutaris on their way to and from the theatre, or, if he attended the public games, in the theatre itself. But his visit to Ephesus took place about A.D. 54–7, and the inscription relating to Salutaris is at least as late as A.D. 102, when probably a great reaction had taken place against the new doctrines, and devout men like Salutaris did all in their power to foster and cherish old local superstition.

It should be here remarked that it was this mention of the Magnesian and Coressian Gates in the inscription which gave Mr. Wood his first clue to the site of the temple. Having found the Magnesian Gate, he proceeded to look for the portico built by the Sophist Damianus in the second century A.D., which led from that gate to the temple, and of which the purpose was to protect from bad weather those who took part in the procession. Mr. Wood succeeded in tracing the line of this portico for some distance outside the city. It followed the line of an ancient road, and pointed in the direction of the plain at the foot of Ayasuluk. Another road tended in the same direction, starting from a gate near the Stadium, which Mr. Wood rightly assumed to be the Coressian Gate mentioned in the Salutaris inscription. Advancing northward towards the point where these two roads tended to converge, he came upon an ancient wall, an inscription on which showed that it was the *Peribolos* of the Artemision;\* after which, to find the site of the temple itself was only a matter of time.

It is interesting to compare the enactments in the Salutaris inscription which direct how the sacred statues are to be carried

\* This inscription is in Latin and Greek. The Latin text is as follows:—‘Imp. Cæsar divi f. Aug. Cos. xii, tr. pot. xviii pontifex maximus ex reditu Dianæ fanum et Augusteum muro muniendum curavit, C. Asinio (Gallo pro.cos.) curatore Sex. Lartidio leg.’ See Waddington, ‘Fastes des Provinces Asiatiques,’ p. 94.

in procession through the city, under the escort of the *ephebi*, with the description of a procession in honour of Artemis in that curious Greek romance the 'Ephesiaca' of Xenophon. He tells us in very graphic language how at a certain festival at Ephesus the virgins of the city, richly dressed, and all the youths, took a part in the procession, and how it was the custom in that festival to choose out of the ranks of the *ephebi* bridegrooms for the maidens who appeared in public in the festival. The order of the procession was thus: first came the sacred objects, torches, baskets, incense; then horses, dogs, and hunting weapons and gear. Each of the maidens was arrayed as if to meet her lover. Setting aside the sentimental details with which this florid description is associated in the romance, we may accept it as a poetical version of an actual procession, in which a beautiful maiden seems to have been selected to personate Diana as a huntress. We do not know the particular festival which the writer had in view, but it was probably one in the month Artemision, which corresponded in the Ephesian calendar to the latter half of our March and the first half of April. This entire month was consecrated to the goddess after whom it was named, and was one continuous festival in her honour. No more appropriate season could have been chosen for the wooings which the procession seems so greatly to have promoted. It is probable that there was also a great feast on the birthday of the goddess, which, as we have already stated, fell on the 8th of Thargelion (the 25th of our May), and this may have corresponded in character with the Thargelia held originally at Delos, and afterwards transferred to Athens on the breaking up of the Delian Confederacy. It may have been in this month that *theori* from all the Ionian cities, anciently members of the Panionium, met in solemn festival at Ephesus.

The supremacy of the chief priest of the Ephesian Artemis had probably in the earlier times that theocratic and quasi-regal character which is characteristic of certain priesthoods in Asia Minor, such as those of Comana and Zela as described by Strabo.\* For the priestesses of the Ephesian Artemis virginity was as necessary a condition as with the Vestals at Rome; and if we are to believe two late writers,† a law was once in force which forbade to married women or Hætaræ all access to the temple under pain of death, unless in the case of a female slave persecuted by her master.‡ The celibacy of the

\* Guhl, p. 106; Achilles Tatius, vii. 12. † Guhl, p. 111.

‡ Achilles Tatius, vii. 16; Guhl, p. 108.



male priests was secured by the same irrevocable conditions which were imposed on the priesthoods of Cybele and of several other Asiatic goddesses. Strabo says that the priests of the Ephesian Artemis were obtained from all manner of countries; and the name Megabyzus, sometimes given to the high priest, seems to indicate Persia as the country which supplied this emasculate herd. The number of sacred ministers of both sexes employed in taking care of the temple and its dedicated treasures, and in conducting the festivals, sacrifices, processions, and other ritual, must have been very great, as we see by the variety of titles indicating special offices which have been handed down to us either in ancient authors or in Ephesian inscriptions. That relating to Salutaris has added to the list several titles not known to us through any other source; such as the *Theologi*, who probably expounded sacred legends; the *Hymnodi*, who composed hymns in honour of the goddess; the *Thesmodi*, who may have been utterers of oracular responses or interpreters of the traditional rubric of the ritual.

The female ministers of the goddess were divided into three classes, the *Mellieræ* or novices, the *Hiæræ* or priestesses, the *Parieræ*, who, having passed the terms of active service, had to instruct the novices. We do not know whether all these grades were included under the general term *Hierodulæ*, or whether this name was limited to those who discharged lower menial duties and whose ranks were recruited from fugitive female slaves, as we see by the curious story told in the Romance of Achilles Tatius.\*

When we gather together the scattered facts which have been ascertained respecting the Artemision and certain other temples in Asia Minor, we see in their internal organisation not a few things which remind us of the monasteries of mediæval Christendom. The great landed estates, the treasures and precious works of art accumulated through many generations of pious dedicators, the time-honoured privileges of the sacred ministers, their social isolation and perpetual celibacy, are features common to both, though the result of very different influences and circumstances. But there is one institution which was probably handed on directly from expiring Paganism to new-born Christianity: that is the right of sanctuary.

The *asylum* at Ephesus is the prototype of our Whitefriars and of the sanctuary at Westminster. This privilege of protecting fugitives was very generally allowed by usage to Greek temples, but that which distinguished the Artemision and

several other great temples in Asia Minor was the extension of this privilege beyond the walls of the fane itself to a precinct round it which varied in extent in different places and in different ages. The abuse of the privilege of sanctuary was so great under the Empire, that in the reign of Tiberius the Roman Senate examined the claims of various temples in Asia Minor to the right of asylum and disallowed several of them. But Ephesus pleaded that the right of their goddess had existed from time immemorial; indeed that it was Dionysos himself who, after conquering the Amazons at Ephesus, had spared those who seated themselves as suppliants on the altar of Artemis. The Ephesians might further have alleged, though Tacitus does not record the plea, that the potentates who had in turn prevailed at Ephesus, had all respected the *asylum*; that Alexander the Great had increased its area to the distance of a *stadium* from the temple; that, though Augustus reduced its limits after their undue extension by Mithridates and Mark Antony, he recognised the right of *asylum*, and fixed its boundary afresh by rebuilding the *Peribolos* wall round the temple and marking off a certain distance outside it. This last fact we owe to the remarkable inscription already alluded to, which Mr. Wood found in duplicate inserted in the angle of the *Peribolos*, and the discovery of which enabled him, after another year of weary digging in the deep alluvial plain below Ayasuluk, at length to find there the remains of the Artemision under twenty-two feet of soil. The particulars of this discovery have been so fully and frequently published in various forms that it is hardly necessary to repeat them here in detail, or to follow Mr. Wood step by step and year by year in his painful and difficult exploration of the site. Our business is rather to state the tangible results of this examination of remains of the temple, which, for reasons which those who read Mr. Wood's book will readily understand, took more than four years, during which 132,221 cubic yards of earth were excavated.

The restoration of the Artemision which Mr. Wood gives in his work as the result of measurement and study of the architectural remains *in situ* may be thus stated. The temple was an Ionic edifice, consisting of the usual *cella*, surrounded by a double row of columns. The length of this peristyle from east to west was 342 ft. 6½ in., and its width 163 ft. 9½ in. The temple was octastyle, having eight columns in the front. The diameter of the columns was 6 ft. ½ in. at the base, and their height is calculated by Mr. Wood as 8½ diameters, which, if the base is included, would amount to 55 ft. 8¼ in. The inter-

columniation on the flanks was 17 ft.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., except at each extremity of the temple, where the intercolumniation was increased to 19 ft. 4 in. The reason assigned by Mr. Wood for this increased intercolumniation is that these end columns were sculptured in relief, which in some cases projected as much as 13 in. The central intercolumniation in the fronts was much wider than the rest, which Vitruvius states to have been usual in Greek temples, in order that the statue of the deity might be well seen through the open door. Mr. Wood assigns 28 ft.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. for this central intercolumniation; certainly a great length to be spanned by a single block of marble, which must have been strong enough to carry the chief weight of the superincumbent pediment. If the central intercolumniation was equally wide in the earlier temple built by Chersiphron, we can well understand why it was necessary for Artemis herself to contrive the adjustment of the vast architrave stone. Mr. Wood spaces off the remaining columns in the fronts with a gradual diminution of intercolumniation from the centre to the angles, so as to reconcile the eye more readily to the great width of the middle space. This arrangement is also followed in the great temple at Sardes. The eighteen columns at either end of the Artemision, which are severally marked with a dot on Mr. Wood's plan, are ornamented on part of their shafts with sculptures in relief, shown in the elevation. The *cella* Mr. Wood states to be nearly 70 ft. wide. The temple was raised on a platform formed by fourteen steps; the length of this platform measured on the lowest step was 418 ft. 1 in. by 239 ft.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. Thus far Mr. Wood. Let us now compare what the ancients say as to the plan and structure of the Artemision. Vitruvius notices it as an octastyle, dipteral temple of the Ionic order. The Byzantine writer Philo states that it stood on ten steps. Pliny gives as the length of the *universum templum* 425 ft. by 225 ft.\* These dimensions are irreconcilable with those of the peristyle, 342 ft.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 163 ft.  $9\frac{1}{2}$  in., as measured *in situ* by Mr. Wood; but his dimensions for the base of the platform, 418 ft. 1 in. English, is not very far off Pliny's 425 ft. for the length of his *universum templum*, if we suppose that measurement is in Roman feet. His dimension, 225 ft. for the width of the same *templum*, is however hopelessly irreconcilable with the actual width of the platform, 239 ft.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., as given by Mr. Wood. Here, as constantly happens in texts of ancient authors when numerals are given, a clerical error in the MS. has probably been repeated by

\* This is Sillig's reading. Some MSS. have ccxx.

successive scribes. In the same passage Pliny states the height of the columns to have been 60 ft. Roman, which is not far off Mr. Wood's calculation of 55 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. English. Pliny states that thirty-six of the columns were *cælatæ*, sculptured in relief, and Mr. Wood found portions of five drums so sculptured. In the same passage Pliny gives the whole number of columns as 127, each the gift of a king. Mr. Wood, being unable to arrange so large a number of columns within his peristyle, by inserting a comma in the original text, makes Pliny say that the number of columns in the peristyle was one hundred, of which twenty-seven were the gifts of kings. But by no ingenuity can such an interpretation be extracted out of the passage in Pliny.\* Here again, if the passage is not corrupt, we must suppose that Pliny, writing from memory or from ill-digested notes, has given as one total the columns dedicated through all time in the successive temples. We have already noticed that Cræsus dedicated many of the columns of the temple which was building in his time. Between his date and that of the completion of the latest temple by Deinokrates, an interval which we may reckon as at least 250 years, there would have been time for many successive dedications by kings. The general fact that the columns of the temple were dedicated is proved by the fragments of votive inscriptions found by Mr. Wood, and given in his Appendix, No. 17.† These inscriptions were deeply incised on the *torus* at the foot of the fluted columns of the peristyle. One of them is a dedication by some lady of Sardes; a confirmation of Strabo's statement that, after the temple had been burnt by Herostratus, the Ephesian women contributed their ornaments to the fund for rebuilding it.‡

In the explanatory remarks which accompany Mr. Wood's restoration of the temple, he would have done well if he had given a clear statement, once for all, of the data on which his restoration is based, and which we only know by gathering up scattered incidental notices. Thus we find, p. 178 and p. 217, that his intercolumniation for the flanks was obtained by observing the buttresses which united the steps of the platform

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\* The passage stands thus in the original text:—'Columnæ centum viginti septem a singulis regibus factæ LX pedum altitudine, ex iis xxxvi cælatæ una a scopæ.' (*Plin. Hist. Nat.* xxxvi. 14 § 21.)

† First published by Röhl, '*Schedæ Epigraphicæ*.' Berlin, 1876, p. 1.

‡ At Iakly (Euronios) in Caria still remain standing the columns of a temple of the Roman period, on each of which the name of the dedicator is inscribed on the shaft. See '*Ionian Antiquities*,' part i. p. 57.

with the foundation piers of the columns of the peristyle, and which recurred at regular intervals, corresponding, as Mr. Wood concludes, with the position of the columns of the peristyle. Again, the width of the *cella*, a very important dimension, is proved, p. 190, by the evidence of a portion of the *cella* wall still *in situ*, combined with the traces it had left on the foundation piers of a building composed of rubble masonry which had been built within the *cella* walls in Byzantine times. On these piers could be clearly traced the impression of the stones of the *cella* walls at the height of four courses. Mr. Wood places Pliny's 36 *cælata columnæ* at the two ends of the temple; an arrangement which, independently of other reasons, is fully borne out by the Ephesian copper coins of the Imperial period (engraved p. 266), which give a view of the temple. On this and several other Ephesian coins of the same period sculptured reliefs on the lower part of the columns are clearly distinguishable. On these coins the temple, as in Mr. Wood's restoration, is octastyle, and the great width of the doorway showing the statue inside is also roughly indicated. Mr. Wood found at Ephesus several fragments of blocks six feet high, on which are sculptured in very high relief life-size figures in violent action (see the plates, p. 188 and p. 214); five of these fragments are corner stones, because the sculpture is on two adjacent faces of the block. Mr. Wood considers that these blocks belong to the frieze of the temple, and so applies them in his restoration; he thus obtains a frieze six feet deep in combination with an architrave four feet deep, fragments of which were found *in situ*. But these blocks appear to be too thick for a frieze. Moreover, on the upper surface of several of them there are marks which clearly show that a base column of 6 feet 6 inches in diameter rested upon them. We are inclined therefore to adopt Mr. Ferguson's suggestion that they may have formed part of square pedestals on which the *cælata columnæ* stood. We should thus have the combination of a richly-sculptured shaft resting on a richly-sculptured square pedestal, a combination which may have been the prototype of Trajan's and other triumphal columns. Of the cornice Mr. Wood seems only to have found the *cymatium*. The slope of his pediment is determined by two fragments of the *tympanum* found among the ruins (see p. 246).

We have now noticed the principal points in Mr. Wood's restoration which rest on sure or probable evidence. We have no intention of criticising his arrangement of the interior of the *cella*, for which the remains he discovered gave him hardly any

data, except the position of the altar, behind which he places the statue of the goddess. It would have been well if Mr. Wood had described more fully the foundations which he discovered in the part of the *cella* where he places this altar, and which he states (p. 271) to have been large enough both for the altar and the statue of the goddess.\* Many fragments of the marble tiles with which the roof was covered were found lying on the pavement. Mr. Wood conjectures that the flat tiles were about 4 feet wide; the curved tiles, *imbrices*, which covered the joints were 10 inches wide.

After the earth had been entirely cleared away from the site of the temple, and a plan made of it, Mr. Wood took to pieces the Byzantine piers within the *cella* already referred to, and found in the rubble masonry about 100 small fragments of archaic frieze, on some of which red and blue colour still remained. He also found remains of two marble pavements, the lowest of which was nearly 7 ft. 6 in. below the pavement of the peristyle (p. 262), and the intermediate pavement about half way between the two.† It is evident that these three pavements belong to three different temples. The lowest must be the pavement of the temple which Chersiphron was building in the time of Cræsus, with which it was identified by the discovery below it of a layer of charcoal 3 in. thick placed between two strata 4 in. thick of a substance of the consistency of putty, which was found on analysis to be a kind of mortar (p. 259). This is evidently the layer of charcoal which was laid in fleeces of wool under the foundation of Chersiphron's temple by the advice of Theodoros of Samos. If the pavement under which this layer was found is that of Chersiphron's temple, it follows that the pavement next above it was that of a subsequent temple, which can be no other than that burnt by Herostratus, and thus we have a confirmation of Strabo's words, 'The first architect of the Temple of Artemis was Chersiphron, then *another* enlarged it.' It seems probable that by *another* Strabo referred to Demetrius and Pæonius.

At a very low level in the excavations were found a number of remains of sculpture, which from their archaic character and their resemblance to the statues from the Sacred Way at Branchidæ, and those recently found by MM. Rayet and

\* See p. 258, where he states that the great altar was nearly 20 ft. square.

† See the plates which give the longitudinal and transverse sections of the temple.

Thomas at Miletus, evidently belong to the first of the three temples, that built by Chersiphron. Among these sculptures are a female head, on which are still traces of colour, fragments of two other female heads, and portions of the bodies of several draped female figures under life size. All these sculptures are in high relief, and attached to a curved background, with a moulding at the foot, from the curve of which was obtained a circle 6 ft. 8 in. in diameter. It seems more than probable, therefore, that these fragments have been broken from the *columnæ cœlatæ* belonging to the first temple, and that we may possess in them a relic of the very columns which Cræsus dedicated. Among the fragments of inscribed *torus* are several which, from the archaic character of the writing, must belong to the same early period.\* Mr. Wood also found a number of lions' heads from a cornice which probably belong to Chersiphron's temple. They are several inches smaller than the lions' heads of the latest temple, which measure nearly two feet across the forehead (p. 272).

Such are the scanty and mutilated remains of that once famous temple of the great Ephesian goddess. And here perhaps the question will occur to the reader, why should this temple more than any other have ranked among the Seven Wonders of the ancient world? Not certainly from its great size, for the Temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, and several other temples, we know to have been larger. We can scarcely yet judge of the merits of the Artemision as an architectural design, because we cannot be sure that Mr. Wood's restoration presents it in its true proportions, but we know that the ornaments exhibit the same rich combination of force of general effect with exquisite delicacy of finish which is the characteristic of the Mausoleum and the contemporary temple of Athene Polias at Priene. Anyone who will take the trouble to compare the enriched cornice of the Mausoleum, the Priene Temple, and the Artemision, as they are exhibited in juxtaposition at the British Museum, will see that the lions' heads and the floral ornaments of the *cymatium* in all three examples must have issued from the same school of architecture. With regard to the sculptured decorations of the Ephesian temple our knowledge is at present confined to the fragments of sculptured columns and the reliefs which Mr. Wood applies as a frieze, and our power of appreciating these remains is greatly impaired by the mutilated condition which makes it almost impossible for us to ascertain their subjects or to understand the

particular action represented in each group. The most perfect of all these sculptures is the base drum, which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Wood's work. On one side of this drum, six figures, one of whom is certainly Hermes, are represented with a skilful contrast of drapery and nude forms, of seated and standing positions, and consummate ingenuity is shown in obtaining the requisite variety of planes without disturbing the general outline of the shaft by undue projection. The sculpture, in short, is quite worthy of the age of Scopas, to whom Pliny attributes one of these *calate columnæ*. But whether these sculptured shafts of the Artemision, which we find nowhere else in Greek architecture, were an improvement on the more chaste and severe forms to which our eye is accustomed in the Ionic order, or whether this peculiar mode of embellishment was not rather an Asiatic tradition, derived perhaps originally from Lydia, than the genuine offspring of Greek art, may be at present fairly considered an open question.

Mr. Wood places three tiers of these sculptured drums one over another in one of his fronts, while in the other façade the base drum only is sculptured, and he invites his readers to choose which they like best. We confess that sculptured drums piled on one another as they are drawn in his restoration are repugnant to our idea of Greek architecture, and seem more suitable to Herod's Beautiful Gate of the Temple at Jerusalem than to an edifice which Vitruvius cites as the standard example of perfect Ionic architecture. It is to be presumed that the pediments of the Artemision contained compositions in the round on a very large scale, but hardly a vestige was found *in situ* which could be referred to such figures. But it was not merely on account of the beauty of its architecture that the temple of the Ephesian Diana ranked among the Seven Wonders of the world. Like other ancient temples whose worship had attained a certain celebrity during many centuries, the Artemision had in Roman times become a museum, so great was the number of precious works of art which had been dedicated in the temple itself and its surrounding Hieron. We have no such detailed description of these as Pausanias has given us of the treasures which he saw in the temples at Olympia, but we know that there were sculptures by Praxiteles and Scopas, and pictures by Apelles and other celebrated painters of the Ephesian school.

The exceeding choiceness and variety of these works is attested by Vitruvius, and Pliny says that it would require volumes to describe all the wonders of the temple. With this



vague and general impression we must rest content. The statue of the goddess herself was probably made of wood plated with gold, and many precious offerings may have been attached to such an idol as personal ornaments. There was in the temple a priestess of high rank, the Kosmeteira, whom we must suppose to have been a kind of Mistress of the Robes to Artemis; and, as we know from the Salutaris inscription, fines were devoted to the adornment of the goddess. From what we read of the great wealth of the temple and the magnificent luxury of the Ephesian people, we may be sure that gold was lavishly used in the ornaments not only of the goddess herself, but of the stately dwelling-place in which she was enshrined. We have a proof of this in the fragment of moulding described by Mr. Wood, p. 245, in which a narrow fillet of gold inserted between two *astragali* still remained. This discovery confirms the truth of Pliny's statement that at Cyzicus was a temple in which in every joint of the masonry there was a narrow thread (*filum*) of gold. That gilding was used in the decoration of the Erechtheum we know from an Attic inscription.

This external splendour, which suggested to the worshippers how great were the treasures within, ultimately drew down upon the Artemision the hand of the spoiler. About the year A.D. 262, when the Goths ravaged Asia Minor, they burnt and plundered the famous shrine which Artemis herself was said to have defended from the Cimmerians, which Cræsus, and Xerxes had spared, which Alexander had treated with special honour, and which all-conquering Rome had associated with the worship of her own emperors. With its destruction by the Goths the Artemision disappears from history. But what became of the enormous mass of marble which we know to have been employed in its structure, and which the Goths had no motive for destroying? After the roof was burnt successive earthquakes probably threw down the columns, and the ruins must have been piled up in enormous masses, as the ruins of the temple at Branchidæ are to this day. Then came a new set of spoilers quarrying out building materials for the great Byzantine edifices, of which the remains still exist at Ephesus. We know from Mr. Wood's discoveries that inscribed blocks from the walls of the *cella* were used in repairing the *proscenium* of the Great Theatre, and fragments of the temple may still be seen in the piers of the aqueduct, which was certainly built in the Byzantine times.

As soon as Christianity got a permanent ascendancy at Ephesus, the destruction of the sculptures with the sledges-

hammer and the limekiln would be carried on continuously as a labour of love; and as soon as the site was sufficiently cleared of ruins to admit of a church being built on it, this was done, by following, as we have shown, the lines of the *cella* walls. This church in its turn was destroyed by the barbarous invaders of Christian Ephesus. At length when the mighty mass of ruins of the temple had been reduced to the scanty remnants found by Mr. Wood, the Cayster and its tributaries, which once, flowing in well-embanked channels skirted the sacred precinct of Diana, covered up the wreck of the temple with a thick mantle of alluvial deposit. Here, as at Olympia, the ancient river god has done good service to archæology by concealing what the spoiler has spared till a fitting time for its resurrection.

And now we take our leave of Mr. Wood and his discoveries, commending his book, and above all his plan of Ephesus, to the study of all future travellers. If, transporting ourselves in thought to the jagged ridge of Peion, we look down on the ancient city with the key to its topography which we have now obtained, what a host of historical associations crowd upon our memories! In that harbour at our feet, now a reedy swamp, rode the victorious triremes of Lysander; in that *agora* hard by Agesilaus exposed the white effeminate bodies of his Persian captives to the scornful gaze of his hardy, much-enduring veterans. In that theatre, now so silent, once resounded the shouts of the tumultuous multitude who condemned St. Paul, and half a century later the acclamations of the popular assembly who rewarded the piety of Salutaris with the highest honours the city could bestow. And now let us pass out of the theatre and follow the solemn procession on its return from the assembly to the temple; and, passing through the Coressian Gate along the paved road, lined on each side with the tombs of Ephesian dignitaries, we approach that sacred precinct where the Amazons dwelt in the pre-historic age, where the army of Alexander, fresh from its first victory over the Persians, marched in battle-array past the Temple of the great goddess of Asia, and where from time immemorial fugitives sought shelter in the hospitable sanctuary of Artemis.

When we think how much history has gained by the exploration, partial and inadequate as it has been, of the ruins of Ephesus; when we review the marvellous discoveries which have recently taken place in Cyprus and the Troad, and which are actually now going on at Olympia and Mycenæ, we feel bound to ask the question, why, in a generation distinguished beyond all previous generations for historical research, for

wealth, leisure, and facilities for travelling, so little has been done for the investigation of the sites of ancient cities? The explorers of Greece and Turkey half a century ago had neither steam to convey them to distant coasts, nor the practical knowledge of archæology which we now possess to guide their researches, nor photographers to record their discoveries, nor an electric telegraph wherewith to maintain communication with a distant base of operations. We, with all these appliances, and with boundless wealth at the command of individuals, if not of governments, grudge to these great enterprises the money which is daily wasted on trivial and ignoble objects. Why has England no Schliemanns?

ART. IX.—1. *Lorenzo de' Medici il Magnifico*. Von ALFRED VON REUMONT. Zwei Bände. Leipzig: 1874.

2. *Lorenzo the Magnificent*. By ALFRED DE REUMONT. Translated from the German by ROBERT HARRISON. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1876.

THIS work is the composition of a German writer, the fruit of a study of the annals and archives of Italy rivalling in love and devotion that of Gregorovius, who was two years ago presented with the freedom of the city of Rome in the Capitol. It is, however, to Florence more than Rome that Herr von Reumont has chiefly devoted himself, and the present volumes are dedicated to the late Marchese Gino Capponi, whose history of his native city we reviewed last April, and under whose roof the present work was in great part composed.

The scrupulousness and industry with which Herr von Reumont has fulfilled his task are beyond all praise. A new biography of the great man whom he has chosen for his subject has long been wanted. It is now eighty years since Roscoe published his biography of Lorenzo the Magnificent—a work which gained the favour of the reading public immediately on its appearance, has been translated into every language in Europe, and still holds its ground. It was a strange freak of destiny which brought it about that a Liverpool banker should have composed a work distinguished by elegance of taste requiring access to peculiar sources of information, and thus have become the medium of making known to the polite world of Europe the most distinguished chief of the Renaissance period, and should have succeeded in portraying the character of a country and an epoch from which so much of the culture of modern Europe is derived. Our admiration of the way in

which Roscoe fulfilled his task is increased when we consider the difficulties under which the work was composed—the deficiencies of libraries and documents and the commotions and distractions of a life of business, with which he had to contend. Libraries and archives were of course far more inaccessible in those days than they are now. Mr. Roscoe never, we believe, had the advantage of visiting Italy, and was obliged to trust to amateurs and volunteers for assistance in making researches among the libraries of Florence. That he performed his task as well as he did is among the most extraordinary feats of historical genius, which conducted him in a spirit of divination as it were always in the track of the material necessary to his work. Before the appearance of his life the dull Latin biographies of Valori and Fabroni were the only ones devoted to the story of Lorenzo, and these were only accessible to scholars; and Roscoe was also restricted chiefly to printed matter for his sources of information. Since his day, however, a mass of fresh documents, both printed and in manuscript, have accumulated respecting the family of the Medici and of Lorenzo, and it was well that these should receive a careful investigation, and that the details of the life of Lorenzo should be filled up by their aid; and this service Herr von Reumont has carefully performed. These two closely printed volumes contain an immense amount of information which will be quite new to the students of Roscoe; and Herr von Reumont shows himself to be a thorough master of the history of the age and the country with which he deals in all its innermost details. It is to be regretted, however, that he has not imitated Roscoe in ease and elegance of style; for the reading of these volumes is extremely puzzling and laborious; it requires often so severe a tension of the mind to get at the meaning of their crabbed and involved sentences, that frequently when we have mastered the sense of a phrase, it requires another as great an effort to remember what it has to do with the context. An English translation of the work from the pen of the accomplished Librarian of the London Library has just appeared which does him great credit, but unfortunately this translation did not reach us until we had completed this article.

One of the most interesting chapters of this work is that in which the writer has drawn a picture of the wealth and artistic variety of life as it existed in Florence in the days of the subject of his narrative. What Athens was to Greece that was Florence to mediæval Italy and the Italy of the Renaissance—the centre of all spiritual and artistic life. And not less remarkable was

the astonishing success with which they cultivated all the finest manufactures of the time and the highest branches of commerce. The banking businesses of the leading citizens of Florence, who had their *comptoirs* and their branch offices scattered all over the known world, were conducted on a colossal scale; and it was in this way chiefly that the Medici first acquired that immense fortune which formed the basis of their power, but which, when the heads of the family ceased to direct their affairs themselves, and had to confide them to agents, on account of their preoccupation with political affairs, fell into disorder and eventual bankruptcy.

Florence, we learn, had at this time two hundred and seventy warehouses in the woollen trade, which exported their goods to Rome and the Romagna, to Naples and Sicily, to Constantinople and Pera, to Adrianople, Broussa, and all Turkey. It possessed eighty-three splendid establishments in silk commerce, exporting stuffs of gold and silver, satin, brocade, damask, taffetas, &c., to Rome and Naples, to Catalonia and all Spain, to Turkey and Barbary. The chief fairs to which these wares were sent were those of Genoa, Romagna, Ferrara, Mantua, all Italy, Lyons, Avignon, Montpelier, Antwerp, and London. There were three and twenty banks of the first rank; retail shops of silk and woollen goods were in abundance; workshops also of artists in marble and in inlaid work; goldsmiths and jewellers formed a trade in themselves; while shops of apothecaries, grocers, butchers, and provision warehouses were in numbers such as it was said no other town could boast. As an example of the magnitude of the foreign commerce of Florence it may be mentioned that the Florentine trading colony settled at Lyons counted no less than thirty houses; among which were establishments belonging to the Albizzi, the Guadagni, the Panciatichi, the Bartolini, the Strozzi, Gondi, Manetti, Antinori, Dei, and others.

The great wealth derived from all these sources was employed by the citizens in embellishing both the public and private life of the city. The great artists of Florence were not alone occupied in adorning the churches and public edifices with all the finest resources of architecture, painting, sculpture, and carving, but private dwellings also were made beautiful with all the devices of their exquisite labour. Busts of marble and terracotta were dispersed along walls hung thick with family portraits from the easels of Benozzo Gozzoli, Francia, and Perugino. Carved furniture and inlaid furniture were dispersed about the rooms, and the fine porcelain ware and quaint majolica of the table were rivalled by the artistic designs

in silver, and mingled with goblets and vases of rich crystal, of a style which Benvenuto Cellini brought to perfection. Herr von Reumont publishes a curious document, drawn up in 1472 by the chronicler, Benedetto Dei, in reply to an injurious pamphlet concocted by some Venetians respecting Florence, in which 'the noble city, the daughter of Rome,' as she was called, was depreciated at the expense of the Queen of the Adriatic.

Notwithstanding, too, the indignant apostrophe of Dante at the growing luxury of Florence, citizen life continued there to be in the main of a modest and frugal character. Even up to a late period the remarkable description given by the historian Varchi of the people of Florence in his time, was true also for the days of Lorenzo:—

'I cannot coincide in the opinion of those who deny to the Florentines all nobility of thought, and hold them for low and plebeian because they are merchants. Often have I wondered in silence how people who have been accustomed from childhood to drag about with them bales of wool and parcels of silk goods, or like slaves to spend each day and part of each night in tending the loom and the dyeing-vat, often on occasion show such great spirit and magnanimity of soul that they are as fair in speech as in deed. The atmosphere, which is a medium between the sharp air of Arezzo and the heavy air of Pisa, has certainly some influence in producing the phenomenon. He who observes the Florentines well in nature and habits will come to the conclusion that they are more fitted to be a ruling than a subject city.'

Such were the city and such the people in which, and over which, after a series of vicissitudes of dominion and of victories and defeats of parties, perhaps unequalled in history, the family of the Medici succeeded at length in establishing an hereditary supremacy of authority. The family of the Medici, as is well known, did not descend from the feudal nobility of the Florentine State, mostly of German origin, and deriving their importance from their castles and possessions in the country. They were among the families who passed by the name of the *popolani grossi*, and formed by themselves a sort of urban or plebeian aristocracy. Singularly enough, the first occasion on which the name of Medici figures in history was in the year 1201, when a certain Chiarissimo Medici was active in promoting a league between his native city and Siena, for the destruction of one of those feudal holds in the valley of the Elsa, which the Florentines, with the help of neighbouring cities, succeeded ultimately in utterly subduing.

The rise of the family of the Medici, indeed, proceeded pace by pace with the triumph of the Guelfic principles and the growth

of the Florentine popular spirit. What was the origin of the race, and what was the meaning of the *palle* or balls which formed the family device, is lost in obscurity. When the family became illustrious, the flattery of archeologists invented for them genealogies commencing with Charlemagne, and even with Perseus. The *palle*, the red balls on a golden field, were declared by some to represent the apples of the Hesperides; by others to represent the iron balls which hung from the mace of a giant overcome by a knightly progenitor in single combat; while the most modest explanation of them is that they are suggestive of the pills or cupping glasses, which the founder of the family used in his medical profession.

Giovanni di Bicci de' Medici was elected Gonfaloniere of Florence in 1417. He had been the most energetic and prosperous among the enterprising and quick-witted Florentine merchants and bankers who, amid the vicissitudes and disorders of the affairs and government of their city, had extended that web of commercial relations throughout the whole civilised world. During the reign of the *Ottimati* Pisa and Leghorn had been added to the dominion of the little state, and Giovanni had known how to turn the aggrandisement of his country to the profit of his private fortune. One of the richest men of his native city, he was at the same time one of the most generous and most popular. His purse was ever ready to the calls of his friends and his city, and he spent much in works of public ornament and utility, and bore, among other things, a large share in the restoration and enlargement of the Church of San Lorenzo.

Giovanni died in the year 1428, in his sixty-ninth year, leaving behind him a wife, Piccarda, daughter of Odoardo Bueri, who bore him two sons, Cosimo, styled '*Pater Patriæ*,' the grandfather of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Lorenzo, born in 1394, the ancestor of the Medici of that collateral branch who after the extinction of the descendants of Cosimo obtained the sovereignty of Tuscany.

Cosimo was about forty years of age at the death of his father. He immediately, says Machiavelli, engaged more earnestly in public affairs, and conducted himself with more zeal and liberty to his friends than his father had done; so that those who had rejoiced at Giovanni's death, finding what the son was likely to become, perceived they had no cause for exultation. 'Cosimo was one of the most prudent of men, of grave and pleasant demeanour, extremely liberal and humane; he never attempted anything against a party or against the state, but strove to be of help to all, and with his liberality

'to make as many partisans as he could of his fellow-citizens.'

He was formally elected Gonfaloniere on January 1, 1435. The rule of the Medici may be said to date from this day, and the supremacy of Cosimo de' Medici lasted thirty years, that is, until his death. It was a supremacy, however, which at times he craftily contrived should appear to be supplanted by the ambitious action of his own partisans, and in which all the successes of an astute and resolute spirit were called into action to preserve the interests of his country abroad, as well as to secure his own authority and safety at home.

Speaking of the domestic policy of Cosimo de' Medici after his return Herr von Reumont says—

'He found in Florence a propitious soil. His partisans had well prepared the way for him. All the chiefs of hostile factions had been sent into exile; many had been put to death. It was easy for him in his memoirs to boast that during the time he was Gonfaloniere no one had been banished, no one had suffered injury. This was not mercifulness in him, since he had no greater horror of violence and bloodshed than the majority of his contemporaries when political objects were in view, it was crafty calculation. He knew that he could leave it to others to make such an application of the laws of the State as would secure his position without rendering him liable to be taxed with a severe policy. He had managed this as well by the way in which he had made application of penal laws as by the way in which he had carried through his alteration of the constitution. At first he put forward Puccio Pucci for this purpose, who exhibited such zeal and acquired such authority that the Hotspurs of the party were called after him *Puccini*. When it was required to forward the ends of the party, even by the most sanguinary measures, Puccio, who was a capable man and had shown himself as such both in civil and diplomatic employments, knew no scruples. Cosimo made use of Luca Pitti still more than of him.'

Cosimo had other friends almost as valuable as these, especially Neri Capponi, Agnolo and Donato Acciaiuoli, Diotisalvi Neroni, Bernardo Giugni, and others.

A pitiful chapter might be written on the fate of the exiled adversaries of Cosimo, and their painful lives and those of their families. 'Many families, once in good circumstances, yea, even rich, fell into poverty; fathers and sons wandered about among strangers, and their property was confiscated. Noble women had to beg for alms.' Rinaldo and Ormanno degli Albizzi, Messer Niccolò, and Baldassare Gianfigliuzzi, Lodovico de' Rossi, Lamberto de' Lamberteschi, Bernardo Barbadoro, and Stefano Feruzzi, all men of high birth, were declared infamous, and their portraits, with abusive verses



beneath them, were painted on the walls of the Palazzo del Podestà by Andrea Castagno, who thence gained the name of Andrea degli Impiccati. All these passed the rest of their lives in exile, and died miserably.

But Cosimo did not content himself with rendering his enemies harmless, he had also to provide against any of his own friends and supporters becoming too powerful; and this he contrived to effect until the last ten years of his life, when the violent and ambitious counsels of Luca Pitti, the builder of the famous palace so well known to all travellers, prevailed.

It was under the leadership of Cosimo de' Medici that the traditional hostility of Florence to Milan gave place to another policy on the extinction of the race of the Visconti. Filippo Maria Visconti was the last of a race which, more than any other, symbolised the energy and the splendour, but at the same time the caprice and cruelty, of these mediæval tyrannies of Italy. Among the various rivals who stepped forward as claimants to the rich heritage which he left behind him, two, the Republic of Venice and Francesco Sforza, the son of the famous Romagnuolo peasant who had founded one of the great schools of *condottieri* in Italy, became soon pre-eminent. The treachery, violence, and military skill of Sforza, joined with the advantage which accrued to him as the husband of a natural daughter of the last Visconti, ultimately prevailed; but without the aid of Florence and Cosimo de' Medici he would not have succeeded.

There is no ground for thinking that Cosimo felt any repugnance in entering into that alliance with the faithless and merciless chief who had brought upon his city the enmity of her ancient ally the Republic of the Lagunes and of the Aragonese monarchs of Naples. Cosimo, it was clear, was governed by political considerations alone; yet these considerations, however profitable for the republic at the present, were pregnant with future evil not only to the Florentine State, but to all Italy, since a son of Francesco, animated by the same passion of ambition, and with the same disregard of all duties human and divine, after supplanting his nephew on the throne of Milan, invited the French into Italy, and opened that era of foreign invasions which perpetuated the divisions and ensured the slavery of Italy, and that general downfall of the liberty of Italian cities, among which Florence was to be the first victim.

In the beginning of 1464 it was evident Cosimo was approaching to his end. He had long been a sufferer from his hereditary complaint, the gout, which now beset him more severely and began to attack the nobler parts. He died on

August 1 of the same year, at the age of seventy-five. 'Friends and enemies,' says Machiavelli, 'alike lamented his death. They had not much confidence in Piero his son, who, though a very good man, was of infirm health. . . . He not only surpassed all his contemporaries in wealth and authority, but also in generosity and prudence; and among the qualities which contributed to make him prince in his own country was his surpassing all others in magnificence and generosity.' 'Cosimo of Medici,' says Gibbon, 'was the father of a line of princes whose name and age were almost synonymous with the restoration of learning; his credit was kindled into fame; his riches were dedicated to the service of mankind; he corresponded at once with Cairo and London, and a cargo of Indian spices and Greek books was often imported in the same vessel.'

It became a proverbial saying, which was addressed to people of munificent tastes, 'So you think you are Cosimo de' Medici.' He had inherited a good fortune from his father, which he increased unceasingly by activity, sure judgment, and good fortune. He ruled the money market not only in Italy but abroad. In all the countries of the West he had banks of his own established, and he superintended the management of them all himself. 'His earlier years,' says Machiavelli, 'were full of trouble, as his exile, captivity, and personal dangers fully testify. But after the age of forty he enjoyed the greatest felicity, and not only those who assisted him in his public business, but his agents who conducted his commercial speculations throughout Europe, participated in his prosperity. Hence many enormous fortunes took their origin in different families of Florence, as in that of the Tornabuoni, the Barri, the Portinari, and the Sachetti.'

No small part of the interest, however, which now attaches to Cosimo's name is due to his munificent protection of scholars, writers, and poets, his foundation of libraries, and his patronage of the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture. To architecture he was especially devoted, and gave full employment to the activity of Michelozzo Michelozzi, and Filippo Brunelleschi. Besides the sacred edifices San Lorenzo, San Marco, Santa Verdiana, and others to which he so largely contributed, he built the regal palace in Florence now known as the Palazzo Riccardi, besides his villas at Careggi, Fiesoli, Caffagiuolo, and Trebbio, and, among other works, erected a hospital at Jerusalem for poor and infirm pilgrims.

In painting and sculpture Masaccio, Filippo Lippi, and Donatello owed much to his encouragement, and it was under his

supremacy that Ghiberti cast the famous gates of the Baptistery, declared by Michel Angelo to be worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

'He was,' says Machiavelli, 'of middle stature, olive complexion, and venerable aspect, not learned, but exceedingly eloquent, endowed with great natural capacity, generous to his friends, kind to the poor, comprehensive in discourse, cautious in advising, and in his speeches and replies grave and witty. When Rinaldo degli Albizzi at the beginning of his exile sent to him to say "that the hen was hatching," he replied, "that she would find it difficult to hatch out of her nest." Some others of the exiles gave him to understand that they were not asleep, and he replied, "he believed it, for he had robbed them of their sleep."'

Piero de' Medici, surnamed 'il Gottoso,' from the severity with which he had suffered at an early age from gout, during the short period of five years by which alone he survived his father, maintained the influence of his family. Coming as he did between an illustrious father and an equally illustrious son, his fame has been somewhat obscured by the more splendid achievements of his predecessor and of his successor. Nevertheless he possessed by no means despicable talents. He was eight and forty years of age at his father's death, having been quite a youth when the rapid change of fortune took place which raised the house of the Medici to the greatest prosperity. Consequently during the years of his manhood he had become habituated to that supremacy of consideration in the Florentine State to which his family had arrived. The weakness of his health had not prevented him from taking a somewhat leading part in public affairs even during his father's lifetime, while it probably contributed to develop in him that moderation of character by which he was distinguished. More open-hearted and trusting than his father, he lacked somewhat of that political caution and knowledge of human nature by which the latter had steered his course clear of the dangers which surrounded him. He had by his side a valiant helper in his wife, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, of the ancient family of that name, who were a branch of the primæval Florentine nobility which has given its name to one of the chief streets in the city. Lucrezia, without neglecting those duties of the Florentine housewife which, in spite of the withering denunciations of Dante, still retained something of their primitive simplicity, devoted herself successfully to the composition of lyrical and religious poetry, and cultivated the society of men of art and learning, such as Pulci, Politian, and her intellectual gifts were

inherited largely by her son Lorenzo, in whose education she exercised a decisive influence. Happier than so many of the noble Florentine ladies her contemporaries, who either dragged out a wandering existence with their husbands—feeding upon that hope deferred of restoration to their country which ended by breaking their hearts, or else lived in solitude and poverty at home deprived of the head of the household, himself banished to a foreign land—she saw three generations of the Medici family recognised as the leading citizens of her country, yet not without having her own share of the suspense, anxieties, and terror inseparable from a life of public distinction in such agitated times.

Lucrezia bore her husband seven children, of whom two sons and two daughters alone survived. Lorenzo, the eldest, was born on January 1, 1449, and consequently was only sixteen years of age when his grandfather Cosimo died. In appearance the impression suggested by Lorenzo was that of power not of beauty; he was above the middle stature, his breast and shoulders were broad, and he was strongly built, yet supple and active of frame. His features were not beautiful, his sight was weak, his nose was not of classic form, his chin was sharp, and his complexion was colourless. He had no sense of smell, and his voice was harsh. Thus, while he was endowed with some great personal advantages he had defects which he overcame by perseverance, and by the force of his remarkable intellectual and moral qualities. His earliest education was entrusted by his grandfather to Gentile dei Becchi, afterwards Bishop of Arezzo, a faithful friend of the house of Medici, a man of high literary attainments and tastes, which he had cultivated in the society of the chief *litterati* of the time, Francisco Filelfo, Marsilio Ficino, Politian, and others. Later, in 1457, Piero de' Medici entrusted his instruction to Cristoforo Landino, professor of poetry and rhetoric in the city of Florence, while Johannes Argyropulos, a learned Greek refugee, took charge of his instruction in the Aristotelean philosophy, and Marsilio Ficino instructed him in the doctrines of Platonism, which powerfully influenced his mind and character, for to the cultivated minds of Italy in that age, Platonism, even more than Christianity, was a faith, a religion.

Under these instructors Lorenzo developed the various talents and tastes of his versatile genius to astonishing perfection. To whatever study he devoted himself in that he speedily achieved a proficiency to which few arrive after years of patience and application. His mother took charge of his religious instruction, and brought him up in the strict practice

of the religious duties of the time, and cultivated in him those charitable and liberal qualities by the exercise of which the house of the Medici had become so popular. In all athletic sports and exercises, especially in hunting, he became also speedily well skilled. He was especially fond of horses, and on the occasion of the present of a fine steed, he rewarded the donor so liberally that he was reproached with his extravagance, to which he answered, 'A horse is a kingly gift, and it is a kingly duty too not to allow oneself to be surpassed in generosity.'

Endowed with such qualities and attainments, Lorenzo began soon after the death of Cosimo to be employed by his father in the business of the State. As early as at seventeen years of age he was sent to Pisa to welcome the passage there of Don Federigo d'Aragona, the younger son of Ferdinand, King of Naples, then on his road to Milan to bring away the bride of his brother Alfonso, Ippolita, the daughter of Francesco Sforza. He was subsequently employed by his father in other missions, for the purpose as well of increasing his experience of human affairs as of making him acquainted with the chiefs of the various states with whom he was to hold political relations. One of such journeys to Naples proved to him in after life especially useful.

At this time also he visited Rome, entrusted with various matters of business by his father, among which especially were arrangements respecting some mines of alum farmed by the Medici, and some matters connected with the bank of which his maternal uncle Giovanni Tornabuoni was the director. Hardly had he arrived at Rome when a political event took place which agitated all Italy, and especially the house of Medici. Francesco Sforza, the last and most fortunate of the *condottieri* of Italy, who by craft and violence had raised himself to the throne of the Duke of Milan, and with the Medici had contracted an intimate alliance, died, and Piero was active in pressing the recognition of his son Galeazzo Maria as his successor to the dukedom, and was urgent with Lorenzo to forward the interests of the Sforzeschi at Rome.

But it was in internal matters chiefly that Lorenzo was called upon to display his activity and political wisdom during his father's lifetime; and the conspiracy set on foot by Diotisalvi Neroni and his confederates for the assassination of his father and the usurpation of his influence, was in great part defeated by the activity and foresight of Lorenzo. The last years of Cosimo had shown how difficult it was to maintain that influence over the followers of the house of Medici on which

their power was based. The spirit of rivalry and usurpation was now on the point of breaking out in some of the leading members of the party. The ambition of Luca Pitti, especially in the last years of Cosimo, had become dangerous; and Cosimo on his death-bed had warmly recommended his son to take for chief minister and confidant Diotisalvi Neroni, a man whom he supposed to be truly attached to the interests of his house. Diotisalvi Neroni was not proof against the temptations of his position. He prepared the way for a conspiracy against the life of Piero de' Medici by recommending measures which should bring the family into unpopularity. On a revision of the state of the property of the family after Cosimo's death, it was found that a large number of sums of money were outstanding as debts in the hands of merchants and other citizens of Florence—the private affairs of the family, on account of the great and politic liberality with which they were conducted. Neroni advised Piero to call in these sums of money; the prosecution of his advice caused great discontent in the capital, a good many bankruptcies took place, together with much depression of trade, and these commercial misfortunes were ascribed to the rapacious activity of Piero.

Taking advantage of this transitory state of public feeling, Neroni seduced Luca Pitti, the powerful family of the Acciaiuoli, and other associates, into a conspiracy against the Medici family, one of whose chief objects was the assassination of Piero de' Medici. The assassination of Piero, which was to have been perpetrated on his way back to Florence from his country villa at Careggi, was prevented by the astuteness of Lorenzo, who was preceding his father, and met the assassins on the road. He passed by them as though he had remarked nothing extraordinary, and then despatched a messenger by a circuitous route to inform Piero of his danger. The agents and friends of the Medici had kept them well acquainted with the design of the conspirators, and by taking advantage of such information Lorenzo was enabled to secure the defection of Luca Pitti from the conspiracy. Both parties relied upon the support of foreign troops. Neroni and his party had engaged a body of cavalry from the Marquis of Ferrara. The Medici were as fortunate in being beforehand with their enemies in the field as they were within the walls of Florence. According to the usual course of Florentine tradition, the vanquished party, with the exception of Luca Pitti, were all forced into exile, but in due constitutional fashion. A new *Signoria* was chosen, at the head of which was placed Roberto Leoni, a par-

tisan of the Medici. The *Signoria*, as was usual in such cases, in order to cover their responsibility, invited a parliament of the people in the *Piazza della Signoria*. The parliament appointed a *balia*, or temporary dictatorship. The *balia* declared that the heads of the late conspiracy should be sent into exile, and that, moreover, for the next few years the *Signoria* should not be balloted for, but named by election. Luca Pitti was excluded from the decree of banishment, but the discredit into which he fell was equal to a political ostracism at home. He was shunned universally by his fellow-citizens, and neglect and contempt were his fortune for the rest of his days. Even the masons of Florence refused to work any longer at the magnificent palace which perpetuates his name, and which, after remaining incomplete for two generations, was completed by the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. The mild character of Lorenzo, for which he was distinguished through life, allayed the apprehensions of the greater part of those implicated in the conspiracy, and two speeches of his at this time have been recorded by Valori, both of which made a great impression on the minds of his contemporaries. 'He only knows how to conquer who knows how to forgive,' he said on one occasion. On another, when Filippo Valori, the brother of his biographer, hesitated to introduce one of his adversaries to him, he remarked, 'I should owe you no obligation, Filippo, for introducing to me a friend; but by converting an enemy into a friend, you have done me a favour, which I hope you will as often as possible repeat.'

Soon after the suppression of this conspiracy, Lorenzo received a letter of congratulation from King Ferdinand or Ferrante of Naples, in which he thus expressed himself:—'We were already much attached to you, on account as well of your own excellent qualities, as on account of the merits of your father and grandfather. Since, however, we have heard with what prudence and with what manly courage you have borne yourself in these last disturbances, and how resolutely you placed yourself in the front, our attachment to you is wonderfully increased.'

The exiled Florentines, however, were not disposed to take their fate easily. They induced the Venetians, among whom hostile feelings prevailed towards the Florentines, by reason of the support which the latter had given to the Sforzas in their conflicts with the Queen of the Adriatic, to get up a league for the purpose of making war against their native city; and they contrived also to embark in their cause the ambition of Bartolommeo Colleone, the noted *condottiere* of the republic,

whose majestic statue, designed in bronze by Andrea Verrochio, excites the admiration of the traveller, by the side of the church of San Giovanni e Paolo. Colleone, like all the rest of his fellow *condottieri*, nourished dreams of carving out with his good sword an independent state, and visions were held before him of some such a principality, to be framed out of such of the districts of Romagna as were living under the *accomandigia* of the Florentine republic. The cause of the exiles was also espoused by the Marquis of Ferrara, who sent a body of troops to their assistance. To this league the Florentines opposed another, in which their allies were the Duke of Milan and the King of Naples. After some indecisive hostilities, accompanied with the usual amount of plundering and burning, peace was restored.

The restoration of peace was accompanied with the usual number of banishments and deprivations of civil privileges, which the victorious parties in Florence were in the habit of lavishing upon their adversaries. It appears, however, that Piero, before his death, saw reason to regret the intolerant abuse of power exhibited by his own partisans, and was preparing at the time of his decease a way for a reconciliation with some of his enemies.

A few months before his death, Piero, through the mediation of his wife Lucrezia, who made a journey to Rome for the purpose, negotiated a marriage for her son with Clarice, a daughter of the Orsini family—those famous rivals of the Colonna in the story of Roman faction. The marriage had excited some feeling of hostility and invidious remark in Florence, since the idea of choosing a bride from among a princely and foreign race for a Florentine citizen seemed novel and ambitious. It was, however, celebrated, about six months previous to the death of Piero, in December 1469, with great splendour. Feasts, dancing, and antique representations occupied many days; at the conclusion of which, to exhibit the grandeur of the house of Medici and of the Government, two military spectacles were presented—one performed by men on horseback, who went through the evolutions of a field engagement, and the other representing the storming of a town.

‘Piero de’ Medici,’ writes Machiavelli, ‘left two sons, Lorenzo and Giuliano, whose extreme youth created alarm in the minds of thinking men, though each gave hopes of future usefulness to the republic.’ The Florentine historian, moreover, states that the chief power in the state was at first offered by a body of the most distinguished citizens of the city to



Tommaso Soderini, whose prudence and authority were known not only at home, but throughout Italy. Roscoe, always sceptical as to the accuracy of the narrative of Machiavelli, and sometimes successful in correcting him, has here allowed his critical spirit to carry him too far. He concludes from the statements of the '*Ricordi*' of Lorenzo himself, that without more ado the chief persons of the city waited upon him and offered him the chief administrations of the republic, in the same fashion in which they had been enjoyed by his grandfather and father. But we find by evidence set forth in these pages, which Roscoe did not sufficiently appreciate, that the offer to Lorenzo of the continuance to him of the administrative supremacy enjoyed by Piero, was only made after a preliminary deliberation had been held by the chief persons among the adherents of the Medici, under the direction of this same Tommaso Soderini. Soderini had already distinguished himself by his fidelity to the Medici in the case of Diotisalvi Neroni, and was perhaps the most distinguished citizen in the republic. At the death of Piero, Tommaso Soderini, who was, by his marriage with a Tornabuoni, brother-in-law of Piero, had indeed taken a leading part in the defeat of the conspiracy of 1466, which had placed in such jeopardy the ascendancy of the Medici, and on his death-bed Piero recommended his two sons to the care of his brother-in-law. Nevertheless, at the death of Piero, offers were made to Tommaso to surrender to him the chief conduct of affairs. He remained, however, firm to the trust reposed in him by Piero, and immediately after the death of the latter called the leading men of Florence to a meeting in the Convent Sant Antonio, in the neighbourhood of the Porta Faenza. Six hundred of the chiefest inhabitants of the town answered the summons, and it was on the proposition of Soderini that it was resolved that the chief conduct of affairs was intrusted to the son of Piero. The kind of government to which Lorenzo thus succeeded cannot be defined better than in the words of Bernardo di Nero, one of the speakers in the dialogue of Guicciardini entitled '*Del Reggimento di Firenze* :—

'One must confess that the government of the Medici was of a kind which it is not ordinarily allowed to be, namely despotism, and that it was acquired by faction and force; and that notwithstanding that the city retained the name, the appearances, and the image of a free city, they ruled over it as masters, because they conferred the magistracies on whomsoever they would, and that those who had them were obedient to themselves. It is true, too, that their despotism, in comparison with others, was of a very mild character, for they were neither cruel nor

sanguinary, and neither spoilers of women nor of other people's honour; they were eager and hot for the increase of the power of the city, and have done much good and little harm, except such as they were led to by necessity; they wished to be masters of the government, but with as much civility, humanity, and meekness as possible.'

This is no doubt a fair account of the government of the Medici, allowance being made for the inevitable favouritism which must attend a government supported by partisans. Lorenzo, immediately after what may be called his accession to power, showed a vivid perception of the way in which his influence was to be maintained. He immediately took precautions that the mode of naming the electors to the chief magistracies should be so modified that none but his own friends could be elected.

'By such measures,' wrote Francesco Guicciardini, 'Lorenzo began to have a firm foothold in Florence. His dominion was strengthened, and he won power as well as reputation. He began forthwith to aim at being the sole lord and ruler. Instead of allowing himself to be governed by others, he was intent the more that Messer Tommaso and the rest who enjoyed great reputation and had a great family influence should not become too influential. Although he prevented them not from obtaining anything so far as embassies and the highest honours and offices of state, yet he kept them within bounds, and he caused their schemes to fail on many occasions, and, on the contrary, brought forward chiefly such as inspired him with no apprehensions as at first was the case with Messer Bernardo Buongerolami, Antonio di Puccio, Messer Agnolo Niccolini, Bernardo di Nero, Pier Filippo Pandolfini. He was in the habit of saying, "Had my father so managed and put such restraint on Messer Luca, Messer Diotisalvi, Messer Agnolo Acciaiuoli, and others, there would have been no such danger of the government coming to ruin in 1466."'

The astute and mild spirit of policy, however, which was the chief characteristic of Lorenzo's conduct of public affairs, was by no means so evident in the first years of his government as later. The cruel circumstances which attended the sack of Volterra, a dependent city of the Florentines, left a stain on his reputation which none of his panegyrists have been able wholly to remove. The war of Volterra with the ruling city was brought about by the extravagant claims of the metropolis with respect to some newly-discovered mines of alum; and Lorenzo was the most ardent advocate of extreme measures against the revolted city.

Respecting this unfortunate war with Volterra, and the famous conspiracy of the Pazzi, much fuller details are to be found in these volumes of Herr Von Reumont than were before accessible to the student of history; and much that

remained obscure from the conciseness of the narrative of Rescoe is here made clearly intelligible. The testimony adduced by the author of these volumes proves that though the head of the Christian Church was undoubtedly an active abettor of the conspiracy of the Pazzi against the Medici, yet that he essayed to stipulate that it should merely compass the deposition of the Medici, and not their murder; though it is difficult to suppose that he could have rendered such a limitation possible when he knew the character of the men who were the most active agents in the business. This Pope, who, as Cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli, was chosen to the sacred office in the summer of 1471, fourteen days after the death of Paul II., and assumed the title of Sixtus IV., came in reality from a humble family of Albizzola, near Savona. As soon, however, as he was elected Pope he claimed as Francesco della Rovere to be connected with the noble Piedmontese family Della Rovere, the lords of Vinovo, who were not slow to acknowledge as a kinsman the wearer of the tiara. The Pope was originally a member of the Franciscan order, and his friar's training had impressed upon him a stamp which he retained throughout life, as he became successively a student and professor of theology, a cardinal, and an active member of the Holy College. It was this Pope, reared in the cloister, who during the thirteen years of his pontificate gave a more worldly character to the papal rule than it had ever before assumed, and with restless and implacable energy involved it in a whirlpool of political conflicts, and invented a more ambitious form of nepotism than was known to his predecessors; for he aimed at endowing the illegitimate offspring who passed by the appellation of his nephews with principalities and kingdoms, while the popes before him had been content to confer on such progeny merely enormous riches and fiefs of nobility. Girolamo Riario was, indeed, the prototype of Cæsar Borgia, and not an unworthy forerunner in craft and cruelty as well as in ambition.

The first relations of Lorenzo de' Medici with the new and ambitious Pope had nevertheless been extremely amicable. He had been placed at the head of the embassy despatched by the Florentine *Signoria* to congratulate Sixtus IV. on his accession. Lorenzo, in his '*Ricordi*,' gives an account of his mission in the following words, in which it is curious to observe that while he gives but two lines to the account of his mission, he devotes the greater part of his brief notice to art acquisitions made during his stay in the Roman capital:—

'In September 1471 I was elected ambassador to Rome for the coro-

nation of the Pope Sixtus IV., where I was much honoured, and from there I brought the two antique busts of Augustus and of Agrippa, which the said Pope gave me; and I brought besides a sculptured cup of chalcedony, which I purchased there, with many other cameos and medals.'

Among other proofs of favour and goodwill which the Pope bestowed on Lorenzo, who already possessed a bank in Rome, was that of the appointment of treasurer to the Holy See. The Pope also granted him concessions with respect to the alum-works at Tolfa, a fresh proof of the favour with which he was regarded by his Holiness. The discovery of alum mines in Italy, a substance largely used in the dyeing of woollen stuffs, was a recent event, and had liberated the Italians from the dependence for this product on the Turks. It is probable, too, that at this period Lorenzo solicited from Sixtus the promise of a cardinal's hat for his brother Giuliano. The cardinal's hat was not granted at that time, although the story of subsequent negotiations shows that good hopes were still entertained of success. These friendly relations, however, gave way to others of deep mistrust, which finally settled down on the Pope's side into feelings of vehement animosity and vindictiveness.

The chief cause of this changed state of things between Sixtus IV. and Lorenzo was the opposition which Lorenzo and the Florentines made to the Pope's scheme for establishing a principality for the Pope's nephew, Girolamo Riario, by the subjection of those petty chiefs of the Romagna who were mostly either in league with Florence, or lived under its *acomandigia* or protection. The extirpation of the most powerful of these chieftains, who as *condottieri* and ruthless robber princes were eternal promoters of petty but horrible war and rapine, was reserved for Cæsar Borgia, their master in crime and treachery; but meanwhile, and in any case, Imola and Faenza were so closely in vicinity to each other and Florence, that it could not be a matter of indifference to the fair city to see Imola become a stronghold of papal ambition. Nevertheless, in spite of the opposition of Lorenzo, such was the result. This complication of affairs in the Romagna brought about a total change in the composition of the leagues into which Italy had hitherto been divided. The traditional Medicean alliance of the Florentines was with Naples and Milan against the Pope and the Venetians. In the present state of affairs the force of circumstances drew the Venetians and the Florentines together in spite of their ancient enmities, for both apprehended equally the success of the designs of the Pope in the

**Romagna.** Naples, on the other hand, held in dread the prospect of Venetian supremacy in the Adriatic; and these and other considerations led the king Ferrante to join hands, in spite of ancient grievances, with the Pope, so that the peninsula was shortly divided into a league between Florence, Milan, and Venice on the one hand, and the Pope and Naples on the other. Things went on fermenting in this way. The Pope, as a sign of his displeasure, took away from Lorenzo the post of treasurer of the Holy See, and bestowed it on one of the Pazzi family, by name Francesco de' Pazzi; and the Pazzi family, in the hope of still greater favours, in conjunction with the illegitimate offspring of Sixtus IV., began to compass the destruction of the Medici.

This was, indeed, the most critical period of Lorenzo's rule. He had now been chief of the state for nine years, and it was eleven years since the last conspiracy against the domination of the Medici had taken place; all opposition had settled down within the walls of Florence; but it was from without the storm which was preparing burst upon him. Some doubt still hangs over the nature of the motives of the Pazzi in this conspiracy. They were rich and powerful, closely allied by marriage to Lorenzo and Giuliano, and they enjoyed high consideration under the Medicean rule. Still they were aware that Lorenzo, acting on the principle to which Cosimo had so steadily adhered, refrained from entrusting to them any public affairs by which they would be likely to gain credit and importance, and this, doubtless, excited their jealousy. This jealousy was, perhaps, deepened into active animosity by the rivalry which took place between the Medici and the Pazzi about the management of the Pope's financial matters at Rome, and by the discontent which the family felt at a judgment in a lawsuit by which one of their members was deprived of his property.

The conduct of the assassinations was entrusted to an Abruzzese, Giovan Batista di Montesecco, a *condottiere* captain in the service of Girolamo; and it is from his confessions, to be found in Fabroni and Politian's '*De Conjuracione Pactianâ Commentarius*,' that the minutest details of the deliberations of the conspirators are to be found. The *condottiere* Montesecco was first initiated into the secrets of the plot against the Medici by Francesco de' Pazzi in the house of Francesco Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa, who also as an enemy of the house of Medici had entered into the conspiracy. Montesecco, immediately on being acquainted with the objects in view, declared that he was not his own master, and could enter into

no co-operation without the permission of the Pope and his nephew, but he received for answer that nothing was done without the consent of his Holiness, and that his security and establishment in his position was the end and aim of the affair. 'I saw if things remained as they were, Riario's lordship was not worth a charge of gunpowder, on account of the hostility of Lorenzo, who after the death of the Pope would upset everything in order to deprive him of his small sovereignty, as hostility had long prevailed between them.' In other interviews the matter and manner of execution of the conspiracy were discussed; at length Montesecco was summoned to the presence of the Pope, together with Francesco Salviati and Girolamo Riario, and in the course of a dialogue the Pope gave his approval to all the aims of the conspiracy, even to the ways of conducting it by armed force, insisting, however, in the singular reservation that it should be conducted without loss of life.

The three conspirators, however, on quitting the Pope's presence, came to the conclusion that without the assassination of the two Medici it would be impossible to attain the aims of the execution. After many deliberations and plans as to the best way of making sure of killing both brothers at once—for this naturally was a necessity in any scheme for getting rid of the Medici—the scene of the assassination, as is well known, was laid in the Cathedral *Santa Maria del Fiore*, and the time of execution was chosen to be at night, at the moment of the elevation of the host. This had a fatal effect on the issue of the plot, for Montesecco, intimidated by the prejudices of a layman, refused his co-operation in a plot which would stain the pavement of the sanctuary with blood at so solemn an instant. Two priests, however, offered to supply his place, and to their want of decision at the proper moment, and to their inexperience in the use of weapons, is to be ascribed the failure of the plot. The priestly assassin deputed to murder Lorenzo lost his nerve at the given moment, and only succeeded in inflicting upon him a slight wound in the neck. His brother Giuliano, however, fell with many wounds—the first of which alone appears to have been mortal. Lorenzo, with great presence of mind, wound his mantle round his arm and forced his way, surrounded by his friends, through the bystanders into the sacristy, where the brazen doors were shut behind him, from whence he was escorted home by a band of Florentine youths who had rushed to the church on hearing that their chiefs were in danger.

The conspirators who undertook to overpower the *Signoria*

and take possession of the seat of government, and those who attempted to raise the town in insurrection against the existing government, failed equally with those who attempted the assassination. The archbishop, who undertook the first part of the project, attempted in vain with a body of associates and hirelings to surprise the magistrates, who defended themselves vigorously until the populace was roused and came to their aid, when the archbishop was with his followers taken prisoner. The greater part of these were either hanged or slaughtered, or thrown half dead from the windows. Giacomo de' Pazzi, the leader of them, was hanged in the sight of the people, from whence also the archbishop himself was suspended shortly after in full pontifical robes. Francesco Pazzi, one of the assassins of Giuliano, was hanged by his side, having been dragged by the populace naked out of the bed in which he had concealed himself. The ferocity of the archbishop was such that he is said to have seized the naked body of Francesco Pazzi as he was hanging beside him with his teeth. Giacomo de' Pazzi, who attempted in vain to raise the city and was answered by the populace with cries of '*Palle! Palle!*' 'Let the traitors die!' contrived to escape into the country, but was subsequently made a prisoner and brought back to Florence.

The failure of this flagitious conspiracy served only to render Lorenzo still more popular in Florence. The exasperation of the populace was so extreme that had it not been for the moderation of Lorenzo himself, the number of persons who would have expiated with their lives all connexion with the conspirators would have been far greater. Lorenzo, however, whether from motives of prudence or from a more generous reason, used his influence on the side of clemency. Nevertheless, about one hundred persons perished, either at the hands of the mob or by the decision of the tribunals.

The moderation of Lorenzo had little effect in assuaging the anger of Sixtus IV. for what he had conceived to be a wilful defiance of the authority of the Holy See. His real grievance against Lorenzo, namely, the activity of the latter in opposing his schemes for Girolamo, was of course never mentioned, but he had an ostensible one in the fact that Lorenzo had been a consenting party to the execution of an archbishop in his full robes, and thus shown a contempt for the sacred character of an ecclesiastic of high rank. In the first moments of irritation which succeeded after Sixtus IV. had received news of the failure of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, the Pope broke into the bitterest invectives. His incensed

feelings were wrought up to a greater pitch by the arts of his nephew Girolamo. The Florentine ambassador Donato Acciaiuoli would, it appears, have been sent to prison, had not the ambassadors from Venice and Milan declared that they would share the fate of their colleague, and appealed to the respect due to the faith of nations. The fate, however, with which the ambassador was threatened was really inflicted on the Florentine bankers and other residents in Rome; they were sent to Sant Angelo and their property declared to be confiscated. These extreme measures, however, were subsequently relaxed in consequence of the apprehensions of the Pope for the fate of his nephew the Cardinal, still a prisoner at Florence. The indignation of Sixtus, however, found vent in another direction; he excommunicated Lorenzo by a bull, in which he was called '*iniquitatis filius et perditionis alumnus*,' he anathematised equally with him the chief magistrates and the dependents of the Medici, and he laid the republic under an interdict. Since also these spiritual weapons produced small effect on the obstinate commonwealth, he prepared to make war upon it, in conjunction with his ally Fernando, King of Naples. War was speedily declared against the republic by the allies; at the same time it was intimated that Lorenzo alone was the enemy in view, and that his removal from the government and his surrender would alone be sufficient to satisfy the indignant feelings of the Pontiff. The Florentines on their side prepared for defence by raising money, and appealing to the princes and states with whom they were in league. They succeeded in securing the assistance of the Duke of Urbino, and the Venetians, who stood aloof at first, and generally during the contest conducted themselves with cautious impassiveness, also sent them a body of troops. After two campaigns, pursued with various fortunes, which at last by the victory of Poggibonzi, gained by the Duke of Calabria at the head of the Neapolitan troops, turned out to the disadvantage of the Florentines, it became evident that the republic could no longer carry on the war with such hopes of success as they entertained at its commencement, and the Florentine leaders then eagerly accepted the proposal of a truce for three months. But the cessation of hostilities naturally gave the Florentines time to reflect on the losses and defeats they had suffered, and on the circumstance that it was for one man alone that the fortunes of the city were thus being hazarded on the chances of war.

The situation of Lorenzo was at this time almost unique in history. He was no hereditary prince, no such descendant of a



royal race as is wont to be the object of such loyalty as has been the source of some of the most touching incidents and of the grandest pages of history ; and yet his power was based on the affections of his fellow-citizens, who up to the present crisis had supported him with earnest and undivided affection. But now, after nearly two years of expenditure of blood and treasure, it is intelligible that the weary citizens should contrast the perils that they had gone through, and the calamities which they might still have before them, with the prospects of the enjoyment which peace would give them if Lorenzo were out of the way. The fact that the Pope considered Lorenzo to be the chief author of all the misery of Florence, and that his surrender was the great object of the war, could not fail to recur with renewed force to the minds of all his adherents, who up to this time had with such spirit of sacrifice supported him against odds which to the small republic might well seem overwhelming. Complaints of an exhausted treasury, of ruined commerce, and of oppressive taxation began now to reach the ears of Lorenzo ; and insinuations of a more personal nature began to be made, and he received plain hints that he had better devise means of settling a peace rather than make more preparations for war.

In these circumstances Lorenzo took upon himself a bold resolve—significant of the decision and address of the man : he determined to take advantage of his former intimacy with Federico and other members of the Neapolitan royal family, to confide himself unexpectedly as a guest to the generosity of the king, in order to win from him his assent to conditions of a peace which would be acceptable to the Florentines. Herr von Reumont brings fresh authorities to show that the risk which Lorenzo ran was less considerable than has hitherto been imagined. He proves that negotiations had already been set on foot between Lorenzo and the King of Naples, that Ludovico Sforza had advised the step, warning him that an alliance with the King of Naples was the only way out of his difficulties, since he could place no reliance on assistance either from Milan or from Venice. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Lorenzo put himself wholly in the power of a prince with whom he lately was at war and whose bad faith was notorious. Not long before Jacopo Piccinini, the famous *condottiere*, had paid with his life for an act of similar temerity—having been secretly assassinated by the king, although he had greater claims to his generosity than were possessed by Lorenzo. Nevertheless, on the present occasion it does not appear that Lorenzo was ever seriously in danger, but that

from the first he met with a reception worthy of a prince whose reputation had filled all Italy. Two Neapolitan galleys, commanded by two distinguished Neapolitan noblemen, had been sent to bring him from Vada at the mouth of the Cecina in the Pisan Maremma, and after eight days' sail he reached Naples, where he was received on landing by the king's own son Federigo and Ferrandino, Prince of Capua, in the presence of an immense crowd collected to welcome him.

The impression which Lorenzo made on the king was favourable, and he used his utmost endeavours to ingratiate himself with all classes of the Neapolitans. His chief and most useful conquest was Diomedè Carafa, Count of Maddaloni, the prime minister of the king, who shared Lorenzo's tastes in literature and art. Lorenzo found, too, in Naples other allies who, by reason of their constant and general intercourse with the most cultivated spirits of the capital, conspired to influence much public opinion in his favour; and these were the artists, of whom Donatello was at the head, and who, under the reign of Ferrante or Ferdinand and that of Alfonso, had been attracted to Naples by the enlightened liberality of the ruling sovereigns. Lorenzo's magnificent treatment of the whole body of artists, together with the reputation which he enjoyed as a connoisseur in works of art of all sorts, naturally rendered his name a sort of household word among the best circles of the city. Lorenzo lived in Naples in a fashion which well sustained his reputation; he passed much of his time with the Duchess of Calabria, promenading together with her in the grounds of her palace overlooking the Riviera di Chiaja, in full view of the beautiful island of Capri, which closes the bay in front of them. But he lived also a great deal in public; gave splendid banquets and presents, endowed poor maidens, and gave money for the redemption of slaves from captivity.

He lost not, however, out of sight the main purpose of his visit, which was to decide the subtle judgment of Ferrante, wavering as he was backwards and forwards between the attractions of conflicting advantages, to contract with him a peace which should liberate Florence and himself from a perilous position. To say the truth, Lorenzo had not calculated rashly in supposing that, amid the entangled and perplexing state of Italian politics, the prospect of one sure alliance would have great attractions for the King of Naples, who from the beginning of his reign had found himself surrounded with dangers. Although an ally of the Pope, he distrusted the ambitious and turbulent character of the Pontiff,

and must have remembered that from time immemorial the Popes had been accustomed to regard the kingdom of Naples as a fief of their own. The Venetians, too, with their constant efforts at aggrandisement along the shores of the Adriatic, were held by him in equal suspicion. And it was impossible to surmise what projects might not be ripening in the dark and stealthy mind of Ludovico Sforza, who now sat at Milan, meditating schemes of dominion, to be made possible by the murder of his young nephew.

In the end the clear intelligence and cautious tact of Lorenzo prevailed, and in spite of the remonstrances and secret contrivances of Sixtus IV. the grounds of a treaty were laid down, and Lorenzo, after nearly a three months' stay in Naples, left it as he came, by sea.

'He landed,' says Niccolò Valori, 'in Leghorn, from whence he betook himself to Pisa. Both in the harbour and in the town he was received with such expressions of joy, with such signs of devotion, and with such cries of congratulation from the whole people that it seemed as though the localities themselves took part in the general jubilations. It is impossible, however, to describe how he was received at his entry into Florence. Young and old, men and women, streamed together to meet him. The common folk, as well as the higher classes, rejoiced together to see him returned home in such goodly fashion. He shook hands with all good-naturedly and with thanks. People embraced each other for very joy.'

Lorenzo naturally made use of his renewed popularity to increase his authority in the government of the city, and this he contrived by the establishment of the Council of the Seventy, who were, in fact, a Medicean Senate, the members of which, by the intrigues of Lorenzo and his supporters, were mere nominees of the Prince, and under his direction assumed to themselves the whole administration of the chief offices of the republic. The measures by which he thus secured his position within the walls of Florence did not prevent him from being the object of another attempt at assassination by the hand of one Frescobaldi, incited to attempt the deed by the intrigues of Girolamo and the Florentine exiles, while the increased prosperity and security which he enjoyed only incited to new activity the unappeasable rancour of the Pope. In truth, the danger to which Lorenzo had subjected his authority in Florence by his departure was not less than that to which he had subjected his person in committing it to the tender mercies of Alfonso. However, the machinations of his enemies within the walls of the city had as little effect as the intrigues of the princes and powers without.

Sixtus IV., however, might probably have maintained his rancour for some time longer had not an alarming historical portent taken place which threw all Italy into commotion. Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, who had threatened to replace the cross by the crescent on the summit of Saint Peter, and to make his horse eat oats upon its altar, after having failed to capture Rhodes by a sudden *coup de main*, took possession of Otranto; and his soldiers ravaged the adjoining Neapolitan dominions with that horrible cruelty for which Turkish troops have ever been remarkable. This untoward event happened at a crisis so seemingly singular and so fortunate for his own affairs, that Lorenzo was accused of having had some share in its contrivance. For such a supposition, however, there were no grounds, although friendly messages had on a former occasion been interchanged between himself and the Sultan. Pope Sixtus IV. is said, on the first shock of the news of the Turkish descent, to have meditated again transferring the seat of the Papacy to Avignon. What is more certain is, that Ferrante immediately withdrew his son, the Duke of Calabria, from the Sienese district, where he was evidently scheming to establish for himself an independent principality, and sent round among all the states and princes of Italy for assistance; and the Pope also intimated to the Florentines that he was willing to grant them peace and absolution if they would plead for it with proper submission. The end was that the Florentines obtained an honourable peace, and, as Machiavelli relates, 'The citizens praised Lorenzo extravagantly, declaring that by his prudence he had recovered in peace what unfavourable events had taken from them in war, and that by his discretion and judgment he had done more than the enemy with all the force of their arms.'

Not long afterwards Sixtus IV. died. The conclusion of the peace was said to have killed him.

'Audito tantum nomine pacis obit.'

The turbulent Pope, however, ended his days amid scenes of violence and confusion which might have gratified him with endless prospects of civil war at home. The citizens divided into two hostile camps between the Colonna and the Orsini; palaces and shrines were stormed and sacked, the streets flowed with blood, and it was with difficulty arrangements were made to hold the conclave which elected Giovan Battista Cybò, cardinal of Malfetto, who took the title of Innocent VIII. This change of popes was a happy circumstance for the peace

of Italy as well as for the security of Lorenzo. The new Pope was of a Genoese noble family and of a peaceful disposition when compared with Sixtus IV. He was the father of several illegitimate children, of whom Franceschetto Cybò was the favourite, and as he was only fifty-five years of age he might reasonably hope for a long pontificate. The opening years of the pontificate, however, by no means answered to the anticipations of Lorenzo: for the barons of Naples having broken out in revolt against their sovereign, the Pope, notwithstanding his peaceful inclinations, was unable to resist the influence of the traditional ambition of the Papacy, ever set upon the acquisition of Naples. Innocent VIII. therefore supported the barons in their rebellion, hoping in this way to get possession of the kingdom. The duration of the rebellion between the sovereign and his nobility in the Neapolitan dominions gave a peculiar complexion to the political condition of that portion of the Peninsula. The feudal system had been implanted there by the Normans more deeply than in any other portion of Italy. The reigning king was continually held in check by the aristocracy, and would indeed have been altogether powerless had not family and private feuds rendered it easy for the sovereign to take advantage of their divisions. A party of Aragon perpetuated the remembrance of civil wars and of the massacres of the Sicilian Vespers. Alfonso, the father of Ferdinand, a magnanimous prince, overcame a revolution of the rebellious barons and suppressed with a strong hand the party who had withstood him in the field; but as soon as the contest was over adopted a policy of conciliation towards both friends and foes. The dark and vindictive spirit of Ferdinand, his natural son, who succeeded him, viewed both the rival factions with suspicion and jealousy, and aimed at the aggrandisement of the monarchy by the suppression of the feudal spirit and feudal privileges. The cruelty and perfidy of the father and that practised under his authority by his son, the Duke of Calabria, drove at last the barons into open revolt, in which they sought for the alliance of the Pope. It was to Lorenzo that Ferdinand turned for assistance while thus tried by both foreign and domestic enemies, and he despatched to him an envoy to recall to the Florentine chief how he had not long ago been released from danger by his own instrumentality. Lorenzo was out of health at the baths of San Filippo when news of the perilous situation of the King of Naples reached him, he hastened at once to Florence and assured the king's envoy that he should have his heartiest support.

The political authority of Lorenzo in the affairs of Italy was always exercised in maintaining the various states of the Peninsula in a complicated state of equilibrium. The principle of the balance of power, which subsequently became the basis of the political system of Europe, was that by which he regulated his political action. His apprehensions were ever on the watch to prevent any power from being sufficiently strong to override the rest. On the present occasion he considered that the addition of the Neapolitan dominions to that of the Papal See by conquest would raise up a preponderant power to Italy with which the lesser States would find it impossible to cope; and his motives for defending the King of Naples on this consideration were strengthened also by some sense of gratitude. It is significant of the influence which Lorenzo exercised over his fellow-citizens that he was enabled to persuade them to accept his views of the policy which Florence ought to adopt at this critical moment. Both the King of Naples and the Duke of Calabria were heartily hated at Florence, and the majority of the citizens were evidently opposed to a war in their behalf. Lorenzo, therefore, lost no time in calling the principal citizens together and in expounding his views. His political arguments, expressed in eloquent language, carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers. 'When he commenced,' writes Niccolò Valori, 'the majority were opposed to his way of thinking. In the midst of a peace, they said, which they had desired so much, Lorenzo was about to plunge them into war. Had he forgotten into what danger the arms and censure of the Pope had formerly brought upon him? How would it be if Venice took part in the war? How was it possible to assist the king, who was thus at once assailed by a civil as well as a foreign war? He should be careful not to attract the war away from Ferrante towards his own country.' Lorenzo, however, expounded the necessity of intervention with such eloquence that he encouraged the timid, and in the end carried away his audience to his own conclusions. 'The oration,' Valori adds, 'as committed to writing by some of his hearers, I have myself perused, and it is impossible to conceive any composition more copious, more elegant, and more convincing.' Lorenzo at the same time did not spare of advice to the Neapolitan envoy—advice which shows how much he was in point of morality in advance of most of the little cruel despots of his time. 'It grieves me to the soul,' he wrote to Albino, the Neapolitan envoy, 'that the Duke of Calabria should have acquired even undeservedly the imputation of cruelty. At all events, he

'ought to endeavour to remove every pretext for the accusation by the most scrupulous regard to his conduct. If the people were displeased with the late impositions it would be advisable to abolish them, and to require only the usual payments; for one *carlino* obtained with goodwill and affection is better than ten accompanied with dissatisfaction and resentment.'

Such advice, however, was little to the taste of either Ferrante or his son, and though their wily and able policy enabled them finally to dis sever the alliance of the Pope and their insurgent barons, yet the cruel treachery which they displayed in the treatment of their conquered subjects, and the oppressive exactions by which they distressed their people, proved ultimately as destructive of their power as it was fatal to the independence of Italy. During the war between the King of Naples and his barons, Lorenzo had never ceased being in correspondence with the Pope, and endeavouring to convince him of the wisdom of his own political views, both with respect to the welfare of the Papacy and to the maintenance of the balance of power in Italy. In this he completely succeeded. He not only contrived to disengage the Pope from his alliance with the barons, but secured the assistance of the Pope, a Genoese himself, in the acquirement for the Florentines of the town of Sarzana, a strong place on the Genoese frontier. He also brought about a marriage between his daughter Maddalena and Franceschetto Cybò, the eldest son of the Pope, and generally maintained, amid the complicated entanglements of Italian affairs, such political relations with the Papacy up to the time of his death that the Pope was said to be completely under his influence. The private relations of Lorenzo and Innocent VIII. are a curious study and characteristic of the times. Lorenzo had, as we have seen, married his daughter to Franceschetto Cybò. He had also a son, whom he had destined to an ecclesiastical career, and he urged the interests of both his relatives with the hesitating Pope in as eager and passionate language as it was possible for him to venture upon. Pope Innocent VIII., a weak-minded man, of feeble health, did not possess the spirit of nepotism in anything like the usual intensity. Consequently the Pope could not catch a cold or have the slightest of ailments without those of his relatives, for whom he had not provided, falling into an agony of terror, lest the old man should drop off and leave them without an establishment. The exhortations of Lorenzo on this head are edifying to read.

'Others,' he wrote to Innocent VIII., 'have not so long postponed their efforts to attain the papal chair, and have concerned themselves

little to maintain that retiring delicacy so long evinced by your Holiness. Thus is your Holiness not only exonerated before God and man, but this honourable conduct may cause you to incur blame, and your reserve may be attributed to less worthy motives. Zeal and duty urge my conscience to remind your Holiness that no man is immortal. Be the Pontiff as important as he may in his own person, he cannot make his dignity and that importance hereditary—he cannot be said absolutely to possess any but the honours and emoluments he has secured to his kinsmen.'

The son-in-law of Lorenzo urged on his father-in-law to write still stronger letters of admonition, saying, filially, 'like an ox he requires the goad.'

Still more impatient was Lorenzo in his conduct of the assiduities by which he contrived to obtain the cardinal's hat for his son Giovanni, destined to leave a name in the annals of the Papacy equal to his own in the history of Florence. Giovanni was born on December 11, 1475, and was nine years of age when Innocent VIII. became Pope. He had received the tonsure at seven years of age, and in the following year he was made abbot of Font Doulce by Louis XI., and of Passignano by Sixtus IV., and the importunity of his father was such that the weak Pope, who felt some shame in making a boy a cardinal, gave him at last the red hat at the age of fourteen. The nomination of Giovanni de' Medici to the dignity of Cardinal was the last of the triumphs of Lorenzo his father, who died on April 8, 1492, very shortly after he had sent him a letter of congratulation and advice which still exists. He died early in the forty-third year of his age, after twenty-three years of virtual sovereignty. His death was not unexpected even at that early age, for the family malady, the gout, had afflicted him with almost intolerable violence.

The well-known scene of the presence of Savonarola at his death-bed appears to have been quite misrepresented. Savonarola had become merely a famous preacher in the days of Lorenzo. It appears from the account of Politian to be true that Lorenzo had Savonarola summoned to his bedside. The ordinary story is that Savonarola refused to give him absolution because he refused to restore the liberties of Florence. But according to the account of Politian, an eye-witness, no such dialogue took place. 'Fra Girolamo of Ferrara,' relates Politian, 'a man esteemed for his learning and fear of God, and a splendid preacher of the Divine word, stepped into the sick room and invited the sick man to hold fast by faith, to which he replied, he did so steadfastly. Thereafter he exhorted him to lead a virtuous life; he answered he would



‘endeavour to do so. Thirdly, he exhorted him to endure death, if need be, with steadfastness. “Nothing is more agreeable,” he replied, “if it be the will of God.” The friar was departing, when Lorenzo said to him, “Give me your blessing before you depart from me,” and with bent head he responded fully and in complete consciousness to the words and exhortations of the monk, undisturbed by the sorrow no longer repressed of his household.’

His end was peaceful. He continued, with mere habit and compliance, to follow the prescriptions of his physicians. His accustomed sleeplessness did not forsake him. Once when he had taken some nourishment and he was asked how he enjoyed it, he replied, ‘Like a dying man.’ He embraced his relatives and attendants, and asked pardon of all whom he had offended or towards whom he had shown impatience during his long illness. He had the narrative of the passion and death of our Saviour read to him; at the beginning he repeated the words of Scripture, and then becoming weaker he moved his lips and at last only moved his fingers, as a sign that his intelligence still remained. When death arrived, a crucifix was held before him; he kissed it and departed.

The two great historians of Florence, Machiavelli and Guicciardini, have both analysed the character and the government of Lorenzo in some of their most striking pages. The judgment of Guicciardini is somewhat more severe than that of Machiavelli, but both coincide in the opinion that Lorenzo was the greatest citizen which Florence had ever possessed, and that not only Florence but all Italy lamented his loss.

‘The city,’ writes Guicciardini, ‘was in complete peace, the ruling portion of the citizens united and firm, and the government in such a state of prosperity that no one dared to contradict it; the people every day were delighted with festivities, spectacles, and new pleasures; the city was abundantly supplied with all kinds of good cheer; its military strength in full flower and activity; men of talent and genius were proud of the city being the rendezvous and supporter of all literary, artistic, and other merit. Finally, while the city was thus in the greatest tranquillity and prosperity, and enjoyed without the greatest glory and reputation on account of possessing a government and a chief of the greatest authority, on account of its territory having been increased, on account of having been in great part the cause of the preservation of Ferrara and also of the King Fernando, on account, moreover, of the exclusive influence which it possessed with Innocent VIII., on account of its alliance with Naples and Milan, and of being, as it were, the balance of power of all Italy, a calamity took place which upset everything to the detriment not only of the city, but of the whole peninsula. And this was that in the year 1491 Lorenzo de’ Medici, having long

been in bad health with an illness which was esteemed at the commencement of little importance by his physicians, and which, not being treated as seriously as it should have been, increased secretly in violence, at last departed from this present life.'

Guicciardini gave credence to the report that the fatal illness of Lorenzo was brought on by the exposure to which Lorenzo subjected himself in following up his love intrigue with Bartolommea de' Nasi, the wife of Donato Benci, a lady who was neither young nor beautiful, but of much distinction of manner and intelligence. In order to save the reputation of the lady, who lived in her villa in the country during the winter months, Lorenzo, then a widower, visited her regularly after nightfall and returned to Florence in the morning. He was accompanied on these occasions by a portion of that body-guard, with some of whom he was always surrounded after the conspiracy of the Pazzi. Two of them having complained of their hard service, the lady contrived to get them sent away in disgrace on distant embassies. 'A mad thing' (*cosa pazza*), says Guicciardini, 'was it, if we consider that a man of such greatness, reputation, and prudence—of forty years of age—should be so captivated by a lady, not beautiful and full of years, as to be brought to do things which would have misbecome any boy.'

After setting forth that it cannot be denied that the government of Lorenzo was in fact a tyranny, and that he took every precaution not only that those hostile to his authority should be excluded from public office, but that even his own adherents should not be allowed a chance of gaining public favour—in order to secure which latter precautions he systematically bestowed the most important offices of state among the most obscure of his partisans, Guicciardini goes on:—

'In fine, it must be concluded that although beneath his government the city was not free, yet that it would have been impossible to have had a better and more agreeable tyrant, since he was by reason of his inclination and natural goodness the author of numerous benefits. Some evils resulted from the necessities of his absolute government, but moderated and limited by the requirements of necessity. As far as his own free will and decision were concerned the evils were very few. Also although those who had been kept in subjection rejoiced at his death, nevertheless all those of the ruling faction, and even those with whom he had at times come into collision, were intensely grieved, not knowing what such a change of things might bring about. The mass of the citizens, and especially the lower classes, were in great grief, for they had been maintained by him in abundance, indulged by him with frequent pleasures, shows, and delights. His death caused the greatest consternation to all the men in Italy who were excellent in letters,

painting, sculpture, and in similar arts, since he either bestowed upon them great largesses, or they were kept up by him in reputation with other princes, who were assured if they should put to trial the will that they would be abandoned for the sake of Lorenzo.'

It is remarkable that that part of the administration of Lorenzo, namely the financial part, which was the most reprehensible according to modern notions, and which has met with the severe censure of Hallam, was the most lightly touched on by contemporary historians. The business affairs of the Medici had gone on deteriorating since the days of Cosimo; the quantity of money which they required for the support and the rewarding of their partisans, for largesses of various kinds, including donations to the state, was, of course, very great. The amounts of money thus given away were enormous, even according to our present notions. Lorenzo, in his '*Ricordi*,' states that the Medici had spent out of their own moneys, for public purposes, 663,755 golden florins between the years 1434 and 1471. 'Of which,' he writes, 'I do not complain, although many would consider that it were better in our purses; yet I esteem them to have been spent with great benefit to our party, so am very well content.' As a sample of the quantity of money advanced by Lorenzo for the support of Medicean interests, it may be mentioned that 200,000 golden guilders were sent to Rome from his own resources, and 50,000 golden guilders more were advanced by the state. To add to the deficiency caused by this enormous private expenditure, the banking business which the Medici carried on nearly over the whole civilised world fell into increasing disorder. Their banks at Lyons, Bruges, and other places were obliged to come to a composition with their creditors. Among other losers by this decline of the banking business of the Medici was Philippe de Comines, who had ever been one of the most active supporters of their policy abroad and a personal friend of Lorenzo.

To make head against such immense expenditure and such private losses, every possible manœuvre was resorted to by Lorenzo and his advisers. The managers, cashiers, and clerks of his banks were indiscriminately employed in the management of the public revenues of the states; so that the public finances and his private ones became at last inextricably mixed up together; and, to use the words of Hallam, 'the total dilapidation of his private wealth was repaired at the cost of the state, and the republic disgracefully screened the bankruptcy of the Medici by her own.'

Whatever may have been the political merit of Lorenzo in

the eyes of his contemporaries, his fame in the eyes of posterity has a brilliant and a golden glow beyond that of any mere political chief. It is as the centre of a band of poets, artists, and men of letters, and one of the most magnificent art collectors of modern times, that he now especially attracts our notice. Had he not been a statesman at all, he would ever have lived in the literature of his country as a poet; and his poetry is of no artificial kind, such as is usually the case with political men who devote their leisure to letters. His little idylls, '*La Caccia al Falcone*,' '*La Nencia di Barberino*,' and '*I Beoni*,' have a simplicity and flavour of popular life in them which recall the rustic eclogues of Theocritus; and even when he follows in the steps of Dante and Petrarch, as in his sonnets and *canzoni*, and his '*Selve d'Amore*,' he always, by his choice of natural imagery and by his own expression of sentiment, walks with an independent grace. His relations with other poets and with learned men, such as Luigi Pulci, Angelo Poliziano, Marsilio Ficino, Cristoforo Landino, and Count Giovanni Pico de Mirandola, and others, are treated of by Herr von Reumont in several chapters, not the least interesting in the volumes before us; in the Florentine palace of the Medici, and in his various country villas, and especially at Careggi, Caffaggiuolo, and Poggio a Cajano, frequent and intimate were the meetings round the festive board, in which these devotees of the purest philosophy of the Greeks carried on dialogues of a character more intellectual, perhaps, than any that had taken place since the famous *Symposium* recorded by Plato.

The most glorious age of painting and sculpture had not yet arrived. Lorenzo lived upon the very verge of it, and looked upon it, indeed, in the person of his young *protégé* Michel Angelo, like Moses on the Promised Land, yet numerous as well as illustrious were the artists who owed much to the encouragement of Lorenzo; such as Andrea del Verrocchio, Luca Signorelli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Filippino Lippi, Sandro Botticelli, and Benedetto da Majano. Of the taste and activity of Lorenzo as a collector of works of art, and of those gems, intaglios, and antiquities which were the wonder of contemporaries, and still form the nucleus of the unrivalled collections of the *Uffizi*, there are few travellers in Italy who have not occasion to speak with gratitude. Of horses, falcons, dogs, Lorenzo also was a great amateur. Of race-horses and horses for the chase he kept up a fully-appointed stud, in which he was much aided by the presents of his friends. That the writer of the lively idyll '*La Caccia al Falcone*' was

fully alive to the pleasures of the chase and fully capable of entering into the spirit of all open-air enjoyments, will be readily understood by all who have ever read the poem.

Yet fond as Lorenzo was of all that was joyous and convivial in life, he never gave himself up to the fierce extravagant sensuality which was generally practised by the princes and cardinals of his time. He was ever the cultivated Florentine citizen, which, as he taught his sons, he considered to be one of the greatest of all titles, and he ever bore himself as one who remembered that he was the chief of the Florentine state, and that he was regarded as such in the eyes of foreigners. What with his political activity, his extensive princely connexions, his intimate relation and intercourse with learned men and artists, his house was ever a centre of intellectual life and motion. In his house he kept open table. Michel Angelo narrates that the guests took their place at table, not according to rank, but according to the order of their arrival. Everybody in the household who was above the condition of a serving-man dined with him, and thus the young Buonarrotti at the beginning of his career dined constantly at the table of his patron.

The government of Florence did not remain in the hands of the descendants of Lorenzo the Magnificent, for his eldest son Piero disgusted the citizens by placing the keys of the fortresses of the Republic at the disposal of a French invader. Then broke out again in the streets of the city the old cry of '*Popolo e libertà, muojano i tiranni*,' and Piero, wisely took horse and escaped to Bologna. The old form of popular government was restored for eighteen years; and when the second Medicean restoration took place the line of Lorenzo was extinct, and the supreme authority in Florence was vested in a descendant of Cosimo, the first Father of his country.\*

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\* We cannot leave this subject without expressing, however briefly, our admiration for the beautiful volume, which Mrs. Oliphant has devoted to the '*Makers of Florence*'—one of the most elegant and interesting books which has been inspired in our time by the arts and annals of that celebrated Republic.

ART. X.—1. *The Map of Europe by Treaty; showing the various political and territorial Changes which have taken place since the General Peace of 1814. With numerous Maps and Plans.* By EDWARD HERTSLET, Esq., of the Foreign Office. 3 volumes 8vo. London: 1875.

2. *A Handy Book of the Eastern Question.* By Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, M.P. London: 1876.

**A**MIDST the conflicting opinions and the fervent heat which recent events in Eastern Europe have excited in this country, the wisest course for a statesman or a political writer would be to hold his tongue until this cyclone has passed by; and this is the course taken by those leaders of the Whig party, who have all our respect and confidence, and with whom we desire, in our own humbler sphere, to act. But this liberty of silence is hardly conceded to a quarterly reviewer. It is our duty to give the best account we can of the political changes of the times, and to assist, as far as lies in our power, to the intelligence of past, present, and future events. We cannot pretend to discuss negotiations with which we are very imperfectly acquainted and which are still perhaps incomplete. We cannot invent a scheme for the government of a vast empire, over which this country has no authority, and in which it is resolved not to interfere by force of arms. Before you can determine what the institutions of a province or a nation are to be, you must be master of it by cession or conquest. No doubt an Indian Lieutenant-Governor might govern Bulgaria much better than a Pasha; but until that district is our own, we have neither the right nor the duty to govern it at all. The plenipotentiaries of Europe have urged upon the acceptance of the Porte conditions for the amelioration of the condition of its Christian subjects in Europe which appear to us to be in themselves wise and moderate. The Porte, ill-disposed to accept any conditions imposed upon it by the dictation of the Christian Powers, but professing a sincere desire to place all classes of its subjects on the same basis of toleration and freedom, has met these demands by the promulgation of a scheme of constitutional government, for which, as far as we can judge, the vast and various populations of the Ottoman Empire are very ill-prepared. We do not contend that the conditions were unacceptable, or that the Constitution is impracticable, though we have not much faith in either; and we should hail with joy any changes which admitted and secured the rights of the people in a country hitherto ruled by an exclusive creed and

by arbitrary power. But behind and beyond these questions lies the more essential and important question of the right of sovereignty. It is upon his right as an independent sovereign that the Sultan has taken his stand; and we are not aware that anything short of conquest can deprive him of that right, as long as he is resolved to defend it. In the eyes of the Porte the question is not whether this or that reform is to be introduced, but whether the Sultan or the Christian Powers are to be supreme in the Turkish dominions. We should not, therefore, be surprised at the rejection by the Porte of the conditions proposed by the Conference, although those conditions have been reduced to a very moderate compass, and although the resistance of Turkey may appear to be rash as well as stubborn.

No doubt the excitement recently manifested throughout England was due in the main to generous and disinterested sentiments of humanity, and to that sympathy for the suffering and the oppressed which is one of the noblest characteristics of the British nation; but humanity itself may sometimes lead to inhuman consequences by inflaming and prolonging fierce contests, until those whom it is our design to assist and relieve become the victims of our interference. Servia was two or three years back a tributary province of the Turkish Empire, absolutely free and self-governed, prosperous, and progressive, the Porte claiming nothing from it but a small tribute and the right of investiture. How heart-rending are the accounts we now read of that country! By rushing into an unprovoked war and by refusing to make peace in September, on very liberal terms, at the fatal instigation of foreign emissaries, this province, which was the type of what a Christian principality of European Turkey may become, has caused to itself an amount of ruin and suffering hardly to be described. Whatever may have been the motives for foreign interference in Servia, the Servians have been its dupes and its victims. The Vilayet of Bulgaria had recently enjoyed for five years under Midhat Pasha, the most enlightened and humane of Turkish statesmen, as good an administration as is possible under Oriental government. He had made roads, encouraged trade and education, and the progress of the Christians was so remarkable that it was said to have excited the jealousy of their Moslem neighbours. This progress has been interrupted by the attempt to incite Bulgaria to rise in insurrection in aid of the Servian war. The Bulgarians, as Mr. Baring reported, had no heart in the rising; but the Moslems crushed the attempt (which also originated with foreign emissaries) with a degree of lawless ferocity that called forth the indignation and horror

of Europe. The sufferings of the Bulgarians are as great as they were undeserved. But if anything be wanting to complete their misery, it is that their fertile and industrious valleys should become the theatre of war between two great Powers, and that in the name of humanity the whole province should be depopulated and laid waste as it was by the Russian invasion of 1828 and 1829. We merely point to these facts as instances in which a generous and humane impulse may defeat its own ends, and cause evils far greater than those it seeks to avenge or to cure. It seems to us the strangest thing in the world that by way of giving to Mussulmans a lesson in the sacred duties of toleration and humanity, a fierce cry has been raised, which might be mistaken for the language of bigotry and revenge.

Other motives, of a less generous character, contributed to swell this crusade. There are those whose sacerdotal zeal claims a morbid affinity with the most venal and illiterate Church in Christendom, by the common bond of ritualism. There are the enthusiasts of the Low Church and of Dissent, who believe that the Little Horn is about to be crushed and the prophecies of the book of Daniel fulfilled. There are those who are inflamed by the resentment of disappointed avarice, who lent their money by millions to support a bad government when it paid them seven per cent., but who discover all its iniquities when the rate of interest is reduced to three. There are those who see in these events a favourable opportunity for a mortal assault on the present Administration; and no doubt Lord Beaconsfield has laid himself open to severe attack by his cynical remarks in the House of Commons, by the mystery in which he has shrouded an equivocal policy, by the use of vague generalities when plain specific statements were wanted, and by the incredible imprudence of his speech on November 9, at Guildhall, which breathed defiance to Russia, when he had in his pocket and might have produced, to the great and general satisfaction of his hearers and of the nation, assurances of the most pacific character, given on November 2 by the Czar. But these are not the issues we shall endeavour to try. Questions of this nature must be left, some to the operation of time and reason, some to the constitutional test of parliamentary debate. That test will be applied in its proper place and at a time not now remote; and we regard as extremely unwise any attempt to anticipate its results.

It is our intention in the following pages, to deal with nothing but the hard facts of the case, as far as they are already known to us, and to fall back on those historical and military



considerations which are calculated to throw light on recent occurrences and on the prospects of the future. We propose, therefore, to take as our guide and companion in this modest attempt Mr. Hertzslet's excellent and exhaustive compendium of the diplomatic engagements now in existence, which are supposed to regulate by what is called public law the territorial relations of the Powers of Europe. No work can be more useful to those who wish to rest their political opinions and conduct on some firmer basis than the prevailing sentiment of the day, for it contains in a commodious form all the results of the great transactions of the last sixty years, and these are arranged with great perspicuity and judgment by the accomplished librarian of the Foreign Office. We are compelled to speak of these stipulations as engagements now in existence, rather than in force. For one of the deplorable results of the enthusiastic mode of treating public affairs is that great doubt has been thrown on all existing treaties, and it would seem to be an accepted truth that they have no authority or binding obligation, except in so far as it may suit some great Power to support them by force. If this be the state of Europe, it nearly verges on complete anarchy, and military strength is at liberty to suspend or override all the provisions of international law. The disruption of treaties always precedes some great convulsion. For forty years the peace of Europe was maintained by a general adherence to the mutual engagements of 1815. In the last twenty years several wars have taken place—great changes have occurred, some of them beneficial to mankind—but the fabric has been rudely shaken, all confidence in written compacts is at an end, and the consequence is the enormous growth of armies, the destruction of mutual confidence, and a general apprehension of war which paralyses the pacific intercourse and progress of the world.

These evils are nowhere more felt than in Eastern Europe, and our first object is to point out the causes which have led to them. A conflagration in politics is seldom the result of spontaneous combustion, and it is sometimes the work of an incendiary. The causes of the present threatening state of affairs in the East are two in number—the misrule of the Porte, and the policy of Russia.

On the first of these topics not much remains for us to say. Tried by the standard of European administration and public economy, the Turkish Government is a bad Government, because it has most of the defects inherent in all Asiatic Governments—it is clumsy, unprogressive, capricious, and indigent; when attacked by foreign enemies or by internal insurrections

it becomes fierce and cruel. But it is a mistake to suppose that it is oppressive or intolerant, as those absolute governments of Europe are which rule their subjects by an all-powerful police and by uniformity of creed. It leaves each of its numerous sections of religionists, Greeks, Jews, Bulgarians, Armenians, and Roman Catholics, to manage their own affairs. It encourages, more than any European State except ourselves, great freedom of trade, a fact which has of late been much forgotten in England; but nothing is more certain than that wherever Russia has annexed territory, whether in the Caucasus or in Central Asia, foreign trade, and especially our own trade, has been excluded and destroyed. The Government of Turkey has, we say, the defects of an Asiatic Government, but there are many worse Asiatic Governments. That of Persia is infinitely worse; even in India, under our own protection, there have been Native States quite as open to censure as Turkey; sometimes, as in Oude, the abuses have been so great that Great Britain has thought herself justified in annihilating the State, but even this act has been much questioned, and we will venture to say will not soon be repeated. It appears to us hyperbolical to assert that England is responsible for acts of misrule in Turkey, when she does not hold herself responsible, and cannot be so, for acts of misrule in the Native States of India. But the peculiar difficulty of the Ottoman Empire is that the Porte rules several nations in one country—nations wholly differing in religion, laws, and manners which keep them totally apart—and that some of these nations profess the Christian religion and are inhabitants of Europe. Here, again, our own experience of India may suggest a reflection. We too, a Christian and remote State, govern two great nations in India, the Mussulmans and the Hindoos. The task is one of extreme difficulty, requiring all the highest faculties and qualities of our race. It does not always succeed; in spite of the most sincere and enlightened desire to rule India with justice and wisdom, we have had to encounter and subdue most formidable revolts. When the struggle, which we had not provoked, came, the insurrection was crushed by measures which nothing but the safety of the Empire would justify, and which were dictated by other sentiments than those of humanity and compassion: and in the last resort we are compelled to acknowledge, though with regret, that we hold India less by the loyalty and gratitude of its inhabitants than by the strength of our Empire and by the power of the sword. If this is our own case, how much more must it be the case of a Mussulman Government in Constantinople which has to deal

with many similar problems. With all our reliance on Parliamentary government, it has never occurred to anyone that it could with advantage be applied to India. Even the expedient, now contemplated, of an Indian Privy Council, is one of doubtful policy; and we are naturally surprised and distrustful when we see Midhat Pasha apply to the evils of Turkey a remedy which we should hardly recommend or adopt in the Queen's Asiatic dominions.

These views are confirmed, in a striking manner, by Sir George Campbell, who has just given us the results of a visit to Turkey, in a very convenient and instructive form. He has brought his experience as an Indian civil servant, well acquainted with Asiatic races, to bear on the Ottoman Empire. He gives his testimony to the extreme—he calls it ‘excessive’—toleration of the Turkish Government towards the various sects of Christians and the Jews. His second chapter on the Mahomedan religion and laws is a masterly exposition of the subject; he takes, upon the whole, a favourable view of the Turkish character; he attributes the present deplorable state of the Government to the influence of a small bureaucracy at Constantinople; and he contends that far from having done too little in the way of change and reform, the Porte has in reality done too much; but what has been done he loudly condemns, because it has been done under the influence of French principles of administration. All this is highly instructive, and for the sake of these chapters we recommend this little volume to our readers. But when he comes to reason on these data, the writer is very wide of the mark indeed. He begins by stating that ‘he has no knowledge of the complications of European politics—quite the contrary;’ and accordingly, he leaves the principal factor in the whole calculation—the power and designs of Russia—almost entirely out of the question, and he adopts, without, apparently, the least suspicion of the treacherous ashes beneath his feet, every suggestion that can promote the objects of that Power.

The recent disturbances in the Turkish provinces of Europe were not caused by any aggressive or arbitrary act of provocation on the part of the Turkish Government. The system, bad as it is in many respects, is old; the two additional burdens thrown on the people of late years are importations from Europe—the military conscription, and the increase of the public debt, and of these the former falls only on the Mussulmans. We showed in our last Number that the insurrection in Bosnia and the Herzegovina was rather agrarian

than political, and directed against the land owners and the tax farmers rather than against the Sultan. Sir George Campbell is of the same opinion, and says that the mistake committed by the Turkish Government in Bosnia resembles that committed by the British Government in Oude. The grievances of the people were administrative grievances, precisely of the nature of those which occur in Native States, and which a dozen experienced Bengal civilians and a land-settlement of the country would remove. But these elements of disaffection were skilfully worked upon by influences from without, and turned to purposes in which the improvement of the condition of the people had but a small part. In short, Turkish misrule would not have led to revolt, massacres, and a crisis in affairs, without the active intervention of Russian policy; and Russia would not have found means to advance her political designs, if it had not been for the vast and neglected field of Turkish misrule.

The view we take cannot be better expressed than in the following passage from what we may term a prophetic despatch addressed by Count Beust, then Austro-Hungarian Chancellor, to the Internuncio at Constantinople, just ten years ago, on January 22, 1867 :—

‘ It cannot be concealed that the Ottoman Empire is on the brink of a crisis which may shake it to its foundations. [The Cretan insurrection was then going on.] It is possible, though that may be questioned, that the forces of Turkey will suffice to master the general impulse which seems about to seize upon her Christian population; but even if she had the power, her material resources are deficient; she could only succeed by appealing to the religious fervour of her Mussulmen subjects. Thenceforward, the contest would assume a character which would render it impossible for the Powers not to interfere. Europe could not remain passive in presence of massacres between fanatical Moslems and Christians fighting for their faith and their existence. No great Power could stand aloof from a conflict waged under those conditions. The Christian world would resound with the cry of war against the Crescent to protect the Rayah from the extermination that would threaten him, and the days of the Crusaders would return. It is therefore indisputable that an understanding between the Powers, with a view to prevent the danger of a general conflagration by diplomatic intervention, is highly necessary. All the Governments of Europe must be equally desirous to maintain the general peace; they are all interested in finding a pacific solution for the Eastern Question, without disturbing their mutual good relations. *There is only one Power which may be supposed to take different views, and that is Russia.* She may be suspected of pursuing another object than the common interest of Europe, by turning to her own purpose the multifarious relations she has established in South-Eastern Europe.

The experience of the last ten years shows that her exertions are incessant to keep up the agitation of those countries.' \*

Count Beust went on to argue that Russia could certainly not be excluded from the councils of the great Powers on that account, but that it was all the more urgent to take collective steps to urge on the Government of the Sultan proposals expressed in the most precise language and embracing the whole extent of the Eastern Question. It is greatly to be regretted that no such steps were taken at the time, and that Count Beust's recommendation did not prevail. But if the Conference he proposed in 1867 did not meet, a Conference for precisely these objects did meet at the close of 1876, and England and Russia are the leading Powers at it. As far as we are acquainted with the proceedings of the Conference, they have been decorous and conciliatory, and governed by a desire to save the Porte from great dangers, as well as by the desire to ameliorate the condition of the Christian populations. Russia, especially, has displayed an unexpected degree of moderation, by adopting the proposals of England as her base, and by surrendering many of the points she had previously insisted on. The Emperor Alexander has shown a strong desire to avoid a war for which he is ill-prepared, and his able representatives have made large concessions for the purpose of throwing the responsibility of the rupture (if it should occur) on the Porte, and of obtaining for Russia the moral support of Europe. But these diplomatic manœuvres do not alter, and will not arrest, the permanent and traditional policy of the Russian Empire.

What, then, really are the views and intentions of Russia? That is the *nodus* of the whole question. As Count Beust justly observed ten years ago, they alone are open to suspicion, and to an amount of suspicion, which no verbal assurances or declarations can remove, because what we know of the policy of Russia is based on a long series of political facts. It would be absurd to suppose that to Russia, or to any other State, an ardent desire to redress the wrongs of some oppressed nationality in another country can be, or ought to be, the paramount and guiding principle of her policy. We in England have often felt an ardent desire to redress the wrongs of the Poles, of the Circassians, of the Sicilians, of the Greeks: we have held sympathetic meet-

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\* From 'The Austro-Hungarian Empire,' by Baron Heine de Worms, a volume containing an interesting collection of Count Beust's despatches.

ings, raised subscriptions, and given them our moral support ; but when it came to the question of making war for their defence, the interests of England and the duty of English statesmen to their own country forbade it, and we remained at peace. The conduct of Russian sovereigns and statesmen must be the same. They are looking to the interests of their own empire, and it is their duty to do so. To suppose that the interests and welfare of the Christian population of European Turkey is paramount in the eyes of Russian statesmen to those of Russia, or that it can be paramount in the eyes of English statesmen to the interests of England, is an absurdity with which we cannot argue. It remains to be seen whether the military occupation of the Turkish provinces, which is in other words the invasion of Turkey—a measure proposed by Russia under the well-known name of ‘guarantee,’ and which she alone could carry into effect—was proposed solely as the means to be employed in the last resort to secure the reforms recommended to the Porte by the Christian Powers, or whether these reforms have been advocated by Russia as a pretext for occupation.\* Either solution is possible. We must resort to past history to show which is the more probable of the two.

The policy of Prince Gortschakoff after the Crimean War and the Peace of Paris was described by himself in the forcible and not undignified terms, ‘*La Russie ne boude pas, elle se ‘recueille.’*’ Important internal reforms, and the necessity of repose after an exhausting war, sufficiently explain the comparative inactivity of Russia for some years ; and in 1863 all her strength was employed to crush in the most merciless manner the last rising of the unhappy Poles. But from that year, or shortly afterwards, we begin to trace the steady resolution and persevering efforts of Prince Gortschakoff to shake off the restrictions placed on Russia by the Treaty of Paris, to paralyse or destroy the effects of that instrument, and to replace Russia in an attitude, towards Europe and towards Turkey, not less favourable to herself than that she occupied previous to the war. He was favoured by circumstances, and he has been partly successful ; but amongst the causes which have favoured him he could hardly have anticipated that there would be a

\* The scheme for the occupation of the territory south of the Danube by a small body of neutral troops or mixed police appears to us so puerile as not to deserve notice. Such a force, in the event of serious disturbances, would be wholly inoperative, in a country bristling with fortresses and regular troops.

vehement party of Englishmen eager to renounce and repudiate the very object for which they once thought it worth while to contend to the death, to disavow the treaties they themselves negotiated and signed, both in 1856 and in 1871, and to devote themselves to forward interests which Russia regards as her own.

The war of 1866 was the first turn of good fortune for Russia. By abandoning the whole policy hitherto followed by the Court of St. Petersburg in its German alliances, and by observing a strict and friendly neutrality in the war, Russia conferred an immense benefit on Prussia, which secured herself from opposition in that quarter. At the same time, the defeat of Austria prostrated that empire, and rendered her powerless to deal with the questions likely to arise on her eastern frontier. By this event the confirmatory treaty of April 16, 1856, between France, Austria, and Great Britain, also lost much of its strength.

From this moment, the political action of Russia in the East again became much more active. On February 17, 1867, the '*Moscow Gazette*,' a journal of authority in that country, exclaimed—

'The new era is at length begun, and for us Russians it has a peculiar call. This era is our own; it calls to life a new world hitherto waiting in obscurity the hour of destiny—the Greco-Sclavonian world. After ages of resignation and servitude, this world approaches at last the hour of renovation. The present generation will witness great changes, great events and great formations. Already in the Balkan peninsula and beneath the rotten covering of Ottoman tyranny, three groups of strong and energetic nationalities are awakening, the Hellenic, the Sclavonian, the Roumanian. Closely united to each other by a common faith and by historical traditions, those three groups are equally united to Russia by all the ties of religious and national life. When once these three national groups are reconstructed, Russia will stand forth in a new light. She will no longer be alone in the world: instead of a sombre Asiatic Power she will become a moral force indispensable to Europe. . . . She must assume towards the Sclavonian races the attitude which France has assumed to the Latin races, and Prussia to the German races, and she must employ all her forces to realise it.'\*

In the spring of the following year a great Sclavonian congress was convoked at Moscow, under the strange title of an '*Ethnological Exhibition*.' From Bohemia to the Bosphorus, the Slaves of all countries were summoned to their metropolis.

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\* The passage is quoted by M. Klacko, in his '*Deux Chanceliers*,' p. 333.

They were received with the highest honours by the Imperial Family and the official world; and at the festivities which ensued the Czar was called upon 'to avenge the secular insults of the White Mountain and of Kossovo, and to plant the Russian standard on the Dardanelles and the Church of St. Sophia.' At the same time the Cretan insurrection was going on, and the Turkish provinces on the Danube were inundated with revolutionary agents, and even supplied with arms, which were sent under the false designation of railway plant. The Austrian Consul-General at Jassy reported on February 6, 1868, that it was certain that Bulgarian committees existed at Bucharest and in other Danubian towns for the express purpose of exciting disturbances in Bulgaria. All these had their eyes fixed on Russia. Without Russian support they knew that they were powerless. Whatever may have been the political intentions of the Emperor, these demonstrations have inflamed the national passions of the Russian people. The press, which has been allowed great license in the present reign whenever it addresses itself to the passions of the nation, preached the complete enfranchisement of the Christians of the East by the arms of Russia. The democratic and socialist party, which has been gaining strength for some years, was delighted to share in the agitation, under the becoming pretexts of patriotism and religious zeal. The people, under these influences, and excited by the clergy, have been stirred to a point which alarms the middle classes, and may even overpower the resolutions of an absolute government. A recent traveller in Russia writes to us: 'I know not whether we are to have a Crusade, but I have seen the Crusaders.' The war-cry of religious fanaticism is certainly not raised so loudly by the Moslems as by the Christians; and the races of the North and the East have been brought to a point at which a collision will imply much more than the ordinary operations of regular armies. Perhaps the movement has gone further than Prince Gortschakoff intended; for one of the singularities of the present state of affairs is that the Minister is extremely hostile to the intrigues of General Ignatieff the ambassador, and jealous of him as a possible successor.

And here, at the risk of interrupting our narrative, we must remark that of all the delusions current in England on this subject, one of the most mischievous, and, as we believe, absurd, is the belief that these provinces contain a Christian population capable of self-government and self-defence, for without self-defence there can be neither independence nor self-government. The present position of Roumania and Servia is a sufficient



answer to the question. Though nominally tributaries of the Turkish Empire, and invested with self-governing powers, they are to all intents and purposes dependencies of Russia, who can and will use them, even for military purposes, as she pleases. But if there were no such power as Russia, the mutual hatreds of the Roumanians, Serbs, Bulgarians, and Greeks would render it almost impossible to establish in these countries a strong, free, and independent government, and they would fall, if left entirely to themselves, into a state of anarchy even more fatal to the welfare of their wretched inhabitants than Turkish misrule. In such a state the control of the Russian police, though it is the most oppressive, and the rule of a Russian administration, though it is the most corrupt, might be accepted as a deliverance from greater evils.

These provinces may accept, may even seek, the aid of Russia to shake off the authority of Turkey—it may be true that they do not desire to become or to remain parts of the Russian Empire, but they may depend upon it that no choice would be left them. Do they suppose that Russia, which has stamped out the nationality of Poland, and which holds the Baltic provinces, Finland, and the Asiatic khanates in bonds, would allow a ring of ultra-democratic States, poor and utterly defenceless in themselves, to stand between herself and Constantinople? If indeed it were possible to establish in Servia, Roumania, and Bulgaria a group of neutral and independent States, whose territory should be as inviolable as that of Belgium or Switzerland, that would be the best solution of the difficulty, not only for the provinces themselves, but for Turkey, since Russia would then be effectually cut off by a neutral territory from the Danube and from the northern frontier of Turkey. But for this very reason, that is an arrangement to which Russia will never assent; it would be a greater blow to her policy than the loss of Sebastopol and the Treaty of Paris. Count Nesselrode emphatically declared in a despatch of February 12, 1830, that it was entirely ‘contrary to the views of Russia to substitute for the Ottoman Empire states which would ere long become rivals of her own power, civilisation, industry, and wealth.’ Whilst she seeks to detach gradually the Christian provinces from the Turkish Empire, Russia intends them to fall and to remain absolutely within her own control.

But we must now return to Prince Gortschakoff. The Franco-German War and its results were of incalculable advantage to Russia, and she obviously looked to that great convulsion solely with a view to her own interests in the Eastern

Question. The obligations she had already conferred upon Prussia were increased tenfold by her neutrality, and the alliance with the new German Empire was riveted. It was evident that the surrender of the Eastern Question by Germany to Russia was the price of that alliance; whilst in the West of Europe the common action of the two great Powers which had conquered her in the Crimea, and imposed on her the treaty of 1856, was practically terminated by the disasters and prostration of France. From that moment England stood alone, and Russia made her feel it by throwing off without the least constraint the neutralisation clauses of the Treaty of Paris.

The chief value of the neutralisation of the Black Sea was not that it humbled or injured Russia, for in fact the same identical conditions were imposed on Turkey; and as Turkey has grown to be the stronger naval Power of the two, the restriction operated more directly on her than on Russia. But the neutralisation clause was a material guarantee of peace. As long as it was in force it was certain that war between Russia and Turkey could not be carried on. The moment it was abolished it became apparent that a design to provide means for the renewal of hostilities existed on the part of the State which had repudiated it. The British Government yielded to necessity, and conceded what in the absence of France and Austria, and the desertion of Germany, it could not refuse. But in making this concession Mr. Gladstone's Administration not only confirmed and renewed all the other engagements of the Treaty of Paris, but obtained the sanction of the Powers to an important addition to those engagements. The tenth article of the Treaty of Paris had simply re-enacted the first article of the Convention of 1841, by which the Sultan engaged that '*so long as the Porte is at peace his Highness will admit no ships of war into the said Straits.*' But the second article of the Treaty of London of March 15, 1871, provided that—

'The principle of the closing of the Straits and of the Bosphorus is maintained, with power to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan to *open the said straits* IN TIME OF PEACE to the vessels of war of friendly and allied Powers, in case the Sublime Porte should judge it necessary in order to secure the execution of the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris.'

This was in truth a great additional concession in favour of the Porte and its allies, which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville then obtained. From the British point of view we are not sure that it is not more than equivalent to the loss of the clauses for the neutralisation of the Black Sea. For in strict conformity with this article the Porte could now, in time of peace, open the

Straits and admit to the Black Sea a British, French, Austrian, or Italian squadron, if it were judged necessary in order to secure the execution of the Treaty of Paris. Strangely enough, this highly important modification of the Straits Convention was not much noticed at the time, and seems to have been altogether overlooked by many persons who have spoken on the subject.\*

It deserves a passing notice that during the whole of this period Russia was carrying on an aggressive war with great activity in Central Asia, and endeavouring at the same time to conceal from England the nature of her operations, even at the expense of a direct violation of the truth. In January 1873, Count Schouvaloff declared to Lord Granville that the expedition against Khiva would consist of four and a half battalions, and that it was so far from the intention of the Emperor of Russia to take possession of Khiva, that positive orders had been sent to prevent it, or even a prolonged occupancy of it. This declaration was made in the most solemn official form to be communicated to Parliament. On August 24 of the same year a treaty was signed between General Kaufman and the Khan of Khiva, by which the Khan acknowledged himself to be the humble servant of the Emperor of all the Russias, and renounced his commercial and military independence; and by the third article 'the whole of the right bank of the Amou Darya, and the lands adjoining thereto, which have hitherto been considered as belonging to Khiva, passed over from the Khan into the possession of Russia, together with the people dwelling and camping thereon.'† The Russians contend that they have not violated their pledge because the town of Khiva is not occupied by Russian troops, and the Khan has not been deposed: he is only reduced to entire subjection. Are we not justified in attaching to the more recent declarations of the Russian Government precisely the same value as we have learned to attach to Count Schouvaloff's communications, more

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\* Mr. Bright left his hearers, recently, in the belief that access was denied by these restrictions to the trading vessels and mercantile ports of Russia. They have no reference whatever to trade. Absolute liberty of passage for trading vessels was established in 1829, and has never since been disputed. Mr. Bright himself must be perfectly aware that the 3rd Article of the Treaty of 1871 runs thus, '*The Black Sea remains open, as heretofore, to the mercantile Marine of all nations.*'

† See for a full account of these transactions Captain Burnaby's spirited and instructive volume, '*A Ride to Khiva,*' and Mr. Schuyler's highly important work on Turkestan.

especially when we recollect that in every instance where Russia has meditated some great outrage on the faith of treaties and the security of her neighbours, similar declarations of her love of peace and disinterestedness have been made almost in the same words?

It would be tedious to trace in detail the extraordinary activity shown by the agents of Russia in bringing about the present state of affairs. Every form and every means of encouragement and agitation have been unscrupulously employed. In 1870 it even appears (if the published despatches are authentic), that the Khedive of Egypt was urged by the Slavonic emissaries to declare his independence, and make war on the Porte, thereby uprooting all the engagements of 1840, and the Russian consul-general at Alexandria was at the bottom of the plot. During the whole of this time General Ignatieff was the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, and had acquired a vast ascendancy over the mind of the late Sultan and the Divan. Did he in any instance use that influence to promote those reforms in favour of the Christian subjects of the Porte which are now found to be so necessary? Did he not on the contrary aid, abet, and encourage the very worst acts of a bad government, for the obvious purpose of rendering the Sultan's authority odious and intolerable, and inducing that wretched sovereign to throw himself entirely upon Russian protection? It is generally believed, we know not with how much truth, that he instigated the late Grand Vizier to the financial measures which destroyed Turkish credit in Europe, and dissuaded him from sending regular troops to put down the insurrection at its commencement. It is at any rate a remarkable circumstance that the very worst period of Turkish misrule was that during which the authority of General Ignatieff was undoubtedly paramount. To what, in short, did all this tend, but to bring about a catastrophe, for which Russia had carefully prepared herself? Is it possible not to see that by dividing the councils of Europe, by encouraging internal insurrections in Turkey, and by lowering the credit and authority of the Porte at home and abroad, she was preparing to bring about some great change favourable to her own interests? And what could that change be but the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire and the substitution of her own power in place of it—an attempt which she has made systematically four times or more in the last century—in 1771, in 1809, in 1828, and in 1853—without success? But to accomplish this object the destruction of the treaties of 1856 is an indispensable preliminary. Accordingly,

Prince Gortschakoff did not hesitate to declare in his despatch of November 19th last, to Count Schouvaloff, which has been published in the 'Standard' newspaper, that these treaties are out of date, and that the objects we now have in view cannot be reconciled 'with the letter of stipulations concluded in 'other times, in another situation, and other ideas;' and he goes on to argue:—

'It is necessary to escape from this vicious circle and to recognise that the independence and integrity of Turkey must be subordinated to the guarantees demanded by humanity, the sentiments of Christian Europe, and the general peace. The Porte has been the first to infringe the engagement which she contracted by the Treaty of 1856 with regard to her Christian subjects. It is the right and duty of Europe to dictate to her the conditions on which alone it can on its part consent to the maintenance of the political *status quo* created by that treaty; and since the Porte is incapable of fulfilling them it is the right and duty of Europe to substitute itself for her to the extent necessary to ensure their execution.'

That is to say, in other words, it is the duty of Europe to put an end to the Treaty of Paris, and to substitute its own will for the sovereignty of the Porte, which that treaty guaranteed.

The Treaty of Paris was not merely a treaty of peace between Russia and the Porte, but between France and England and Russia, and the interest we have in it is not the protection of the Ottoman Empire but of our own British interests, and no *laches* on the part of Turkey can diminish our right to maintain stipulations which we conceive to be important to the British Empire and to the peace of Europe. The proposal of Prince Gortschakoff amounts to this, that the Christian Powers of Europe are to assume the government of the Ottoman Empire. Such a measure, as she well knows, can only be carried into effect by war. No Power, except herself, is in the slightest degree prepared or disposed to make war on Turkey for such a purpose. Therefore the whole conduct and direction of these operations would be in the hands of Russia, and she expects Europe to give its assent to the hostile operations she may contemplate.

Therefore we say, that the object of Prince Gortschakoff is to abrogate and destroy the treaties of 1856, without exciting and evoking the direct hostility of the other parties to them. Sadowa and Sedan placed Austria and France to a great extent out of the field—the Prussian alliance secured the neutrality of Germany—Italy was easily bought off; it only

remains to be seen whether Great Britain can be led to undo by her own hands, or to acquiesce in the undoing of engagements which she purchased twenty years ago by great sacrifices, and which were held by the Government of Lord Palmerston and by Parliament to be essential, but not more than essential, to the peace and security of Europe.

We pointed out in our last Number the striking similarity which exists between the present state of affairs in the East and that which preceded and followed the war of 1828. We had agreed in April 1826 to a Protocol which united us to Russia, for the purpose of obtaining from the Porte the autonomy of Greece. The Protocol having proved ineffective, Mr. Canning signed the Treaty of London in July 1827, which provided that the Powers should secure the immediate effect of an armistice between the combatants, and it was for this object that the battle of Navarino was fought. But, said the Duke of Wellington, 'the battle of Navarino and 'the withdrawal of the Allied Ministers from the Porte had 'exhausted all the means put forward by the Treaty. They 'had no effect upon the Porte. The Allies are under the 'necessity of having recourse to *ulterior measures*, adverted to 'in the third section of the Secret Article.' That expression, 'ulterior measures,' exactly corresponds to the '*mesures effi-*  
*caces*' in the tail of the Berlin note the other day. In the meantime the Emperor of Russia resolved to declare war on Turkey on his own account, and communicated a plan of operations to England and France, in which he invited them to join. If the Allies should not consent to adopt that plan of operations, his Imperial Majesty would consider himself at liberty to propose at the conclusion of the war such measures for the pacification of Greece as will suit *ses convenances et intérêts*—an expression almost identical with that recently employed by the present Emperor of Russia, when he declared that if the other Powers did not agree to the 'guarantees' proposed by him, he should 'act independently.' But these words and this conduct roused the indignation of the Duke of Wellington, and, high Tory as he was, banished all confidence in Russia from his mind. He refused to attend the Conference till they were withdrawn. He declared at once that 'we should express our 'resolution not to become parties to the war into which the 'Emperor was about to enter, and that we should express our 'regret that this decision, which is neither more nor less than 'one to break a treaty, should have been thus unnecessarily 'adopted by his Imperial Majesty.' And shortly afterwards the Duke wrote the following Memorandum for the Cabinet,

which is so striking in its application to current events that we shall quote it here.\*

*'Memorandum.*

'The proposition in the Note of Monsieur de Roth and that of Count Nesselrode's despatch are different. They both indicate measures of war as those to be adopted to force the Porte to consent to the proposals of the Treaty of the 6th of July. These measures are very different in extent; but it is quite obvious that the intention of both will be misunderstood, and that in the existing state of the government of the Porte in Europe and of the countries under its dominion, the adoption of either would be followed by the same fatal consequences.

'The Treaty of the 6th of July does not exclude in terms measures of war from the *ulterior measures to be discussed and settled by the representatives of the combined Powers in London, of which the adoption might become necessary.* But the principle and spirit of the Treaty; the instructions to the negotiators of the Protocol and the Treaty on which those instruments were founded; those to the admirals of the combined fleet; those to the ambassadors of the combined Powers at the Porte; and the interests of all Europe, and most particularly those of Russia, whose Minister has declared himself upon this point, require that, if within the power of possibility, there should be no war; and that whatever is done should be limited in point of locality, and be applied solely to the attainment of the object in view. The propositions that the Russian army should enter the Principalities on the left of the Danube in the name of the three combined Powers, and that the combined fleet should blockade the Dardanelles, if practicable as thus limited and efficient to produce this purpose, would be understood, and must be understood by all Europe, but most particularly by the subjects of the Porte in the countries extending from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, as neither more nor less than war for the purpose of sustaining an insurrection against the Porte, by three of the most powerful monarchs in Europe: the very three who from their geographical position and the nature of their power were the most capable of overturning the dominion of the Porte in Europe.

'But the application of this measure thus limited is, in truth, impracticable. A Russian army, of the magnitude of one to produce any effect upon the Porte, could not remain for any length of time in the Principalities of the Danube unless sustained by an enormous expense of money.

'This, indeed, must be the reason for which this limited measure has not been proposed by the Russian Cabinet. In the same manner the blockade of the Dardanelles would be useless for any purpose of

\* These references to the proceedings of the British Government in 1828 are all taken from volumes iv. and v. of the New Series of the Duke of Wellington's 'Despatches,' published by the present Duke in 1871 and 1873—volumes which are full of the most instructive lessons of politics and of war, and we seem to gather from them the opinions and advice of the Great Duke on the present crisis.

annoyance to Constantinople. The navigation of the Mediterranean and the communication by sea with Egypt are not, as is supposed, necessary for the supply of food to Constantinople.

‘This occupation of the Principalities and the blockade of the Dardanelles, as proposed in Monsieur de Roth’s Note, would produce nothing but general alarm and distrust in Europe, and those consequences in the Turkish dominion which will be discussed more fully presently.

‘I now come to consider the proposition made by Count Nesselrode, viz. : That the Russian army is not to occupy the Principalities on the Danube alone, in the name of the three Powers, but is to continue its march across and its operations on the right of that river. That this operation is to be attended by an attack by the combined fleet on the Dardanelles, co-operating with one by the Russian fleet from the Black Sea ; and that these fleets are, under the walls of the Seraglio, to dictate the terms of peace.

‘These are, certainly, really efficient military operations, to which it is obvious that those proposed by the French Minister must have tended and ultimately have come. But no man in his senses will believe that the combined Powers can have any object in view by such operations excepting the overthrow of the Ottoman dominion in Europe, the maintenance of which dominion is stated and avowed to be the object of some, and to be consistent with the interests of all. It is impossible that three such Powers as England, France, and Russia can make war upon such a Power as the Porte without shaking it to its foundations. But when that war is made avowedly to force a settlement of the insurrectionary contest in Greece, and that its operations are of a nature and extent to tend to the dissolution of the government, it is obvious that every people submitted to the government of the Porte along the frontier of the Austrian dominions will be in a state of insurrection. The shedding of human blood, which it was one of the objects of the Treaty of the 6th of July to prevent, and the evils of all descriptions which must be the consequence of the prolongation of the state of things supposed to exist in Greece, for which it was another object of the Treaty to find a remedy, would become general throughout the dominions of the Porte in Europe ; and for these evils there would be no remedy excepting the interference of the combined Powers by means of their armies and fleets.

‘The application of this remedy is founded upon the hypothesis that in such a state of things it would be possible for the combined Powers to maintain, or that they would think of maintaining, the dominion of the Porte in Europe. This is not probable. The most probable result would be that, contrary to their now declared views, intentions, and interests, they would be under the necessity of annihilating the Ottoman Government in Europe. Whether the combined Powers should determine to leave the Government of the Porte in existence in Europe, to suppress all insurrectionary movements by means of their own armies, or to destroy the Government of the Porte and to dispose of its dominions, either by the establishment of another dynasty at Constantinople, or to partition those dominions, it is quite obvious that



these measures must occasion a general armament throughout Europe, even if it can be hoped that such events would not give fresh grounds for general war.

‘Surely it cannot be wise to adopt measures which must place the combined Powers under the necessity of making the choice among such extreme difficulties.

‘WELLINGTON.’

Lord Ellenborough used still stronger language. In a memorandum written for the Cabinet in September, 1828, he said :—

‘Russia has, from the first, endeavoured to make a cat’s-paw of England, and the Treaty has too much enabled her to do so in spite of ourselves. *The object was to commit this country and France against the Porte* at the moment when she made war. . . . We have likewise been distinctly informed that the Russians, notwithstanding all their solemn declarations, mean to keep Anapa and Poti; that is the only places they have got. We have to do with a Power in which no trust can be placed, and which will make the disposition of its army an excuse for violating its word.’ (*Wellington Despatches*. New Series, vol. v. p. 55.)

We shall conclude these extracts with two or three sentences from a paper addressed by that judicious old Whig, Sir Robert Adair, in 1828, to the Duke of Wellington—the more remarkable as he is the very man who was accused in early life of being Mr. Fox’s emissary to the Court of Catherine. After retracing the courses of the negotiations and the probable results of the war, then going on, Adair says:—

‘We must look forward to new pretensions on the part of Russia, even if the Principalities should be ceded to her. One of these pretensions—there may be more behind, but of this one we may be sure—is the acquisition of a free military passage at all times to Constantinople. Russia, *as now advised*, never will lay down her arms without obtaining by an express article free ingress and egress to and from the Black Sea and the Archipelago for her ships of war. This will be the conditions of her foregoing any further advantages which the events of war may throw into her hands. If those events should finally put her in possession of that capital, she never will evacuate it, without establishing there a government immediately dependent on herself. . . . All that is intended by this writer is to invite attention to the means of defeating dangerous projects, of the existence of which, from what he has observed, he is morally convinced. These projects are no longer the reveries of the age of Peter and Catherine II. They are designs, matured under the direction of some of the ablest statesmen in Europe, and the execution of which, in whatever manner we may resolve to deal with them, we must prepare ourselves to see attempted.’ (*Wellington Despatches*. New Series, vol. ix. p. 295.)

Russia did not obtain her object in 1829, for her victory was

the next thing to a defeat, as we shall presently see. She renewed her attempt in 1853 by demanding the exclusive protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and a material guarantee, but with still more disastrous consequences to herself. She has now *almost* brought herself to the point of making another attempt, encouraged by the state of Turkey, the division of Europe, the applause of her partisans in England, and the excitement of the army and clergy at home. We say, however, *almost*, because, whatever may be said elsewhere, neither the Emperor of Russia nor his Ministers are insensible to the magnitude and difficulty of such an enterprise. We incline to the belief that the Czar would really avoid a contest, which may darken the close of a pacific and glorious reign with infinite bloodshed and suffering, if the national impulse be not too strong for him. For this contest, if she enters into it, is scarcely less perilous to Russia than to Turkey; and if her actions were governed by strict policy rather than by ambition and passion, Russia would avail herself of any means which the present Conference may afford, to avoid it. That she may do so is our earnest desire, for it is the sole hope of peace. And this brings us to consider the military part of the question, important equally whether there be war or not, for it is chiefly on military grounds and by military means that peace, if preserved at all, can be preserved.

Whatever the Duke of Wellington may have thought of the conduct and designs of Russia, he neither joined with her in making war on the Porte, nor did he give the Porte any assistance or hope of assistance against Russia. But the British and French ambassadors were withdrawn from Constantinople, and we continued to urge the Sultan to acknowledge the independence of Greece. This neutrality and inaction of the Duke of Wellington were based on sound military reasons, and may very well serve as a complete example and precedent for the British Government to follow at the present time. The analogy is complete. We desire to see large reforms effected in Turkey, as we desired in 1828 to obtain the independence of Greece. But we are not going to make war, either for the Turks or against them; and if any other Power engages in war, we ought, like the Duke of Wellington, to watch the course of events. The Duke foresaw that the operations in which Russia was about to engage were of extreme cost and difficulty. He declared at once that their attack on Schumla was a mistake, and his anticipations were borne out by the failure of the first campaign and the scant success of the second. To sum it up in the words of Count Moltke, who was there,

‘ the exertions of two campaigns, an expenditure of 100 millions  
‘ of roubles, and the sacrifice of considerably more than 50,000  
‘ men, had brought 20,000 Russians to the gates of Adrianople’  
—where, it may be added, peace was concluded more by the diplomatic audacity of General Diebitsch than by his military strength. No one was more glad to escape from a most perilous position than the Russian commander.

If an empire has lost the power of defending its own territory against a strong neighbour bent upon aggression, and exists only by foreign support, it is clear that its existence is coming to an end. But it is by no means proved that this is the case with the Ottoman Empire. Except in 1853, Turkey has never had any extraneous support from Europe in her wars with Austria and Russia; and we are not at all convinced that she is unable to oppose a very formidable resistance to any other single Power at the present time.

Unquestionably the weakest and most perilous moment in the whole history of Turkey was in 1828, when Russia chose to attack her. The Porte had been engaged for six years in a sanguinary struggle to put down the Greek insurrection, which she was too weak to do. In 1826, Sultan Mahmoud, intent on accomplishing great civil and military reforms, which were strenuously opposed by many of the chiefs of his own troops, resolved upon the dissolution and destruction of the Janissaries—amounting to at least 40,000 men—the flower of the old Turkish army. The number of men who had received a military training under the new system did not exceed 80,000, and these, backed by about 100,000 Asiatic horsemen, constituted the whole of the Turkish forces. The animosity excited against the Sultan by his levelling reforms was so intense in some districts that no Bosnian chief would serve at all in the war, and at Constantinople itself, such was the dread of a Mussulman insurrection against the Divan that 30,000 of the best regular troops were kept in the capital to preserve order and to protect the government. It was in truth Sultan Mahmoud’s greatest danger. Only 25,000 men could be spared for the garrisons of the fortresses on the Danube, and 30,000 to operate in the field. These troops are described by Lord Aberdeen as a mere rabble, miserably armed with weapons of different sizes, and a bad artillery. The state of the fleet was even worse, for it had been destroyed in 1827 at Navarino, and the Russians, having sixteen line-of-battle-ships in the Mediterranean and eleven in the Black Sea, besides frigates and smaller vessels, were absolute masters of both seas and of the mouths of the Danube. The effective force brought

into the field by the Russians in 1828 was about 100,000 men, and this was increased in the following year.

Nevertheless, against this enormous disproportion of forces the Turks refused to yield, though England and France were still in an unfriendly attitude. They defended Brailow for forty-four days with consummate bravery. They held Schumla so well that the Russians never took it at all. They defeated the Russians at Silistria in the first campaign, and sustained a second siege of great duration in 1829. They defended Varna with equal courage, and lost it at last by the treachery of Jussuf Pasha and by the inconceivable neglect of Omar Vrione to relieve the place. The passes of the Balkan were not fortified, and Diebitsch won a battle at Kulewtscha, which decided the war, but even then the losses of the Russians had been so enormous that their army was reduced to 20,000 when they reached Adrianople, and no further advance was possible.

At the present time, unless we are greatly misinformed, no such disproportion exists between the forces of the two empires. The Turkish army was entirely remodelled by Hussein Pasha, the late Seraskier, in 1869, when a regular system of conscription was introduced on European principles, falling upon the whole Mussulman population, and a very severe burden it is, from which the Christians are exempted on payment of a moderate tax, amounting in all to 900,000*l*. The peace establishment of this army is 300,000 men; and in war it can be raised to 600,000 men. The common soldiers are excellent and well armed with American and Belgian breech-loading rifles; the artillery is good and well provided with Krupp guns, both in the fortresses and in the field. The chief deficiency of the army is in its superior officers; but military schools have been long established, and a considerable number of young Turkish officers have been educated in France, Germany, and England. The forces actually holding the line of the Danube and the fortresses are said to number 150,000. The fortresses have all been reconstructed and improved. The passes of the Balkan are strongly fortified, with roads practicable for artillery leading up to them. A railroad running from Varna to Rustchuk connects all the principal line of works; there is also a railroad from Constantinople to Adrianople. The large sums borrowed by Turkey in England and elsewhere have not all been misapplied; on the contrary, vast sums have been expended on the fleet and on the army, and in the best modern implements of war. If these facts are correct, as we believe them to be, it may be said that Turkey was never so well prepared to resist an invasion as she is at this moment.

On the other hand, it may be doubted whether the military superiority of Russia stands as high as it did in 1828. She had then still the *prestige* won by the great and glorious campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814. But in the last sixty years Russia has never carried on with brilliant success any foreign war except against the Persians. It took her two years to cross the Balkans; it took her two years to crush the Polish insurrection; it took her twenty years to beat the Circassians; in 1854 she was signally defeated, first by the Turks at Oltenitza and Silistria, afterwards by the Allies at the Alma, at Inkerman, and at Sebastopol. In 1828 her credit stood high; in 1876 her credit in Europe is utterly lost, and she is burdened with a debt of 300,000,000 sterling, the interest of which must be paid in gold to the foreigner upon pain of bankruptcy and dishonour. Above all, in 1828, the Russian fleets placed her in the rank of the great Naval Powers, and gave her absolute command of the Black Sea and of the Levant. Her naval superiority is at this moment entirely gone. No doubt the resources of Russia in men are enormous, and she counts her legions by myriads, even before the new law of universal conscription has come into full operation; but the system for the re-organisation of the army was only adopted in 1873; it is still in a state of transition; and there is reason to believe that her magazines and arsenals are ill prepared for a great contest. The late Lord Clarendon used to say that nothing was really organised in Russia except corruption; and she has never brought an army into the field without exhibiting an extraordinary deficiency in her administrative arrangements.

Her troops are scattered over an enormous circumference: she has Finland and the capital to guard, she has the Caucasian provinces to occupy, she has Poland to coerce, she has Austria to watch, she has 30,000 men in Central Asia, and it will probably cost her a considerable effort to place 120,000 men on the Danube, which is the very smallest force with which an invasion or occupation can be attempted. It is not by the number of troops, but by their efficiency, that success in war is obtained; and the number of troops brought into the field depends on the means of feeding them. All the military writers who have discussed this subject agree that, as the Danubian provinces, especially those on the right bank, are incapable of maintaining large bodies of men, the command of the sea and of the coast is absolutely indispensable to the transport of supplies. That is laid down peremptorily by Count Moltke, and having quoted him, we need cite no other

authority. As at present advised, there is reason to believe that this resource would fail the Russians altogether, and that their adversary would hold the Black Sea against them.

There is, indeed, one element in the question, which might be fatal to Turkey, and on which perhaps the Russians rely: they expect to be met and assisted by a general rising of the Christian population. But these calculations are very deceptive. In 1828 the Bulgarians refused to rise, when the Russians offered to supply them with arms, and they soon found that a Russian invasion was a greater evil than Turkish misrule. It is a fatal mistake to carry on war otherwise than by the operations of regular armies; for the effect is to plunge the country into a state of sanguinary anarchy, in which even the laws of war are forgotten.

But supposing Russia to be resolved on so vast and perilous an undertaking—war, as Lord Ellenborough said, in a difficult country, exposing her flank to Europe—who is to pay for it all? Not Russia, who cannot raise a loan of ten millions on the markets of Europe, and whose internal loan is a mere shifting of her own paper currency. Not Turkey, for if she is defeated in the war, and the expenses thrown upon her as they were in 1829, that would only complete her financial ruin, and the real sufferer would be the British bondholder, who is so largely interested in the preservation and improvement of her financial resources. In fact the British creditor of both empires cannot fail in such an event to be the chief sufferer. It is said that 150,000,000*l.* of Russian stock are, or were, held in this country—perhaps as much of the Turkish loans. The first consequence of war would be an enormous depreciation in the value of these securities, and the ultimate consequence may well be the insolvency of both the belligerents. It may be said that if the financial condition of Russia is bad, that of Turkey is worse; but Turkey has a resource which such an emergency might call forth. No country has such large endowments for religious and educational purposes as Turkey. It is stated by M. Ubicini and others that two-thirds of the lands in the empire belong to the mosques, which are also the schools of law; and these trusts are perpetually augmented by the practice of placing private property as *Vakuf* in the hands of these foundations. The mosques are wealthy, for they must receive a very large proportion of the rental or produce of the land; and on grounds of policy, as well as of religious enthusiasm, it is their manifest interest to make large sacrifices in the event of a war which would annihilate their property and their very existence, if it overthrew the dominant

religion and laws of the country. We believe, indeed, that these trusts are held subject to the condition that they may be applied to the purposes of national defence in a Holy War; and this fact would explain the extraordinary resources which the Porte has sometimes drawn upon even when it seemed to be reduced to the last stage of exhaustion. It should, however, in fairness be said that Russia has a similar resource. Her monasteries are enormously rich, and their property might well be devoted to the edifying spectacle of a death-struggle between two great religions.

If the information we have collected is incorrect—if the Ottoman Empire is weaker now in a military point of view than it was in 1828—if it is incapable of self-defence—then, of course, *cadit questio*, and the imprecations of St. James' Hall will be fulfilled. The Christian Powers will not interfere to prop up a falling State, but will each of them take the course dictated by its own policy and interests. But if, on the other hand, there is any truth in the statements we have received, and if Russia is about to engage in a war in which she can rely on the support of no other Power, and may have to encounter their opposition, the Court of St. Petersburg will do well to think twice of the matter. Indeed, we are not without hope that some such reflections have occurred to the Russian Government, from the marked alteration in their tone. We do not for a moment imagine that the Porte will assent to the occupation of its territories by a foreign army, if it is in possession of means to defend them. The Turks may govern ill, but they are a proud and warlike people, and there is nothing in their history to warrant the belief that they will submit, without resistance, to invasion. Mahmoud refused, after Navarino and at the lowest point of his fortunes, to submit to Russia, France, and England united, though he might have purchased peace by recognising the independence of Greece, which was inevitable. In October 1853, when what was called 'the Austrian Note' was pressed upon the Porte by all the Powers as a means of terminating that quarrel, Redschid Pasha, unsupported by any European State, rejected the compromise, and war was declared. We have no reason to suppose that the Porte at the present day will be less stubborn or less bold, especially as it stands upon what it deems to be indisputable rights; it has suffered as yet no defeat, and it has one of the strongest positions in Europe defended by a fleet of ships second only to our own, and a considerable army. In fact, it may turn out, not only that the Turks are stronger, but that the Russians are weaker, than was supposed by the credulity of Europe. Russia may

not have the military or financial means to execute the plan which her politicians had devised for her; and this crisis may render us the service of stripping her of an assumed power and an unreal greatness. One nation, one ally, at least, the Turks can rely on. The Jewish people throughout Europe have shown on which side their sympathies lie, partly from a common aversion to Christian ascendancy and partly from gratitude for the toleration extended to them by the Ottoman Empire. Nor is this alliance to be despised. The Jews exercise an enormous influence over the money-market and the press. They can prevent Russia from raising a loan abroad, and they can direct against her the myriad voices of the daily journals of Germany, of France, and even, to some extent, of England. The fact is curious, but it is true; perhaps it is the first time for ages that the Hebrew race has exercised so strong an influence over the political affairs of the world. It is by finance and by public opinion that armies are set in motion, and some Sidonia in the council-chamber or the counting-house may baffle the will of the lord of many legions.

This brings us to the military part of the subject, into which all political questions resolve themselves at last. For the question what Turkey *will* do in the Cabinet depends entirely on what she thinks she *can* do in the field. She knows very well that France and Germany will do nothing. She believes that Austria and England will not carry infatuation to the length of repeating Navarino, and aiding the arms of Russia to attack and invade Turkish territory. The contest, therefore, lies between Russia and herself, and she thinks they have sometimes met before on less equal terms.

People in England, and even some diplomatists abroad, have talked about the 'occupation of Bulgaria,' as if it were a very simple and easy matter; but 'occupation' is only a euphuism for invasion, and the invasion of a mountainous province, with one of the largest rivers in Europe for its frontier, defended by half a dozen great fortresses and an army of 150,000 men, who are amongst the best troops in the world in a war of positions, is one of the most difficult and formidable operations of war. It is extremely fortunate for Turkey, in a military point of view, that she is no longer called upon to defend, or operate in, Moldavia and Wallachia. The wars of the last century were fought in those provinces, and in such vast plains a small compact body of Russian infantry, flanked by Cossacks, had no difficulty in defeating Turkish armies far exceeding itself in numbers. In 1853, when the Emperor Nicholas crossed the



Pruth, the 'material guarantee' he took for the protection of the Christians or the pretext of war, was Moldavia and Wallachia, now forming the State of Roumania. As that State is still a tributary of the Porte, it does not enjoy the privilege of neutrality. But undoubtedly one of the great objects of the Treaty of Paris was to cut off Russia from access to the Danube or the mouths of the Danube. Access to the river can now only be gained by invading and overrunning Roumania; so that the first consequence of this operation would be that this little State would have to support a Russian army, to the obvious and total destruction of its own independence and self-government. To reconcile Prince Charles to a course so injurious to his own interests, he was told at Livadia that he might hope to wear some day an independent crown, and even to acquire at the expense of Austria the Bukowina, a province of Hungary, chiefly inhabited by Wallachs.

But let us suppose a Russian army on the north bank of the Danube. We are here on trodden and well-known ground. Nearly twenty-three years ago (in July 1854), when we were engaged in the discussion of the same question, the late Lord Sandhurst, then Lieut.-Colonel William Mansfield, contributed to this Journal an article on the military operations of the preceding spring (published in Volume C. of our series, p. 264), which can hardly be surpassed for a clear grasp of the strategical facts and masterly insight into the conditions of war. That article was one of the first indications given by Colonel Mansfield of his eminent powers of intellect, and it contributed to induce Lord Clarendon to appoint the writer shortly afterwards to the important office of Military Commissioner at Constantinople. In describing the operations and difficulties of the Russian army in 1828, and its failure and defeat before Silistria in the spring of 1854, we could do no more than repeat, with far inferior ability and authority, what has been already said in the article to which we refer, and by Count Moltke in his celebrated narrative of the former campaigns. But some details may be of interest. The Danube is the first line of the defence of Bulgaria. Below the Austrian frontier at Orsowa it is from 600 to 900 paces wide, and sometimes much more. The current is rapid. The right bank everywhere commands the left bank, which is for the most part unapproachable from marshes and rushes. At every point at which a passage can be effected there is a Turkish fortress—Widin, Nikopolis, Sistova, Rustchuk, Turtukai, Silistria, Hirsowa, Matchin, Isakchi, and Tultcha. No bridge exists below Pesth, and the construction of a bridge or bridges capable of

affording passage to an army of 120,000 men, and of keeping up the supplies of such a force, with siege-trains sufficient to reduce several great fortresses, is no easy undertaking. In winter the ice renders it impossible, for supposing the river to be frozen, which sometimes happens, it would be perilous in the extreme to place an army on the right bank without a certainty of communication with its base. Below Rustchuk there is only a single spot, at the mouth of the Dembowicza, opposite Turtukai, where the shore is firm and dry though flat; but Count Moltke affirms that even here it would have been utterly impossible to collect the materials for building a bridge 1,000 paces long. For these reasons the Russians crossed the Danube in 1809 at Galatz, and in 1828 at Satunovo, both places near the mouth of the river, in boats and pontoons. It must be borne in mind that in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829 the Black Sea was the real base of Russian operations. The Russian invasion of that period, said Colonel Mansfield, was a naval one. The main struggle lay in the active proceedings of Admiral Greig's fleet, which victualled the army, ferried over stores, siege trains, and detachments, and even seized an important point, Sizepoli, on the coast. This resource might entirely fail the Russians at the present time, and if the Turkish gunboats were masters of the river, it might not be easy to keep open the vital communications of the army. Count Moltke says, after relating the campaign of 1828, that 'if a Russian army were to cross the Danube at Hirsova with a real effective force of 120,000 men, to invest Silistria with 20,000, Varna with a like number, and to place 30,000 men in observation before Schumla, *it is not altogether impossible that the remaining 50,000 men, based upon the sea-ports of the Black Sea, might at once cross the Balkan.*' This is cold comfort from the first strategist in Europe, especially when the Black Sea is commanded by the enemy. But that is in fact what the 'occupation of Bulgaria' means.

It is possible that the Russians, who have always hitherto attacked Bulgaria from the Lower Danube, with indifferent success, might conceive a different plan of operations, and begin their attack at the north-west corner of the Turkish empire, taking Servia as their base. The river Danube forms the boundary between Roumania and the Servian territory for about twenty-five or thirty miles below the Austrian frontier, and within this space, at Glabowa, there are still some remains of a bridge which Trajan threw across the river. Possibly forces might here attempt a passage. But such a plan of operations is open to grave objections. The eastern districts

of Hungary and Transylvania form a huge angle jutting out and covering Little Wallachia, in such wise that a Russian army operating there is absolutely at the mercy of the Austro-Hungarian forces. The Emperor Nicholas placed his army there in 1854, with no good result, and on consulting Prince Paskiewitsch, that experienced general told the Czar that the first thing that he had to do was to withdraw his forces from the west and take Silistria, if he could, before the 1st of May, which he failed to accomplish.

An army operating on the Servian frontier would find itself under the guns of Widin, and must first attempt the reduction of that important fortress. No doubt the road skirting the western ridge of the Balkan is comparatively easy, and leads by Sofia to Philippopolis and Adrianople; but to advance leaving the main strength of the Turks in possession of its fortresses, threatening the left flank of the army, would be to violate all the rules of war.

In 1828 the following observations were addressed by a foreign officer of distinction to Khossens Pasha, then chief military adviser of the Sultan. They were afterwards communicated by Prince Esterhazy to the Duke of Wellington, and have the honour to be included in the 'Wellington Despatches;' \* but as it is probable that few of our readers have read them with the attention they deserve, we shall cite them in this place, as they are extremely applicable (except in one particular—the operations in Wallachia) to any invasion of Bulgaria by a Russian army.

'The success of your defence depends in the first place on the measures taken to hold Schumla, and on the direction of the troops collected at Widin. These two points will check the war on the Danube, and will expose the enemy to greater losses if he advances on Roumelia. The object is not to gain battles, but to threaten the Russian lines of communication. All the fortresses of the Danube, so long as they are not closely invested, must observe the same system. If the enemy approaches Roumelia, it becomes the more necessary that the army of Widin, which cannot be too strong, should descend the Danube. It is not necessary, and it would be dangerous, to seek out the enemy. You will cut his main artery, if you cut his communications with the Danube. If the Pasha of Widin succeeds in getting between him in Wallachia or at Rustchuk, the game is yours. Great mobility in the forces at Widin, and complete immobility in the forces at Schumla, are your two grand principles. If you can collect 50,000 men, even though three-quarters of them are bad troops, in the position of Schumla, it will take two months before they can be driven out by hunger or the bayonet. As long as you are there, the enemy must also be there, or

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\* New Series, vol. v. p. 357.

he may leave a portion of his army to invest the place and advance with the rest. If he leaves a small force behind him, you can beat it and cut off his communications; if he leaves a large force, what remains will not suffice for a decisive advance. In any case, a part is less than the whole. If you leave Schumla, you bring down the whole after you; if you remain there, you have to face but a part. As long as you are at Schumla, there is no danger for Constantinople. If the Russians advance on Adrianople, it is an additional reason for you to remain at Schumla. They will take Adrianople or not; in the former case, they must hold it with a great part of their forces; in the latter, they have lost the game, for they cannot leave Adrianople in their rear. In either case Constantinople is safe. But if at last you are compelled to evacuate Schumla, what should be your line of retreat? If you withdraw upon Constantinople, the main body of the enemy will follow you; you will concentrate his attack, instead of dividing it. If you throw yourselves into the valley of the Maritza, half the Russian army must follow you, and the other half will not be strong enough to march on the capital. Meanwhile, the fall of the year will come on, and the Russians will have to retreat. To fight no battle against the advance of the enemy—to divide his forces—to harass him without ceasing—to stick close to the Danube—to bring all the strength you can to bear on his rear—these are your principles. The climate, hardships, and sickness will have consumed half his army before the end of the campaign. Do not be afraid of the naval operations of the Russians. A Russian squadron in the Black Sea is much too precarious an instrument to serve as a base for operations by land. Constantinople cannot be attacked, even though it be ill defended, with less than 100,000 men; and it is absolutely impossible to enable 100,000 men to subsist for four weeks before Constantinople on the magazines of Wallachia and Moldavia.'

By adhering to these sound principles, as the Duke of Wellington declared, the Turks did succeed in beating off the Russian attack in 1828; and in 1829, a little more resolution and activity on their part might (to use the words of Count Moltke) 'have hurled Diebitsch from the summit of victory 'and success to the lowest depths of ruin and destruction.'

To these remarks we will only add one short passage from Count Moltke himself:—

'Sultan Mahmoud, in the years 1834 and 1836, rebuilt Varna, the most important fortress of his empire, according to a plan in favour of which there is not much to be said. Schumla, which has lost nothing of its strategical importance, has been materially strengthened by the stone forts of Strandscha, Tchally, Veddaï, and Tchengel, as well as by the erection of large massive barracks, hospitals, and storehouses. Pravadi may be temporarily fortified with very slender means [this is now also a strong place], and these three places will in future be able to arrest the progress of an army of 50,000 or 60,000 men for months beneath their walls. In 1828-9 the passes of the Balkan

mountains were not defended at all. Were the Porte to establish military colonies of Ottoman race on the plains of Aidos and Karnabat, the Balkan would unquestionably become a very formidable barrier.'

This last suggestion of the great Prussian strategist has been acted upon, to some extent, by establishing the Circassians, who were driven out of their native land by Russia, on lands south of the Balkan range.

Of the possibility of an attack on Constantinople itself, little need at present be said, for it is wholly unnecessary. In order to invest Constantinople, says Moltke, it would be necessary to have two armies in Europe, one in Asia, and a fleet in the Sea of Marmora. Such an undertaking is one of the greatest operations of war, and would require preparations both by land and sea of enormous magnitude. The defence of the city is, on the contrary, comparatively an easy task—indeed, if held by a maritime Power, with the assent of the existing Government of the place, it is impregnable.

We have entered into these military details, in which we have merely adopted the views of the Duke of Wellington, Count Moltke, and Lord Sandhurst, not because we believe war to be inevitable—still less because we desire that it should take place. We are, on the contrary, persuaded that the use of armed force for the purpose of effecting some amelioration in the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte is an expedient of the most dangerous nature, which would probably lead to what the Duke of Wellington justly called 'portentous consequences.' Our object has been to show, as a matter of fact, that the Turks have one of the strongest military positions in the world, and that they are probably better prepared than ever they were before, to defend it. The 'occupation of Bulgaria' is therefore not the simple affair which some people in this country have supposed. It involves the continuous passage of a difficult river, the reduction of four or five great fortresses, and the defeat of a very considerable army. It is possible that if Russia employs all the resources of her vast empire in such an operation, she will in the end exhaust the resources of the Ottoman Empire and defeat it. But this would probably require two or even three campaigns not less onerous to Russia herself than to Turkey; and what Russia wants is a speedy and decisive triumph. That is highly improbable in a war of positions against a Turkish army.

Even if the invasion were successful and the resistance less protracted, the mere occupation of the country would require the presence of a very large army; and all this must be accomplished, and the country itself ruined by war, before the

beneficial results of a Russianised administration of these provinces could so much as begin. It is all very well for Indian civil servants or English travellers to devise philanthropic schemes for the government of Turkey. We heartily wish they had the power to apply them, and we do not question their success. But they have not the power. Russia alone might have the power. Russia alone could occupy the country, if it is to be occupied. Russia would establish there, not a British but a Russian administration. Where Turkey ends, Russia begins. And again we say, who is to bear the expense of such operations as these? What is Russia herself, who must take the chief part in them and bear the chief burden, to gain by such an enterprise?

We cordially sympathise with the Bulgarians; we wish them well, and we are glad to learn that there is an intelligent, industrious people springing up in that country. The whole influence of the British Government at the Porte ought to be used to assist and protect them, and as long as we are on friendly terms with the Porte that influence is great, because it is disinterested. But we presume that the British taxpayer is not to be called on to pay a farthing more because the Bulgarians are an interesting and oppressed people, still less that the British nation is to go to war to avenge their wrongs and redress their grievances.

The value of these facts is that they are great *dissuasives* from war, and we are happy to perceive indications that they are not without their effect on the Russian Government. If, indeed, it could have persuaded Austria to join the attack by occupying Bosnia, or England by forcing the Dardanelles, breaking a European treaty, and perhaps destroying the Turkish fleet, the work would have been half done. But for warlike purposes she has met with no support in Europe; on the contrary, the attitude of all the Powers is uncertain, of some adverse; and their opposition would probably increase in proportion to her success. If the Turks repelled the attack, well and good; if not, more than one hand might be put forth to snatch from her the fruits of victory. Moved by these considerations, the Russian ambassador at Constantinople has shown great moderation in the Conference, and a desire to co-operate with England in obtaining improved conditions for the Christian population, to which we cordially respond as long as the means of promoting these laudable objects are confined within the limits of peace. Let us by all means obtain for the Christians all that it is reasonable for us to ask and for the Porte to grant; let us, above all, insist on the faithful obser-

vance of their own laws and ordinances, which are too often a dead letter. Let the Porte be made to feel that the maintenance of friendly relations with all Europe is at this price. The difficulty, however, lies, not in the conditions we ought to ask, but in the means by which the conditions are to be enforced. If Russia insists on what she terms a 'material guarantee,' in the shape of a territorial invasion, that is, just as it was in 1853, an act of war; and the Porte will treat it as such, just as she did in 1828 and in 1853, though all Europe were against her. She may not object to the conditions in themselves, but unless she be extinguished as a Sovereign State altogether, she cannot accept that mode of imposing them. It seems to us preposterous to expect that the Government of a great empire should subscribe to its own extinction, at the hands of a portion of its own subjects and of its bitterest enemies, until it is reduced by war to the last stage of weakness and defeat. And as long as Russia alone is preparing, perhaps reluctantly, to take the field against her, Turkey has not much to fear. As for the joint action of Europe, she knows perfectly well that France and Germany will not act at all, that Austria will not help the Russians to cross the Danube, and that England will not attack the Turkish fleet.

If the Turks are wise they will take advantage of the present crisis to introduce real reforms into their administration. We cordially agree with Sir George Campbell, that it is at the bottom, and not at the top, that they ought to begin. Give the Christians a full share of powers in their village communities; abolish the tax-farmer, and establish a land settlement (Sir George says the actual rate of taxation is considerably lower than that we raise in India); put restrictions on the sale and use of arms; introduce, in short, the administrative reforms which a few Bengal civilians would establish in six months, and we should hear much less of political grievances threatening to rend the whole fabric of an empire asunder. These are substantially the proposals included in Lord Derby's despatch of November 4th, and it would be the height of un wisdom and injustice on the part of the Turks to reject them, though it would be equally absurd for us to seek to introduce changes of this nature by force of arms.

Our readers will perceive that although we have not the slightest disposition to declare war against Russia, or to assume the defence of the Turkish Government, we are equally opposed to measures of war to be executed conjointly with Russia against the Porte. Our distrust of Russia, our own

public engagements by treaty, and our national interests appear to us to forbid altogether such a course ; and we are wholly at a loss to understand how the enthusiastic partisans of peace, who describe the horrors of war in such vivid language, can advocate a course which leads straight to hostilities, and to hostilities against a friendly Power. If the policy of this country is, as we take it to be, not to act by force of arms either on behalf of Turkey or against her, then we think that the charge to which the present Administration is most obnoxious is that they have spoken and done too much. Perhaps our own position would have been stronger if we had shared the reticence and abstention of Germany and France, who have certainly not suffered at all by standing aloof. The great activity of the press of this country, and the excited state of public opinion, doubtless render such strict non-intervention more difficult in England than elsewhere. Yet non-intervention is still the professed principle of our foreign policy, and we are not sure that we have gained anything in this instance by departing from it. It is certainly an entire delusion to suppose that this country has stronger interests in the government of Turkey than any other, or that we are called upon to administer its affairs.

Within a few weeks Parliament will meet and these matters will be discussed with an animation which will, we fear, consume for the sake of Bulgarians and Turks a vast deal of the time of a session which is always too short for the practical legislation of the country. The apprehension of a war, in which we ourselves are likely to be actively engaged, may, we think, be dismissed for the present ; we have only to follow the precedent of 1828, when a much greater man than Lord Beaconsfield was at the head of the British Government. If the Conference leads to practical results without the use of force, Lord Salisbury will have rendered an eminent service to all parties, to Russia as well as to Turkey, to Great Britain and the rest of Europe. Nor, if he falls short of success, should we be disposed to attribute his failure to any defect of the ambassador, but to insurmountable difficulties in the case. But it seems probable that the Conference will lead to no practical result at all, except that of preventing a good deal of mischief which might otherwise have occurred.

The opinions we have expressed in these pages are, we have reason to believe, in the main, those which are held by that portion of the Liberal party which has not allowed itself to take part in declamatory meetings or to be excited by angry pamphleteers. We yield to none in sympathy with the Chris-



tian races subject, for the last four centuries, to the Turkish power, and our influence has not unfrequently been exerted beneficially in their behalf. But we cannot in a moment redress these secular wrongs, in a foreign country, by abandoning the traditions of our policy in Europe and Asia, or by setting at nought engagements framed by ourselves and entered into by all the Great Powers. Above all, we desire the maintenance of peace; and we are perfectly convinced that peace is not to be secured by acts of force or violence. These doctrines are, we cannot but know, extremely unwelcome to those more enthusiastic members of our own party who desire the immediate overthrow of the Turkish Empire, and who would cast themselves into the arms of Russia to accomplish so desirable an object. But these ebullitions of feeling are by no means shared by the whole Liberal Party, and they are certainly not shared by the Liberals of France and Germany, to whom much that has recently occurred in England has been a matter of amazement and ridicule. Foreign nations sometimes see us better than we see ourselves.\* We have great confidence in the power of Parliamentary debate to winnow the chaff from the wheat, and to separate what is real and practical in this movement from what is visionary and enthusiastical, and we have no fear that the House of Commons or the House of Lords will lose sight of the true interests of this empire. But if the Liberal Party is to exert its proper influence in the discussion of these important questions and to perform the duties of a statesmanlike Opposition, it must be by a steady adherence to the principles of its leader, and by a firm resolution to maintain the policy of moderation, good faith, and peace.

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\* One of the best papers we have read on the subject entitled 'Die Lage in Orient,' is to be found in a recent number of the 'Deutsche Rundschau'; and we believe it is correctly attributed to an eminent German diplomatist, long resident in this country. We perceive with pleasure that his views exactly correspond with our own.

THE  
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APRIL, 1877.

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ART. I.—1. *The Works of Sir John Fortescue, Knight, Chief Justice of England and Lord Chancellor to King Henry the Sixth.* Now first collected and arranged by THOMAS (FORTESCUE) LORD CLERMONT. London: Printed for Private Distribution. 1869.

2. *A History of the Family of Fortescue, in all its Branches.* By THOMAS (FORTESCUE) LORD CLERMONT. London: Printed for Private Distribution. 1869.

THOSE who were so fortunate as to see the very remarkable collection of portraits gathered from the principal country houses of Devonshire and Cornwall, and exhibited at Exeter during the visit of the Archæological Institute to that city in 1873, will hardly have forgotten the earliest picture in the assemblage—the portrait of Henry VI.'s Chief Justice and Chancellor, sent from Castle Hill by his representative and descendant the present Earl Fortescue. The portrait, which seems to have formed one of the wings of an altar-piece, of which Sir John Fortescue may have been the 'donatore,' represents him with his hands clasped in prayer. The face is closely shaven, and the hair, cut short in front, falls from under a plain black cap. The face, grave and pleasant, is not that of the old judge who died at the age of ninety, but shows us the laudator of the 'leges Angliæ' in his younger days, long before he fought at Towton, or passed across the sea to share the exile of Queen Margaret and her son. The picture was possibly designed by some artist of the school of Mabuse, after an earlier portrait; but however this may be, it remains the only authentic representation of a great man—not the least among those 'worthies' of whom Devonshire is so justly proud—and it is impossible to regard it with other than the highest interest.

Sir John Fortescue was not the first of his race to distinguish himself, but he is the first whose distinction is still recognised among us—one of the earliest to set forth, in anything like an abstract treatise, the excellence of English law and constitution; quite the first, unless we choose to regard in the same light the ‘*Tractatus de Legibus*’ of Randolph Glanville, the Justiciar of Henry II. ;\* and the treatise which he composed for the instruction of the young prince who was killed in the fight at Tewkesbury may still be read with pleasure and profit. Since his time, the family to which he belonged has thrown out various branches and offsets from the parent stem; and few of the more ancient houses of this country can prove a more undoubted descent, or can point to a greater number of illustrious sons distinguished alike in camp and in court, than this

‘long-lined race of honoured Fortescue.’

Its greatest honours (if accession to the ranks of the peerage is thus to be regarded) have been attained in comparatively recent times. The English barony dates from 1746, and the earldom from 1789. In Ireland, the barony, viscounty, and earldom of Clermont were first held by a Fortescue in 1770, and the titles having become extinct, the barony was revived in 1852, in favour of the present Lord Clermont. But from the time, not long after the Conquest, when we first find them settled in the South Hams of Devon, to the present day, there has hardly been a stirring period in the history of this country during which a Fortescue has not come to the front. It was not, at first, one of the greater or more wealthy houses of England; but ‘land and bees’ speedily came to the various branches, especially to that which migrated, as the result of a marriage with a great heiress, to the north of Devonshire; and, whatever we may think of the Hastings story, the ‘posy’ of the race, as old Westcote calls it, expresses what is certainly true with regard to such Norman families as that of the Fortescues during the earlier days of their settlement in the West. ‘*Fortē scutum salus ducum.*’ The gradual approach of Normans and English after the Conquest was materially influenced, and the final blending of the races was no doubt hastened, by the spreading through the country of these smaller landowners. They were brought into sharper and closer contact with the English than the greater lords, who were seldom for any length

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\* Glanville’s treatise is, however, of a very different aim and character; nor can the famous ‘*Dialogus de Scaccario*’ of Richard Fitz-Nigel be compared, in any fair sense, with Fortescue’s book.

of time in one place. They more speedily adopted old English feelings and sympathies; and the great leaders were indebted to them for much of their best strength during the struggles and the trials which ended in renewing the England of former days, and in welding into one strong-hearted people the conquerors and the conquered.

There are few more interesting books than those which, like the 'Lives of the Lindsays' or the delightful 'Memorie of the Somervilles' edited by Sir Walter Scott, deal with the history of a single family so far as it can be traced, and enable us to follow (as is almost always possible) the common character and tendencies which, displaying themselves in different fashions and in various proportions, descend through all the generations from the founder—the 'Sholto Douglas' who first emerges from the dark—to the many-acred peer or commoner of the present day. There exists, we believe—its whereabouts we do not care to disclose—the pictorial record of a Kentish family, in which, passing from sire to son, its members are represented 'in their habits as they lived,' taking part in the various events of the centuries to which their respective fates had conducted them. The series begins with the opposition of a valiant chief to the landing of Cæsar—for we are to suppose that the race thus recorded was one to which Derings and Colepepers are of yesterday. But from beginning to end, whether the costume be a 'painted vest' won from some 'naked Pict,' the chain-mail of the Crusaders, the ruff and trunk hose of Elizabeth, the flowing periwig and ribbons of the Pepysian era, or the well-powdered Ramillies of the Georgian, the same remarkable nose, and the same countenance of bland, well-satisfied stupidity, distinguish the long procession. On such very marked characteristics as these, whether corporeal or mental, we do not mean to insist, but we do maintain that the general turn and temperament of an ancient house are often, when we have the means of tracing them, not less clearly evident than the likeness which may run through the family portraits in the great gallery. In the beautiful volumes which Lord Clermont has privately printed we have the records of one of the most ancient and honourable houses in England; and we believe that we may trace the same type of character, and that a very high and noble one, showing itself with more or less distinctness, in nearly all its more prominent members. Lord Clermont's memorials of the Fortescues are contained in two very handsome folios, and are enriched with illustrations of all kinds—heraldic and topographical, engravings from authentic portraits, examples of handwriting, and facsimiles of ancient manu-

scripts. The first volume contains a most careful life of the Lord Chief Justice, whom we regard as displaying the most pronounced type of the family character, together with a complete edition (with English translation) of his works, the 'De Naturâ Legis Naturæ,' the 'De Laudibus Legum Angliæ,' the 'De Dominio Regali et Politico,' and some smaller treatises. In the second volume the history of the family is traced through all its branches, and everything that could be recovered concerning the lives of the more distinguished Fortescues has been collected and preserved. The cost of preparing and of printing two such volumes must have been considerable. The labour was no doubt one of love; yet the mere arrangement of materials so extensive, and gathered from so many quarters, cannot but have taken much time and care, and the power of producing from them a narrative so pleasant and so readable is not given to every writer of family history. The book has not been published; but, with great liberality, copies have been sent to the chief public libraries of the country, so that the valuable results of Lord Clermont's labours are accessible to others besides members of the family, who must necessarily regard them with more interest than the rest of the world.

When we first get clear sight of the Fortescues we find them settled at Wimondeston or Wimpstone, in the parish of Modbury, in South Devon. This is late in the twelfth century; and there exists, or did exist, a confirmation of Wimpstone by King John to a Sir John Fortescue, who, during the troubles of that reign, had been active on the side of the king. At what time the first Fortescue appeared in Devonshire is uncertain. The Domesday Survey gives us no help, and the family tradition, which Lord Clermont pronounces 'venerable' and almost uniform,\* can only be taken for what it is worth. This asserts that a certain Richard le Fort, Duke William's cupbearer, fought by the side of his master at Senlac (Hastings), and after the duke had three horses killed under him, protected him with his shield, and thus saved his life. He was thenceforward known as Richard le Fort-escu, or 'strong shield.\*' It is true that a Richard le Fort or Forz appears in certain copies of the Battle Abbey Roll, but this tells us little. The tradition adds that this first Fort-escu returned to Nor-

\* It is true that William, at different stages of the battle, had three horses killed under him. The authorities are William of Poitou and William of Malmesbury (quoted by Freeman, '*Norm. Conq.*,' iii. 485); but there is nowhere any record of such an action as that attributed to the 'Fort-escu.'

mandy, whilst his son, Sir Adam, remained in England, received a grant of Wimpstone, and became founder of the English family. However the truth may be, we have here at any rate a curious and early instance of the continuance of a 'by-name' as that of a family. It is found on either side of the Channel. Wimpstone became the cradle of a numerous race. There were Fortescues of Preston, of Spridleston, of Wood, and of Fallapit, all which places lie near together in that part of Devonshire between the Dart and the Yealm; and in Lord Clermont's words, 'that retired region must have been almost 'peopled by families of Fortescues, held together both by neighbourhood and frequent intermarriages.' In the same manner the Fortescues of Normandy were clustered in a corner of the Côtentin—the cradle of so many Anglo-Norman families—a region of apple-orchards, steep hills, and winding valleys, much like that in which their English cousins increased and prospered. One branch became Seigneurs of St. Evremond—a noticeable name; and another was of St. Marie du Mont. None of their older possessions in South Devon remain to the Fortescues, and Wimpstone, with the rest of their houses (except Fallapit) have sunk into farms deep set in orchards, showing only by an occasional carved portal or moulded chimney that they have fallen from a higher estate. But in England the old seats were abandoned in order that the family might flourish elsewhere. In Normandy, although the race still exists, and is recognised as 'd'une vieille et bonne 'noblesse,' it has sunk into poverty, and retains but few records of its former importance. It is remarkable that the shield of arms borne by these Norman Fortescues, although not exactly the same as that of the English house, has so much resemblance to it that it is difficult to suppose but that one must have affected the other.\*

Wimpstone itself can never have been a large estate, and the house, at its best, was but small. The life, indeed, in these lesser manor-houses must always have been poor and rough, and the joys of the chase, to which the country lent itself, must have been greatly checked in those early days by the

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\* The shield of the English Fortescues is azure, a bend engrailed, argent, between two bendlets, or. That of the Norman Fortescues varies. Guillaume Fortescu, killed at Agincourt, bore argent 3 bends azure. Fortescu, Seigneur de Corainville, has the bends gules. The Sieur de Tailly has the field azure, like that of the English Fortescues, with the bends argent; and Tlistain Fortescu of Mesnil-Angot, has the field argent with a single bend azure, thus coming nearest to the English coat.

operation of the forest laws. The first Fortescues of Wimpstone can hardly have 'roused the red deer from his lair' with half the freedom and delight that their successors enjoyed in more recent times, when 'riding to hounds' over the same pleasant hills and uplands. But at the beginning of the fifteenth century, William Fortescue, of Wimpstone, is reported as master of broad lands in various parts of South Devon; and after his death occurs the first offset from the main trunk. His eldest son continued to represent the race at Wimpstone; his second, Sir John, became, through his sons, the founder of at least three distinct houses. He is generally known in the family records as Sir John of Meaux, of which strong place, the capital of the province of La Brie, he was made Captain after it was taken by the English in 1422. Sir John, according to Westcote, was 'a worthy and fortunate commander under that terror of France and Mirror of Mar-tialists, Henry V.' He fought at Agincourt, where his third son, then a mere youth, was present with him; and where also fought and fell, of course in the French ranks, one of his Norman cousins, Guillaume Fortescue, lord of St. Evremond. Sir John married Eleanor, daughter and heiress of William Norreis of Norreis—a house in the valley of the Avon, at no great distance from Wimpstone. Here, as it seems most probable, their three sons were born, the second of whom was the famous Chief Justice and Chancellor. With the recollection of his life and of his writings full upon us, it is hardly possible to look without much interest on even the comparatively modern walls and roofs of the farm which now represents the ancient dwelling. But the site is the same. The low, green hills sheltered the old house as they shelter its successor; and the river sparkles onward as freshly as when the future lawyer caught (as we take it for granted he did catch) his first trout among its 'stickles.'

Sir Henry Fortescue, eldest son of the Captain of Meaux, became Chief Justice of Ireland; where, if Fuller is to be trusted, he was 'justly of great esteem for his many virtues, especially 'for his sincerity in so tempting a place.' He seems to have brought back with him into Devonshire a number of Irish retainers; for a bill filed in Chancery in 1431, at the suit of Richard Sackville, complains that 'Herry Fortescue, late Justice of Irland,' wrongfully dispossessed Sackville and his wife of 'land and houssing' at Nethercombe (now Combe in the parish of Holbeton), coming to the house with 'grete people of 'Irysshemen and others in the manore of werre arraied,' where Sackville, 'hys wyfe, here moder and here children beyng in

‘thair beddle, he brake thair dores and cofres, with horrible ‘gov-’naunce(?) cryinge and shotte,’ frightened the women out of their wits, and carried off Sackville himself prisoner to Exeter. The whole gives us a curious picture of the lawlessness of the times, and indicates that the Justice’s many virtues were not inconsistent with an occasional recourse to the strong hand; a result, perhaps, of Irish experiences. The life of his second brother, the English Chief Justice and Chancellor, must be dwelt upon at somewhat greater length.

Sir John Fortescue was born at Norreis about 1394. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford; and was called to the bar at Lincoln’s Inn. In 1430 he was made Sergeant; and soon afterwards married Isabella Jamyss, of Norton St. Philips in Somersetshire, where the Fortescue arms may still be seen on one of the houses in the village. His practice was large, and his knowledge of English law so conspicuous that, without any intermediate steps, he was raised in 1442 to the high place of Lord Chief Justice. He was an ardent Lancastrian; but this did not interfere with his zeal for truth and justice, and Fuller, comparing him with Chief Justice Markham, his immediate successor, says, ‘These I may call two Chief ‘Justices of the Chief Justices, for their signal integrity; for ‘though the one of them favoured the house of Lancaster and ‘the other the house of York in their titles to the Crown, both ‘of them favoured the house of Justice in matters betwixt ‘party and party.’ In 1461, after the defeat of the Yorkists at St. Alban’s, Fortescue, who had nearly reached his seventieth year, passed with King Henry to the north of England, where they joined the queen and her forces; and in spite of his years the Chief Justice fought bravely in the terrible battle of Towton—one of the most fatal and destructive that has ever been fought on English soil. The Lancastrians never recovered the loss of this battle. Henry, Margaret, and the young Prince fled from York to Berwick, and soon afterwards took refuge with the King of Scots at Edinburgh. Fortescue accompanied them; but not before he had again shown his prowess in two lesser encounters with the Yorkists, at Brauncepeth and at Ryton near Newcastle. Two months after Towton he was superseded as Chief Justice by King Edward. It must have been at this time that Henry VI. made him his Chancellor.\* He was with the king and queen in the campaign

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\* It has been doubted whether Fortescue was ever Chancellor within the realm of England, although it is not questioned that he acted as Henry VI.’s Chancellor after the flight from Bamborough.



of Hexham, where the Lancastrians were finally and totally defeated; escaped with Margaret and the Prince to the strong fortress of Bamborough, still in the hands of their party; and sailed thence with them to Flanders. His name, and the name of 'Doctor John Morton,' afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, occur in the list of these exiles preserved by William of Worcester. They landed at Sluys, and were hospitably received by the Count of Charolais, but soon passed into Lorraine, of which duchy Margaret's father, René of Anjou, was in possession. He assigned them, as a place of retreat, the little town of St. Mighel in the valley of the Meuse; picturesque with strange cylindrical rocks rising above the narrow gorge of the river. There was a castle, in which the English exiles were lodged, and where, two centuries later, Cardinal de Retz wrote some part of his famous memoirs.

For nearly seven years—from the end of 1464 to the beginning of 1471—Queen Margaret, surrounded by those of the Lancastrian leaders who had fled with, or afterwards joined her, kept her sad state in the castle of St. Mighel. Her father, King René (we all remember the excellent picture of him in Sir Walter Scott's 'Anne of Geierstein'), could do little beyond finding her a shelter. Supplies from other sources were but slender; and it is not surprising to find Chancellor Fortescue (as he must now be called), writing to the Earl of Ormond—'We buthe alle in grete poverte, but yet the quene susteyneth us in mete and drinke, so as we buthe not in extreme neccesse. Here highnesse may do no more to us thanne she dothe.' Among the English exiles, besides Doctor Morton, were the Dukes of Somerset and of Exeter, and Sir John Courtenay; the two latter, like Fortescue, closely connected with Devonshire. We can but imagine the weary life in a strange land, the anxious waiting for news, and the devices for passing the time to which all must have been reduced. Now and then an attempt was made to enlist the sympathies of the king of France, or of 'Portyngale' on behalf of the red rose; and Lord Clermont prints for the first time a letter, imploring

But there was a period, after the battle of St. Alban's, during which Henry was still in England, and in possession of some, though but a small part of his dominions. It is probable that at this time Fortescue was created Chancellor; 'the very presence,' as Lord Clermont remarks, 'in Henry's retinue of the venerable and famous Lord Chief Justice of England would in itself naturally suggest such an appointment.' It is certain also that Henry had a great seal after his expulsion.

aid from the latter, who was grandson of Philippa, daughter of

‘Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.’

This letter, written in the name of the young Prince Edward, was composed by Fortescue, and is rich in high-sounding Latin phrases, with references, after the fashion of the time, to Babylon and Rome, the Scipios and the Fabii, Hercules, Hector, and Achilles. The last words of the letter are ‘in the bold but unformed writing of the prince;’ and a shorter letter to the Earl of Ormond is entirely written by him. ‘Written,’ it concludes, ‘at Seynt Mychael in Barr, w<sup>t</sup> myn awn hand, that ye mey se how gode wrytare I am.’ Edward was at this time eleven years old. The Chancellor must have been seventy-two or three; and the weight of the Prince’s education fell solely upon him. Fortescue’s endeavours were directed towards teaching him the nature of the laws of his country, and fitting him to become king of England. It was for him, during the long detention at St. Mighel, that the treatise ‘*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*’ was written; and the introduction gives us an interesting picture of the young Prince undergoing all the necessary instruction of the manège, delighting to back and to rein fierce and unbroken horses, and joining his companions and attendants in the games of mimic war.\* An old knight, we are told (*miles quidam grandævus*), Chancellor of his father the king of England, seeing all this, took occasion to insist on the advantages of a knowledge of law as well as of arms. Then follows, in the manner of a conversation between the Chancellor and the Prince, the treatise to which we must presently return.

As the years went on, the hopes of the Lancastrians grew brighter. The Nevilles rose against King Edward; and Warwick, with his son-in-law the Duke of Clarence, took refuge in France, where they were well received by Lewis. At this juncture Fortescue presented to the French king a memoir, in which he refuted (as he considered), the claim of Edward to the crown of England; and afterwards endeavoured to alarm Lewis by telling him of King Edward’s declared resolution to invade France in person. Warwick and Clarence were accordingly invited to the French court at Amboise. There

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\* ‘*Princeps ille, mox ut factus est adultus, militari se totum contulit discipline, et sepe ferocibus et quasi indomitis insedens caballis, eos calcaribus urgens, quandoque lancea, quandoque mucrone, altis quoque instrumentis bellicis, sodales suos, juvenes sibi servientes bellancium more invadere, ferireque, juxta martis gymnasii rudimenta, delectabatur.*’

Queen Margaret, with the young Prince and the Chancellor Fortescue, joined them; and after some negotiation it was arranged that Prince Edward should marry Warwick's second daughter, the Lady Anne Neville, 'which ladie,' says Holinshed, 'came with her mother into France;' that Clarence and Warwick should endeavour to restore Henry to the throne; and that Lewis should assist them with money and troops. The marriage accordingly took place, some time in the year 1470. Warwick landed in England unopposed by Edward, who fled to Holland; and (Oct. 6, 1470), King Henry was released from the Tower and replaced on the throne. It was, as we know, a brief triumph. Edward returned. Clarence went over to him with 12,000 men; and on Easter Sunday (April 14, 1471), the two armies met at Barnet, where the Lancastrians were entirely defeated, and Warwick himself was killed. It was on this same Easter Sunday that Margaret and the Prince, attended by Sir John Fortescue, landed at Weymouth after a voyage of three weeks. They knew nothing of the return of Edward, and the sudden news of the fatal battle must have been overwhelming. Fortescue at first advised a return to France. But troops came up from the Western counties, where the Lancastrians were still powerful; and they marched without opposition to Tewkesbury, where they encountered the army of King Edward. The result need hardly be told. 'There was slain Prince Edward, crying on the Duke of Clarence, his brother-in-law, for help.' Queen Margaret, with the lady Anne, were made prisoners; and among the 'men of name who were taken and not slain,' is included Sir John Fortescue, who appeared in arms for the last time on this bloody field.

His imprisonment was not a long one. Henry VI. was murdered in the Tower the night before Edward's return from Tewkesbury. The Prince was dead; and the house of York had now nothing to fear from the few remaining adherents of that of Lancaster. Fortescue was accordingly released; but ordered, as it would seem, to remain at Ebrington, a manor near Campden in Gloucestershire, of which he had bought the reversion in 1457. On his attainder, Ebrington had been granted to Sir John Brugge, who died in possession of it, shortly before the battle of Tewkesbury. It was then re-granted to Fortescue, and has ever since remained in the family. The first Earl Fortescue was also created (1789) Viscount Ebrington; and that title is accordingly now borne by the eldest son of the house.

The full pardon of Sir John Fortescue was bestowed by the

advice of the Yorkist Chief Justice Billing. But it was only granted on the condition that he should put forth a new treatise to refute that which he had before composed, proving the right of the house of Lancaster to the throne. This he was compelled to do, using devices at which he must himself have smiled, to explain away his former arguments. For the rest of his life he remained quietly at Ebrington, where he died, as the local tradition asserts, at the age of ninety, leaving, in Lord Campbell's words, 'a great and venerable name to his posterity and his country.' He was buried in the village church, which closely adjoins the old manor-house, and stands like that on high ground, overlooking a quiet country, broken into low green hills, on the extreme north-eastern border of Gloucestershire. The manor-house, as it now exists, is perhaps of the seventeenth century; but it contains more ancient portions; and let its date be what it may, the figure which fills the 'mind's eye' of the wanderer who finds his way to Ebrington is that of the 'miles grandævus,' the aged chancellor, whose 'good white head,' before it found its final resting-place, experienced so great and so sudden changes of fortune. The effigy on his tomb represents him in the scarlet robes, ermine tippet, and coif of a judge. This is to all appearance of his own time or but little later. On the wall above is a tablet with a long Latin inscription, placed there in 1677 by Colonel Robert Fortescue, who was then owner of the property. Within the last few years the whole has been restored and newly painted; perhaps a necessary precaution, although the feeling of grey antiquity is thus somewhat rudely disturbed.\*

The two really important treatises of Fortescue which remain to us are the '*De Naturâ Legis Naturæ*' and the '*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*,' and of these the latter is by far the best. Both seem to have been written for the benefit, present or prospective, of the unfortunate Prince Edward;—the former during the chancellor's stay at Edinburgh after Towton; the latter at Saint Mighel. The real object of the former was to set forth the natural rights, as Fortescue considered them, of the house of Lancaster to the throne. That of the latter is much wider and more remarkable. The main object of the writer is to contrast the fundamental principles of the common

\* There had been an earlier 'restoration.' Colonel Fortescue of Filleigh bequeaths (1677) 'fifty or sixty pounds to be employed by my trustees in the new polishing and adorning the monument in the parish church of Ebrington, of Sir John Fortescue, Knight, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, my worthy and renowned ancestor.'

law of England with those of the civil law, mainly as he found them exemplified in France. The king of England, he maintains, is a '*rex politicè regens*'—a king whose power is not absolute, since he can neither impose taxes nor make laws without the consent of Parliament; and the liberties of the subject, as he goes on to insist, are maintained more completely than in any other kingdom by that trial by jury which in Fortescue's time had been fully developed into its modern form. The historical arguments, throughout the treatise, are curious enough. What is now England, we are told, had never been otherwise ruled than by a constitutional king (*rex politicus*). Under Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans the same rule prevailed. Whatever the race and whoever the kings, the country was always ruled by the same customs—an abiding proof of their excellence. Even the Romans, who imposed their own laws on the rest of the world, recognised the ancient customs of Britain.\* The origin of a '*rex politicus*,' so far as this country is concerned, is found in Brutus of Troy, whom his followers, when they landed on the shore of Britain, chose for their king, but retained a share of the power in their own hands. As a Devonshire man, Fortescue was not likely to forget that the '*landing of Brutus*' had long been traditionally fixed at Totness, in his own county, and at no great distance from his birthplace. But Brutus was the recognised '*fundator Angliæ*' among the lawyers of his time, just as St. Alban is hailed as the '*protomartyr Anglorum*;' and this strange confusion of races, and mixture of truth with legend, in no way detract from the real value of the treatise. Very interesting notices of the condition of England, of the schools of law then existing in London, and of the manners and society of the age, occur more or less incidentally; and if we are to accept as a faithful picture the description of the classes from whom English juries were made up,† we must believe that the golden

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\* '*Et in omnibus nationum harum et regum eorum temporibus, regnum illud eisdem, quibus jam regitur, consuetudinibus continue regulatum est. Que, si optime non extitissent, aliqui regum illorum iustitia, ratione, vel affectione concitati, eas mutassent, aut omnino delevissent; et maxime Romani, qui legibus suis, quasi totum orbis reliquum iudicabant.*' Cap. xvii.

† '*Regio enim illa*' (Anglia) '*ita respersa refertaque est possessionibus terrarum et agrorum, quod in ea villula tam parva reperiri non poterit, in qua non est miles, armiger, vel paterfamilias, qualis ibidem Frankelays vulgariter nuncupatur, magnis ditatus possessionibus; necnon libere tenentes alii et Valecti plurimi, suis patrimoniis sufficientes ad faciendum juratum in forma prenotata.*' Cap. xxix.

age of plenty and of comfort which Mr. Froude assigns to the earlier years of Henry VIII., had at that time been long established. How far the wars of the Roses interfered with this true well-being of the people is a question to which Fortescue's book affords no answer. It is probable that they weighed far more heavily on knights and nobles, and on the great land-owners, than on the lesser folk of franklins and yeomen.

To Chancellor Fortescue was born but one son, Martin, who died in 1472, before his father, whom however he probably saw restored to Ebrington after his long exile. Martin Fortescue married Elizabeth Denzille, heiress of Filleigh, Weare Giffard, and Buckland-Filleigh, all in North Devon. In that part of the county he became the founder of a new colony of Fortescues; and the house of Castle Hill claims him as its direct ancestor. Little is recorded of him; but he has left one very interesting memorial of himself. He partly rebuilt, and left much in the condition in which we now see it, the manor-house of Weare Giffard, which groups picturesquely with the church and hamlet on the right bank of the Torridge. The house stands low, like many old Devonshire mansions, and the river-meadows eastward lie close under its walls; but the country is so varied with hill and wood, the oaks of all the district are so wide-branched and so venerable, and the whole scene wears so completely the air of that 'companionable solitude' which Sidney praises in the 'Arcadia,' that it is hardly possible to wish it different in any respect from the reality. As was usual with manor-houses of that period, Weare Giffard stood at first within an enclosing wall, fronted by a gate-house. This remains; but the wall itself was destroyed during the troubles of the Civil War, when there was much skirmishing with attacking and defending of houses throughout the neighbourhood. The long, low house, with deeply projecting wings and gables, is now open to all the breezes, and the myrtles and evergreens which clothe its walls show how little cause there is, in that sheltered valley, for dreading the attacks of even 'winter and rough weather.' The hall, still perfect, was built by Martin Fortescue about 1460. Its roof, rich with hammer beams, tracery, cusping, and pendants, is one of the most elaborate and most highly ornamented not only in the county but in England; and over the wide fireplace, which speaks of welcome and of wassail, are the arms of Fortescue, impaling those of Denzille, Weare, and Filleigh. Castle Hill, which

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England was, he adds, more a pastoral than an agricultural country. The whole chapter is very noticeable.

represents the Filleigh also acquired by Martin Fortescue, has long been the principal seat of the family; but the house of Weare Giffard remains the truest memorial of the first Fortescue of North Devon.

To this branch we must return. It will first be well to trace the fortunes of the parent house, and of those offsets from it which were established in the South Hams. Wimpstone remained in direct descent from the earliest Fortescue holder until the beginning of the seventeenth century, but had been 'totally alienated' when Westcote wrote in 1630. Its owners seem to have been content to lead the lives of quiet country gentlemen, and left the distinction of the family to younger branches. Of these, the Fortescues of Fallapit are by far the most noticeable. They were descended from that Sir Henry Fortescue, eldest son of Sir John of Meaux, brother of the Chancellor, and Chief Justice of Ireland, whose violent attack on Combe has already been noticed. He married the heiress of Fallapit, and when his direct line in 1595 ended in a daughter, she became the wife of a consin, and thus continued the line of the Fortescues of Fallapit, now a modern house in the neighbourhood of Kingsbridge. They were ardent royalists; and the name of Sir Edmund Fortescue, the defender of the last fort in Devonshire which held out for the king, is still remembered in the West. He died before his father, who had been 'in trouble' for the same cause, and was imprisoned for some time in the 'Clinke' or Winchester House, in London. Edmund Fortescue must have given proof that he was well fitted for the post, when he was appointed by the king, in 1642, High Sheriff of Devonshire. In the same year he was made prisoner, with many others of note, at Modbury, where the royalists had fortified themselves in a strong house of the Champernownes, and were attacked by a body of Parliamentary troops from Plymouth. The prisoners were all despatched by sea from Dartmouth; and a contemporary, writing to his 'loving friend,' one Master Stock, wishes 'a faire wind for these 'great malignants, to bring them to Winchester House or 'some such place.' Thither Sir Edmund was eventually removed; but he was at first sent to Windsor Castle, where, on the wall of a chamber near the Round Tower, some inscriptions have been found which identify it as the place of his detention. There are the words—'Sir Edmund Fortescue, prisoner in this 'chamber. The 12th day of Annarie (*sic*), 1642. Pour le 'Roy C.,' with a rude outline of the family arms, the motto, and a second inscription, 'Sa. E. F. 1643, 22nd of May.' He must have been released soon after this last date; and again

joined the royalists in the West, whence 'from the army near 'the rebels in Lostwithiel' he wrote, August 23, 1644, to his friend Colonel Seymour, of Berry Pomeroy. The king was himself at Lostwithiel; and Fortescue, at the request of Seymour, had been pressing for troops to assist in 'the redemption 'of those parts (probably part of Devonshire) from the perjured 'devils that are now in them.' Charles and Lord Hopton denied him, and he continues—

'This made me almost mad, and then having a dish of claret, I hartily chirped your health, and another to the fair lady governess, and then again to the noble governor on top; and after some few rounds, as long as the French spirits lasted, in a merry and undeniable humour I went to Maurice, of whom I had good words and promises, which again was assured me by Wagstaff—one that loves you—and I am confident I shall prevail very speedily for some horse, either Sir Thomas Hele's, or Sir Henry Casey's regiment.'

But a few days after this letter was written the king's forces pressed so hard on those of the Earl of Essex that he was forced to embark from Fowey, and so escape to Plymouth. Sir Edmund was no longer needed in Cornwall; and he is next found repairing the fort of Salcombe, which protects the harbour of that name, at no very great distance from Fallapit. For this purpose he had received a commission from Prince Maurice. The fort, which stands on a rock cut off from the mainland at high water, was efficiently repaired, and received the name of Fort Charles. A 'true and just particular' of all the 'victuallynge' within the place, at the time (Jan. 15, 1645) when Fairfax appeared before it, makes it clear that the 'ma-lignants' did not propose to themselves an uncomfortable life within its walls. To say nothing of an ample supply of 'hogs-heads of beefe and porke,' dried whittings, pease, and sides of bacon, there were ten hogshheads of punch, ten tuns of cider, and a butt of sack; besides almonds, lemons, 'two cases of 'bottles full with rare and good strong waters,' 'twenty pots 'with sweetmeats, and a great box of all sorts of especially 'good dry preserves,' and 'ten rolls of tobacco, being 600 'weight.' There was a garrison of 66 men, three of whom 'ran away.' They held out for nearly four months; and on one occasion the leg of the bedstead on which Fortescue was sleeping was carried away by a shot, so that 'he appeared suddenly among his men in his shirt.' Fort Charles was finally surrendered to Colonel Ralph Weldon, on very honourable terms, May 9, 1646. The governor, and all in the fort, had 'free liberty to march thence to Fallowpit with there usuall 'armes, drumes beating and collers flyinge,' ith bondelars full



‘of powder and muskets apertinable.’ At the gate-house of Fallapit they ‘yielded up their arms;’ but the great key of the fort was retained by Sir Edmund Fortescue, and long afterwards hung as a trophy in the hall of the mansion. It is still in the possession of his representative. The officers were allowed three months to make their peace with the Parliament or to go beyond seas. Fortescue made the latter choice, and took up his abode at Delft, where he died in the following year. A monument was erected to his memory in the great church at Delft—the same which contains the elaborate memorial of William the Silent and the tomb of Grotius. Lord Clermont gives a facsimile from a very rare print engraved at the Hague shortly before the death of Sir Edmund, which displays his ‘vera ac viva effigies.’ It is a comely, but not very intellectual countenance, with long locks falling on a plain white collar, turned over his armour. The existence of such a print indicates the popularity of Fortescue among his brother-cavaliers.

There were others of his family active on the same side; and especially Sir Faithful Fortescue, whose name, from the part which he played in the battle of Edgehill, has received a distinction of somewhat doubtful character. What he did on that occasion is, however, fairly explained by Lord Clermont, whose ancestor he was; and Clarendon, who tells the story, plainly implies (perhaps it was hardly to be expected that he would do otherwise) that Sir Faithful was justified in the course he took. But on this point there will always be a difference of opinion, according as the sympathies of the judge are with the king or with the Parliament. Faithful Fortescue—whose Christian name, an early example of a class which afterwards became frequent, first appears in the family as that of his uncle, born about 1512, and knighted by Elizabeth at Tilbury—was of the Buckland-Killeigh branch, and was educated in the household of his maternal uncle, the first Lord Chichester; one of the many Devonshire men who rose to distinction and to fortune in Ireland, in the latter years of the sixteenth century. A curious biographical notice of this Lord Chichester, drawn up by his nephew Fortescue, exists, and has been printed at length by Lord Clermont. He was for some years Lord Deputy of Ireland, and was evidently a man of considerable ability. He was, we are told,

‘noe very good orator, but had a singular good expression with his pen, sublime and succinkt, according to the subject whereof he wrote and the person to whom. His letters to King James were so acceptable, as he gave him encouragement and command to write often to him; and once, when the king received a letter from him, he gave it

to his favourite, Somerset, bidding him learn it without book, saying he had not received such a letter since he was king of England—and the Secretary of State, the Earle Salisbury, and Lords of the Council, would give the lynes high praise.'

All 'civill becoming sports, games, and recreations' he loved and encouraged; and when first he went into Ireland he carried with him a certain Bartholomew Fortescue, 'one of the best 'wrestlers in those times.' (Wrestling, it may be remembered, was then the great 'civill sport' of Devonshire and Cornwall; and a pair of Devonshire wrestlers were once sent up from the West in order that they might display their skill in the presence of Henry VIII.) Lord Chichester procured for himself a considerable estate in Ireland; and his nephew Sir Faithful, who was made by him Governor of Carrickfergus, was equally fortunate. He obtained from the Crown the grant of a large tract of land in the county of Antrim, which the patent 'erects 'into the Manor of Fortescue,' a designation still surviving, although the lands have passed from the family. Ireland thus became the permanent home of Sir Faithful Fortescue; who sat once or twice in Dublin parliaments, and who, as the times became more and more troubled, was recognised as a 'man of 'honour and experience,' whose support and assistance was of no small value. After the fall of Strafford he is especially recommended by the Parliament to the new Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Leicester, and was governor of Drogheda when the rebellion suddenly broke out in the North of Ireland in October 1641. His eldest son died during the siege of that place, and his second was killed by the rebels there. Sir Faithful himself went at once to London, to urge the sending of men and supplies to Ireland; and the necessity was strong enough to compel an agreement between Charles and the Parliament—then all but in arms against each other—to provide troops for that special service. Thus Sir Faithful, still in England, raised and commanded as colonel the third troop of horse engaged for the Irish expedition, for which the officers were chosen by special commissioners in June 1642, the king consenting to sign their commissions. When the royal standard was raised at Nottingham in August of the same year, this troop of horse, together with a company of foot also raised by Fortescue for the same purpose, were draughted into the army of the Parliament, without any regard to the opinions or inclinations of officers or men. The horse had arrived at Bristol, ready to embark. They were now compelled to march towards Worcestershire, and to join the troops of the Earl of Essex, already pressing, by forced marches, on those of

Charles; and in this manner Sir Faithful Fortescue, with his newly raised regiment, found themselves on October 23 in the plain under Edgehill, arrayed in opposition to the king and, it may well have been, to their own sympathies and affections. What followed was the carrying out of a preconcerted arrangement between Fortescue and his men. The fight, as we know, began about three in the afternoon, when the guns of the Parliamentary army opened from their right flank. Prince Rupert, with his cavalry, was stationed on the king's extreme right, high on the ridge of Edgehill, above the little village of Radway. The descent is short but very steep. The royal horse had reached the plain in order, and were advancing against the enemy's left wing, in which Fortescue and his troop had their place, when, in Clarendon's words, 'his whole troop advanced ' from the gross of their horse, and discharging all their pistols on ' the ground, within little more than carabine shot of his own ' body, presented himself and his troop to Prince Rupert, and ' immediately, with his Highness, charged the enemy.' The desertion entirely confused the Parliamentarians. Their left wing broke, and fled before Rupert's troopers, and the pursuit lasted across the open fields for nearly three miles, as far as the town of Kington, where Rupert allowed himself to be detained for an hour in plundering the baggage of Essex's soldiers, which had been left in the streets; a delay which was fatal to the real success of the king's army. Fortescue, it is said, contrived before the beginning of the fight to send his cornet, who seems to have been his own son Thomas, to announce his intention to Prince Rupert. However that may have been, his action was a surprise to Rupert's officers; and, again to quote Clarendon, his men ' had not as good fortune as they deserved; for by the ' negligence of not throwing away their orange-tawney scarfs, ' which they all wore as the Earl of Essex's colours, . . . . ' many of them, not fewer than seventeen or eighteen, were ' suddenly killed by those to whom they had joined themselves.'

After Edgehill, Fortescue remained with the army, and was with the king for some time in Oxford. In 1646 he appears again in Ireland. He was afterwards imprisoned by the Parliament in the castles of Carnarvon and Denbigh, but must have been released before 1651, in which year he was with Charles II. in Scotland, and we recognise him among the 'strangers that followit and dependit on the king,' as recorded in Nichols' Diary, although his name is there Scotticized into 'Sir Faithful Faskie.' It is pleasant to find that on the Restoration Charles did not forget the old soldier who had been so truly 'faithful' to his father. His age was now nearly eighty.

If he recovered his estates in the north of Ireland, it was to find them neglected and half ruined; and the governorship of Carrickfergus, which was restored to him, must have been welcome. He remained himself with the court, and was named a gentleman of the Privy Chamber. When the plague, in 1665, drove from London all who could leave it, Fortescue went to the Isle of Wight, where in May of the following year he died in the manor-house of Bowcombe, about a mile from Carisbrook. He was buried either in Carisbrook church or churchyard. In 1866, a tablet, recording his name and services, was placed by Lord Clermont, 'his eldest male representative,' in the chancel of the church there.

The Fortescues of Buckland-Filleigh and of Fallapit became united by the marriage, in 1709, of William Fortescue of Buckland and Mary Fortescue of Fallapit, co-heiress of her father. This is the William Fortescue to whom Pope addresses his *Imitation of the first satire of Horace* :—

'Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,  
I come to counsel learned in the law :  
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,  
Advice; and (as you use), without a fee.'

Fortescue was at first of the Middle, and afterwards of the Inner Temple. His intimacy and correspondence with Pope had already begun in 1714, and lasted until the death of the poet in 1744. But it is evident that he lived in the society of the most eminent 'wits' of the day; and his own vein of humour is preserved to us in his contribution to 'Martinus Scriblerus'—the report of the case of 'Stradling versus Stiles, or the Pyed Horses'—in which was debated the will of 'Sir John Swale, of Swale Hall, in Swale Dale, fast by the 'river Swale,' who left to his much-honoured and good friend Mr. Matthew Stradling 'all my black and white horses.' It appeared that the testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pyed horses. 'The debate, therefore, was 'whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the 'said pyed horses by virtue of the said bequest.' There was much argument on either side. Finally, 'le Court fuit longement en doubt de c'est matter; et après grand deliberation 'eu, judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. nisi causa.' There followed a 'motion in arrest of judgment, that the pyed horses 'were mares; and therefore an inspection was prayed. Et sur 'ceo le Court advisare vult.' William Fortescue, of whom there is a good portrait by Hudson, in his robes of office, and who had the family features strongly marked, became a Baron of the Exchequer in 1736, was removed to the Common Pleas

in 1738, and in 1741 exchanged his seat on the bench for the more agreeable post of Master of the Rolls. In that office he died in 1749, and was buried in the Rolls Chapel. There is a brief notice of his household in a letter written by Horace Walpole to Mann in 1743: 'I am just come tired from a family dinner at the Master of the Rolls; but I will write to you, though my head aches with maiden sisters' healths, forms, and Devonshire, and Norfolk.' The wit of the Master (Jervas has the expression '*ridente Fortescuvio*') belonged to an earlier generation than Walpole's, and was, perhaps, hardly appreciated by him; and to the then youthful and fastidious Londoner, Devonshire was a region even more barbarous than his paternal Norfolk. It was certainly never forgotten by the Master of the Rolls. He spent his vacations at Buckland or at Fallapit. 'May all happiness wait on Buckland and Fallapit,' writes Pope in one of his letters; and in another he says:—

'I have seen your family twice; once at Mr. Jervas's, and last night at home. They are all well, except a little cold which Miss Fortescue has, but was very merry. I hope you have this week seen Buckland with pleasure, and in a state of improvement; and that you will see Fallapit with the same. Twitnam is very cold these easterly winds; but I presume they do not blow in the happy regions of Devonshire. My garden, however, is in good condition, and promises fruits not too early. I am building a stone obelisk, making two new ovens and stoves, and a hot-house for ananas, of which I hope you will taste this year.'

Again we have, in a much earlier letter, written in 1724:—

'Gay is at Bath with Dr. Arbuthnot. Mrs. Howard returns your services, and Marblehill waits only for its roof, the rest finished. The little Prince William' [this was the future hero of Culloden] 'wants Miss Fortescue, or to say truth, anybody else that will play with him. You say nothing at what time we may expect you here. I wish it soon, and thought you talked of Michaelmas. I am grieved to tell you that there is one Devonshire man not honest; for my man Robert proves a vile fellow, and I have discarded him. "*Auri sacra fames*" is his crime—a crime common to the greatest and meanest, if anyway in power, or too much in trust. . . . Adieu! God bless you; an ancient and Christian, and therefore an unmodish and unusual salutation.'

'Robert' had probably been preferred to Pope's service by Fortescue. The poet's letters are in the hands of the present representative of the Master of the Rolls, and of the Fortescues of Fallapit. In 1735 we find Pope asking his friend 'to send what letters you have been so partial to me as to keep, especially of an early date, before the year 1720.' Whether this desire—the nature and object of which are, since the re-

searches of Pope's latest editor, perfectly intelligible—was ever complied with, is uncertain. No letters of Fortescue were found among Pope's papers. Three or four notes of Fortescue to Pope owe their preservation to the fact that their blank sides were used by the latter for rough copies of his 'Homer.' These are in the British Museum. Lord Clermont prints also a note from Fortescue to Mrs. Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk), accompanying the 'History of the Sevarambi,' a then fashionable 'Utopia,' the scene of which was laid in America.\*

The Fortescues spread so much from the original settlement at Wimpstone, and the various branches became at last so numerous and so widely scattered, that it is impossible to follow them in due historical order, and we must sometimes 'return on our steps.' Old Sir John of Meaux appears always as the patriarch of the house. From his third son, Richard Fortescue, who fell in the first battle of St. Alban's descended the Fortescues of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, one of whom, Sir John Fortescue of Salden, upheld not unworthily the great legal reputation which had been gained for the house by the Chief Justice. Sir Richard Fortescue had two sons, both of whom, in accordance with an occasional but very inconvenient fashion of the time, were called John. The younger Sir John became Esquire of the body to Edward IV., and Sheriff of Cornwall. He it was who received the submission of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, after his capture of St. Michael's Mount. De Vere, who was fortunate enough to escape with life and limb from the field of Barnet, 'gate,' says Warkworth, 'grete good and rychesse, 'and afterwards came into weste countre, and with a sotule 'poynte of werre gate and enteryd Seynt Michaels Mount in 'Cornwayle, a strong place and a mygty, and can not be geett 'yf it be wele vytaled withe a fewe menne to kepe hit.' Nevertheless, after a siege of many months, which Fortescue partly directed, the 'saide Erle was fayne to yelde up the 'seyde Mount, and put hyme in the kyngis grace.' He was sent as a prisoner to the fortress of Hammes in Picardy, where he remained until, with the Captain of Hammes, and Fortescue himself, who had become Governor of Calais, he joined

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\* 'I am, I believe,' writes Fortescue, 'the only person who thinks it 'real, . . . and were it not for some few things . . . I should certainly 'be for taking a voyage thither. Nay, I am so far gone in extravagance, 'that as this wise people have always persons residing in every country, 'I hardly see a tall man *in an American dress* but I take him to be one 'of them.' What was the 'American dress' of 1726?

Richmond in Paris. Fortescue then remained with Richmond, landed with him at Milford Haven in August 1485, and fought at Bosworth. He married Alice Boleyn, sister of Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, the father of Queen Anne Boleyn. The descendants of their eldest son were of Falkborne in Essex; but this branch disappears entirely after the sale of Falkborne to the ancestor of its present owner, about the year 1637. The second son was Adrian Fortescue, whose story is not without interest, and who is regarded as a martyr not only by the Knights of Malta, to which body he belonged, but by the Church of Rome at large. He married Anne Stonor, who afterwards became heiress of her paternal estate, Stonor, near Henley in Oxfordshire. 'The Mansion Place,' so Leland described it, 'standeth clymbing on an hille, and hathe two 'courtes builded with timbar, bryke, and flynte.' Here Sir Adrian, who was made a Knight of the Bath on the creation of Henry (VIII.), Prince of Wales, for the most part lived. In 1518 his wife died at Stonor, and was buried first at Pyrton, near Shirburn; then, seven years afterwards, her body was removed to the Church of the Priory of Bisham in Berkshire, where her ancestors the Nevilles, with the 'king-maker' among them, had been laid; and finally, when the Priory was dissolved in 1538, Sir Adrian, whose heart was not in the new order of things, again removed the body to the Church of Brightwell, not far from Stonor. It is in the arrangements for his wife's burial—accounts of which have fortunately been preserved—that we first recognise the religious zeal of Sir Adrian, and his devotion to the forms and offices of the Church. The first burial, and those that followed, took place by night. The coffin was carried in its 'herse' (that is, with its protecting canopy), on a horse-litter, surrounded and followed by a great body of torch-bearers, and attended by no less than 656 poor persons, each of whom received a penny dole. At each church passed on the way the corpse was met with lighted tapers and chanting of dirges, and at Bisham forty-two priests assisted at the mass. A very stately tomb, made by the 'marblars of Corff' (workers of the Purbeck stone) was erected at Bisham. The 'costes of the dener at the 'beryyng' are carefully noted; and we learn that 'ij beces and 'ix mottions' cost sixty shillings, 'xv pygges' seven shillings and a penny, and 'iiij calvys' twelve shillings, with wine, ale, bread, 'conys' and 'capons' in due proportion. The vicar's deputy had an 'ambelyng nagge' for the 'mortuary,' after the 'month's mind.' The accounts from which these particulars are extracted cover a period of many years, and are unusually

curious. We learn, amongst other things, that presents of game sent to distant friends were not then, any more than at present, always the result of the sender's own 'sport.' 'Item, 'paid for vj woodcokkes sent to Mr. B. with a fatt capon, two 'shillings and eight pence.'

Sir Adrian was actively engaged in the French wars of Henry VIII. He had been present, still young, in the Therouenne and Tournay expedition, and in 1520 he was called upon to attend the queen during the interview of the English and French monarchs on the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' This was a perilous honour, since all who appeared on this occasion were expected to display great splendour, and many, in Shakspeare's words,

brake their backs  
With laying manors on them.

Sir Adrian is directed 'not only to put yourself in arreadi-  
'ness with the number of ten tall personages well and conve-  
'niently apparelled for this purpose to pass with you over the  
'sea, but also in such wise to appoint yourself in apparel as to  
'your degree, the honour of us and this our realm apper-  
'taineth.' He had afterwards, in 1528, to find another 'com-  
'pany of ten persons, footmen, archers, and others,' to join  
Lord Sandys in the march of Calais. But a warlike and  
bustling life seems hardly to have suited him so well as the  
quiet of his houses at Shirburn and Stonor, with his books  
about him, and leisure for study. He copied with his own  
hand the treatise of the Chancellor, his great uncle, 'On Abso-  
'lute and Limited Monarchy;' adding at the end of the  
volume a curious collection of proverbs and moral sentences.  
And a still more curious relic of him is described in Nichol's  
'History of Leicestershire.' On the back of the title-page of  
a Sarum Missal he copies 'An order and form of bydding of  
'bedys by the King's Commandment. A. Domini 1536.' But  
the words in which the king is recognised as 'supreme hede  
'immediatly under God of the spruāltic and tēporalitie of the  
'Church of England,' are dashed through with the pen. When  
this was done Sir Adrian Fortescue had for some time (since  
1532) been enrolled among the Knights of St. John of Jeru-  
salem, a society famous for its attachment to the Holy See, and  
especially bound to assist in extirpating heresy in all its shapes.  
In 1534 the Order was abolished in England by Act of Par-  
liament. This was the year when Henry broke openly with  
Rome, and we find Sir Adrian, suspected no doubt as a Knight  
of St. John, committed for some time 'to the Knight-Mar-  
'shall's ward at Woodstock,' apparently on his refusal or hesi-



tation to acknowledge the king as supreme head of the Church. He was released under the general pardon late in the autumn of the same year; but his troubles on the score of religion were not over. He was attainted in the spring of 1539, on what ground is not certain, but there is no evidence that he was in any way concerned in 'endeavouring to raise rebellion,' the accusation which Burnet brings against him. There can be little real doubt that his crime consisted in a steady refusal to admit the king's spiritual supremacy; and he must thus be included in the list of sufferers, among whom More and Fisher hold the chief places of honour. Hall has the following brief notice in his Chronicle: 'Sir Adrian Foskew and Sir Thomas Dingley, Knight of St. John's, were the tenth day of July, beheaded.' The day of his execution (but fixed by them on the 8th of July) is still observed by the Knights of St. John at Malta. There are two pictures of him in the great church at Valetta; and a third, which has more the appearance of a portrait, in the Collegio de San Paolo at Rabato, near Citta Vecchia in the same island. The two first are by the Cavalier Mattias Preti, called 'Il Calabrese,' who lived at Malta between 1670 and 1699. Lord Clermont gives plates of both, engraved after careful copies. They are compositions rather than representations after the life, and the head in both is far too youthful and too Italianised to be a portrait. In the best, which is on canvas, Sir Adrian kneels at a sort of altar, whilst a heavenly light is diffused over the figure from above, and at the side a boy angel holds the palm of martyrdom. The picture at Rabato is said to be (in its upper part) an exact copy of a much earlier one at Madrid, and has much more the appearance of a possible likeness. The fine head is surrounded by a halo of sanctity. The hands are bound in front with a cord, the left hand holding a cross. A short sword or executioner's knife is placed under the chin, as though severing the head, and the blood falls over the cloak, on which appears the white cross of the Knights of St. John.

Sir Adrian Fortescue married, secondly, a daughter of Sir William Redc. Their eldest son, John, was six years old when his father was beheaded. In 1552 he was 'restored in blood' by Act of Parliament, so as to remove the effects of the attainder. His mother, as the widow of a martyr, had been much honoured by Queen Mary; and John Fortescue, possibly assisted by his own relation to her through the Boleyns, was soon after his 'restoration,' chosen to be preceptor to the Princess Elizabeth. He was much trusted and consulted by her, and immediately on her accession to the throne

Fortescue was named Master or Keeper of the Great Wardrobe. This was an office of dignity and antiquity. The residence belonging to it was in the Blackfriars, and the 'Great Wardrobe' served as a depository for records, as well as for (in Fuller's words) 'the ancient clothes of our English kings which they wore on great festivals.' He still, and for some time afterwards, continued to direct the queen's studies; and was thus, as Lloyd quaintly remarks in his 'State Worthies,' 'the one whom she trusted with the ornaments of her soul and body.' It is clear that John Fortescue had none of his father's scruples, and that he accepted the religious changes of the time either from conviction, or from the peculiar intellectual indifference which characterised the age, and of which the queen herself was the great example. His younger brother Anthony was differently constituted. He became a leading conspirator with the Poles in their plot against Elizabeth, and his escape with imprisonment, instead of losing his head, has been generally attributed to Sir John's intercession with his royal mistress. His devotion to her interests was great, and he was always in high favour, but it was not until late in the queen's reign that he rose to great office, and on the death of Sir William Mildmay in 1589, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was at once made a privy counsellor, and two years afterwards was knighted—an honour which at that time was not lightly bestowed or lightly esteemed. As Chancellor he was concerned in most public transactions, and there is but one opinion among the writers of his time as to his great patriotism and integrity. He is the 'vir integer' of Camden; and Lloyd, quoting Camden's words, tells us that Queen Elizabeth declared that 'two men outdid her expectations—Fortescue for integrity, and Walsingham for subtlety and officious services.' The motto of his house is thus referred to by one Thomas Newton, in 1589:—

'Scutum forte tuis cum sis fulcrumque Britannis,  
Conveniens certe nomen et omen habes.'

A few of Sir John Fortescue's letters are preserved. One, addressed to Lord Burghley in 1592, refers to a book which of late years has received considerable attention—the 'libel,' as Fortescue calls it, printed at Cologne in 1585, by Doctor Nicholas Sandars, and entitled 'De origine et progressu Schismatis Anglicani.' Sandars, among other statements, insists that Anne Boleyn was actually the child of Henry VIII., who sent Sir Thomas Boleyn on an embassy to France, and in his absence became the father of Anne. Fortescue refutes

this libel by an appeal to dates. The French embassy was despatched in 1520. The king was married to Anne Boleyn in November 1532. 'So that the shameless lying of this libellour 'is most apparent; for her majesties' (Queen Elizabeth's) 'birth 'was in anno Domini 1533, and then her mother shuld have 'ben but thirteen yere old at hir byrthe.' Fortescue's judgment on matters of more practical importance than this was frequently sought for by Lord Burghley; and the favour of one so well considered at Court was not to be disregarded. There is a curious instance of this 'consideration' in the Sidney Letters. Whyte, the correspondent of Sir Robert Sidney, then in the Low Countries, writes in April 1600:—'Sir John 'Fortescue, understanding that there are two ships laden with 'spice come from China to Middleburgh, is very desirous to 'have ten pounds of that ginger they bring. If your lordship 'please to provide it, I see it will be very well taken.'

Shortly before the death of Elizabeth, Fortescue, we are told, 'speaking with a dear friend of his own of the weakness 'of the time, said that his comfort was that he was old and 'weak as the time itself, being born in the same year with the 'queen.' He looked with some apprehension to the coming of James into England, and to his probable importation of needy Scots; and clearly desired, as Osborne writes in his Memoirs, that 'in regard of the known feud between the nations English 'and Scotch, the king might be obliged to articles' binding him to certain conditions. This was the aim of Raleigh and Cobham; but in whatever manner Fortescue put forth his opinion he avoided the displeasure under which the others fell, although he was not continued in the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He received, however, other marks of James's favour. The king visited him, first at his house at Hendon, and afterwards at Salden, on the occasion of his joining the queen, Anne of Denmark, who followed him into England after a short delay. They met (June 27, 1603) at Sir George Fermor's seat of Easton Neston, and after dinner rode together to Salden, where they were entertained for several days in great state and splendour. Sir John afterwards took some part in public affairs, and sat in James's first parliament as member for Middlesex; but his health had for some time been failing, and he died in December 1607. One or two of his speeches in Parliament and elsewhere have been preserved. They abound in classical quotations, after the fashion of the time and beyond it. Fortescue was, however, no ordinary scholar, as might have been expected from his having been appointed to direct the studies of Elizabeth.

He was one of those who assisted Sir Thomas Bodley—for whom, as a Devonshire man, he may be supposed to have had some kindness—with books for his great library at Oxford; and he was accordingly ‘received with all imaginable respect’ when he went to visit that library.’

The house of Salden, which Sir John Fortescue built soon after he acquired the estate, at an early period of his career, was of brick and stone, and a grand example of an Elizabethan mansion. It seems to have displayed, like Burghley or Hatfield, a certain mixture of Italian renaissance with the gables and mouldings of the native Tudor. There was an alabaster chimney-piece in the gallery chamber, ‘greatly admired for its ‘curious workmanship;’ and the windows were filled with stained glass representing the many quarterings of the Fortescues, and the shields of houses in any way allied to them. It is sad to write of it in the past tense; but Salden is one of the numerous houses of that period which have been completely swept away, leaving nothing but broken ground with a garden terrace or a venerable yew tree to mark the site of what was once the glory of an entire district. The house stood on a rising ground, overlooking far and wide the rich and wooded country of northern Buckinghamshire. There are some traces of the bowling green, where it is said that one of the Fortescues was killed by the stroke of a ball; and the field below it is known as the ‘Beggars’ Mead,’ since it was there that the broken meat from the house was everyday distributed among the poor. Indeed the hospitality and ‘large housekeeping’ of Sir John Fortescue were well represented by his successors, one, or more, of whom were, it is said, in the habit of giving half-a-crown to every poor person of the parish they encountered. Principles of political economy were ill understood in those days, and the parish, it may be, was not very thickly peopled. The last male descendant of Queen Elizabeth’s Sir John died in 1729. Salden then passed to two distant cousins, the house itself, strangely enough, being allotted half to one share, and half to the other. It was then sold ‘to a joiner,’ and pulled down. In the gallery, according to Brown Willis, who has preserved the inscription under it, hung the portrait of Sir John Fortescue the founder. This has disappeared altogether, and no trace of its fate has been recovered. No copy and no other portrait exist, so far as can be ascertained; and we are thus left without knowledge of the ‘vera effigies’ of one who was certainly not the least distinguished among the ‘states-men old’ who in ‘bearded majesty’ surrounded the queen of lion-port. On his monument in Mursley Church there are

kneeling figures of Sir John and his wife Cecily, daughter of Sir Edmund Ashfield of Tottenhoe; but these can hardly be portraits. The funeral of Fortescue was directed by William Camden, as Clarencieux king-at-arms, who, in his 'Annals of Elizabeth,' acknowledges the assistance he had received from 'Joannes Fortescuus, qui mihi hæc scribenti in nonnullis lumen porrexit.' The chancel of Mursley has of late been rebuilt; but this monument, and the yet more stately tomb of Sir Francis Fortescue, son and successor of Sir John, have been duly restored and replaced by the care of Lord Clermont.

Of the domestic life of Sir John Fortescue at Salden we know little beyond the fact that his house was one of extreme hospitality. We have no such an edifying 'book of charges' as that of his father, Sir Adrian. But among the 'Domestic' State Papers of the reign of Elizabeth is preserved a very curious series, giving us the history of a lively quarrel between Fortescue and his neighbour Lord Grey of Wilton, and illustrating one side, at least, of his country life. Lord Grey was the owner of Whaddon Hall, where Elizabeth had visited him, and was keeper of the adjoining district of Whaddon Chase, which bordered on the lands of Salden, over which Fortescue had obtained a right of free warren. Before this, as it appears, the keepers of the chase had been in the habit of following their game over Salden. Fortescue, 'in the Chamber of Presence at Westminster,' complained to Lord Grey that his servants would not recognise the change of right at Salden, but insisted on breaking the new hedges and enclosures. 'My lord therewith in a choller said, "Tush, a lord in your teeth, I will hunt it and it shall be hunted, spite of all you can do."' At a second meeting things went on a little more smoothly, and Fortescue, at Lord Grey's request, promised that 'he would not be an ill neighbour to the game.' After his return to Salden, however, Fortescue found that the keepers of the chase kept to their bounds no better than before, to the injury of his own 'warren game, partridges, pheasant, hare, and conies.' There were sundry skirmishes; and on one occasion, according to Lord Grey's deposition, Fortescue himself, with a company of men carrying bows and staves, came on the keepers who were hunting on the Salden side of the hedge, 'bestowed on them divers blows,' and then 'espying a boy who was with them, and who had before angered him, he did fall to him, and having beaten him well, did command his men to take and hold him whilst he might cut his points to whip him.' The boy and the rest escaped at that time. 'So,' writes my Lord Grey, 'ended this day's *pagen*' (pageant). But the ill

blood on either side was not lessened; and the following night, 'at twelve of the clocke, I,' deposes Fortescue, 'being in bed and in sleepe,' one Savage, ranger of the chase came on the Salden land, 'bringing with him fifteen other persons, with bows, forest-bills, and long picked staffs. They having cast off hounds, blowing horns, and making hallooing and loud cry, began their hunting, shogging down to the wood close, where, in the gully between both woods, my servants over-took them.' These were Fortescue's men, who had been roused by the noise, and who came prepared for a fray. They were not disappointed. 'Many arrows were shot, as well forked-heads as other. Bartelmew Cornish' was wounded 'in the thigh with an arrow, and in the head with a forest-bill;' Savage was 'stricken down and taken,' and four others of Lord Grey's men 'were very evil hurt, and one to the death, as since is fallen out.' This seems to have brought the affair to a crisis. Many of the rioters were imprisoned, but only for a time, and Lord Grey made a complaint to the Privy Council that although 'he had sought redress of so heynous a fact as the killing,' he had been ordered by their lordships to let the matter alone; 'and to see mine adversary so much favoured in an evil cause, and myself, in seeking of justice, so lightly accounted of, besides the wrong doth bring no small grief unto me.' Accordingly, he sought 'justice' with his own hand. In November 1573 he and Fortescue were both in London. Lord Grey knew that Fortescue would pass under Temple Bar about ten o'clock on a certain morning. He waited for his appearance in 'the shop of one Lewes, a cross-bow maker,' and disposed his twelve serving men 'divided on every side of the street.' After Fortescue had passed, Lord Grey, coming behind with a crab-tree truncheon, 'strake me on the head,' says the other, in his complaint to the Council, 'so sore that I was astounded and fell from my horse, saying, as the standers by do report, "You have spoiled me." Whereunto he answered, "Nay, villain, I will have my pennyworth of thee; thou shalt not scape so."' There was a fight. The servants on either side set on each other, and there would have been loss of life 'if the rescue of the street had not been.' Unfortunately this is the last of the papers. We do not know in what manner Fortescue was avenged, and although we find Lord Grey in the Fleet Prison soon afterwards, it does not appear on what charge he had been placed there. A letter 'from the Fleete,' addressed by him to Lord Burghley, may possibly refer to this matter. In it he says: 'It is not to be doubted but that Fortescue will inform anything for the

‘bettering of his right and obtaining of his will, if words, ‘however strained, may serve the turn.’ The whole story is curious, since it shows us that a quarrel, arising out of rights of ‘sporting,’ was, in Elizabeth’s days very much the same, ‘with a difference,’ as it might be now; and from the picture it affords of such a disturbance as would have been quite in place at that time in the High Street of Edinburgh, but which we should hardly have expected to encounter under the shadow of Temple Bar.

We return to the Irish Fortescues, whose several branches sprang from Sir Faithful, the Cavalier of Edgehill. His grandson, William of Newragh, was the father of Thomas Fortescue, who formed the beautiful domains of Clermont Park and of Ravensdale (both in County Louth), on which are now the principal seats of his representative, the present Lord Clermont. Arthur Young, travelling through Ireland in 1776, describes the situation of Ravensdale as ‘very romantic, on the side of a ‘mountain, with fine woods hanging on every side, with the ‘lawn beautifully scattered with trees spreading into them, ‘and a pretty river winding through the vale. Beautiful in ‘itself, but trebly so on information that before he fixed there ‘it was all wide waste.’ His eldest son, William Henry, became Earl of Clermont,\* and was an original Knight of St. Patrick on the institution of that order in 1783. Lord Clermont gives an engraving from what appears to be a fine portrait of the Earl by Hudson, the master of Sir Joshua. He was, we are told, a first-rate shot, and is appropriately represented carrying a gun and caressing a pointer. He once, we are told, ‘for a wager killed in one day in Done-weale Wood, on Lord Farnham’s estate in Cavan, fifty brace ‘of woodcocks, shooting with a single-barrelled and of course ‘“flint” gun. Having missed every shot before breakfast, ‘from the excessive kicking of the gun, he then, by the ‘advice of the late Earl of Enniskillen, who was present, ‘padded his coat sleeve, and in a few hours killed his hundred ‘birds.’ This is the Lord Clermont of whom Sir Nathaniel Wraxall gives an amusing sketch in his ‘Memoirs,’ and of whom he says that he had never ‘known a man more fitted for ‘a companion of kings and queens.’ It is true that ‘Nature

\* He was raised to the Irish peerage May 26, 1770, as Baron Clermont. In 1776 he was created Viscount and Baron Clermont, with (as he had no son) a special remainder to his brother; and in 1777 he became Earl of Clermont. His frequent visits to France probably suggested the name of his title.

‘ had formed his person in an elegant mould,’ but Sir Nathaniel’s ideal of a royal companion would hardly perhaps be accepted at present.

‘ Such,’ he says, ‘ was Lord Clermont’s passion for the turf, that when menaced by his father to be disinherited if he did not quit Newmarket, he refused, preferring rather to incur the severest attacks of paternal indignation than to renounce his favourite amusement. His understanding was of the common order; but though his whole life had been passed in the sports of the field or among jockeys, yet he wanted not refinement; and he used to shelter himself under Horace’s “*sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum*,” when justifying his ardour for races.’

At his house in Berkeley Square the Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor. Lord Clermont lived much with Charles Fox; and, says Wraxall, ‘ I well remember an extraordinary bet which he made with Fox and Lord Foley, for a hundred guineas; namely, that he would find a heifer which should eat twenty stone of turnips in twenty-four hours. He won the wager.’ Of his wife, Frances, daughter of General Murray, of Monaghan, there is a beautiful portrait by Reynolds. She, too, is duly noticed in the pages of Wraxall; and was, as he tells us, an enthusiastic defender of the French Queen Marie Antoinette, at whose court she was a great favourite.

The earldom became extinct on the death of this first Lord Clermont in 1806. The viscounty descended to his nephew, son of his younger brother, who had inherited Ravensdale Park. This nephew died unmarried in 1829, leaving by will his estates in the first place to his only nephew, Sir Harry Goodricke, of Ribston in Yorkshire, with remainder to the heirs issue of Colonel Fortescue, of Dromiskin, who represented the elder line in descent from Sir Faithful of the Civil Wars. Sir Harry Goodricke, well known in the sporting circles of his day, died unmarried in 1833; and the estates then passed to Thomas, son of Colonel Fortescue, of Dromiskin. In 1852 a revival was made in his favour of the barony of Clermont, with remainder to his only brother. It is to Lord Clermont that we are indebted for the exhaustive history of the Fortescues which we have been considering in the present article. How earnestly the true interests of Ireland—agricultural, educational, political—have been supported and advanced by him and by his younger brother, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, created Lord Carlingford in 1874, this is hardly the place to set forth; but the pages which at some future time a competent hand will be called on to append to Lord Clermont’s volume, will not be the least interesting or important within its covers. We should



add that in 1866 Lord Clermont was created a peer of Great Britain.

Another Irish peerage was created in 1746, in favour of John Fortescue, descended from a younger son of Fortescue of Filleigh—now Castle Hill. He was a distinguished lawyer, and became a judge successively in the Courts of Exchequer, King's Bench, and Common Pleas. 'In consideration of his merits and services' he was created a Peer of Ireland, with the title of Baron Fortescue of Credan, the name of a headland on the eastern shore of Waterford harbour, which formed part of his wife's estate. She was the eldest daughter, and eventually the heiress, of Henry Aland, of Waterford. This Lord Fortescue was, for his time, a good Saxon scholar, and held in great regard the works of his famous ancestor, the Chancellor. He was distinguished by a very prominent and remarkable nose—a feature which in all the Fortescue portraits is decidedly pronounced. In the case of Lord Fortescue of Credan it is said to have resembled the trunk of an elephant. On one occasion he remarked from the bench to the counsel who was pleading—'Brother, you are handling this case in a very lame manner.' 'Oh no, my Lord,' was the reply; 'have patience with me, and I will make it as plain as the nose in your Lordship's face.' The barony descended to his only son, who never married. The Irish estates passed to Lord Fortescue of Castle Hill, whose descendant still holds them.

The Fortescues of Castle Hill represent, as we have said, John, the eldest son of Martin Fortescue, heir and only son of Henry VI.'s Chancellor. Martin, with the heiress of Denzille, acquired the estates of Weare Giffard and Filleigh—now Castle Hill. He died before the Chancellor; and his son John succeeded not only to his mother's estates, but to those of his grandfather, Ebrington, in Gloucestershire, and Combe, in South Devon. The earlier Fortescues of this descent lived much at Weare Giffard, and there is an elaborate monument in the church there in which two generations are represented, the last date being 1637. But there had always been a residence at Filleigh (not the same place, it must be remembered, as Buckland-Filleigh, the home of William Fortescue, often mentioned in Pope's letters); and there was born, about 1717, Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, who married in 1742 the first Lord Lyttleton, distinguished, in Lord Clermont's words, 'as an historian, poet, statesman, and Christian philosopher.' The wedded happiness of Lord and Lady Lyttleton became almost proverbial; but it was as brief as it was unusual. She died in 1746, and was celebrated by her husband in a 'Monody'

which was once better known than at present. The inscriptions, in Latin and English, on her monument in Hagley Church, were also written by Lord Lyttleton.

In favour of Hugh Fortescue, brother of this Lady Lyttleton, the barony of Clinton was called out of the abeyance in which it had fallen in 1692. This was in right of his mother. Lord Clinton was much about the court of George I.; and George II., in 1746, created him Baron Fortescue of Castle Hill, and Earl Clinton. It was this Lord Clinton who changed the name of the old house from Filleigh to Castle Hill, and almost rebuilt it. At his death the earldom of Clinton became extinct. The Clinton barony passed to his sister Margaret, and afterwards quite away from the Fortescues. Hugh, third Baron Fortescue, was, in 1789, created Viscount Ebrington of Ebrington, and Earl Fortescue. He died at Castle Hill in 1841, 'at the venerable age of eighty-eight years, during fifty-five of which he had been a member of the House of Lords.'

Of his son, the second Earl, more must be said. Throughout his long career (he came into public life very early in the present century, and died in 1861) he was an eminently consistent politician, and did excellent service to the party which he followed as much from personal conviction as from hereditary principle. He was especially active and influential during the great Reform agitation. In September 1831, Macaulay, writing to his sister, observes that 'he had been moving heaven and earth to render it certain that if our Ministers are so foolish as to resign in the event of a defeat in the Lords, the Commons may be firm and united.' 'I think,' he continues, 'that I have arranged a plan which will secure a bold and instant declaration on our part if necessary. Lord Ebrington is the man whom I have in my eye as our leader. I have had much conversation with him, and with several of our leading county members. They are all staunch; and I will answer for this—that if the Ministers should throw us over, we will be ready to defend ourselves.\*' Lord Ebrington was at this time member for Tavistock, which he had represented since 1820; and this mention of him by Macaulay is sufficient proof of the high estimation in which he was held by his friends, and of their perfect confidence in him. It was indeed on a motion of Lord Ebrington's that the House of Commons passed the vote of confidence in Lord Grey's Government after it had resigned, which caused their immediate resumption of office to carry the Reform Bill. Firm,

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\* Life of Lord Macaulay, vol. i. pp. 193-4.

severely honourable, consistent, kindly—there have been few nobler and yet more unpretentious characters than that of the late Earl Fortescue. After the passing of the Reform Bill he sat as member for North Devon until 1839, when (as yet Lord Ebrington) he was called to the Upper House in his father's barony of Fortescue in order that he might go to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. He remained there until Sir Robert Peel's accession to power in 1841, and in the same year succeeded his father in the earldom. He was already Lord Lieutenant and 'Vice Admiral' of Devon; and his work in his own county as an earnest patron of improvements in agriculture, as a zealous promoter of education, and as a 'binder together' of various social classes, had been, and continued to be, of the highest value. He was, it need hardly be said, the recognised leader of the Liberal party in Devonshire. Many important changes are due to him; the most important, perhaps, was made in the conduct of the county business, which had hitherto been managed and discussed by the justices as they sat over their wine after dinner. Lord Fortescue carried his motion at Quarter Sessions for the transaction of all such business in public; and the practice, very soon afterwards, was made by Parliament compulsory in all other counties, after the example of Devonshire. We must not, however, dwell further on a life of which the records speak for themselves, but which could not be passed over here, if only because it illustrates so strongly and decidedly the family character of the Fortescues. A statue, by Stephens, of this second Earl has been erected within the Castle Yard at Exeter—a memorial, as the inscription runs, 'marking the love of friends, and the respect of all,' 'Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,' have, indeed, never been wanting to a family which, through many long ages has always shown itself worthy of the position it has filled.

It would be interesting, had we the means of doing so, to compare Castle Hill, the present 'chief place' of the Fortescues in Devonshire, with their cradle at Wimpstone. But we know nothing of the latter house before it sank into a farm; and all that is certain about it is that it was never of any great architectural importance. This indeed can hardly be said of Castle Hill; and judging from a 'North Prospect' which Lord Clermont reproduces from an old engraving, the house, before Lord Clinton altered it, had more character, with its steep roof and 'lucarnes,' than it possesses now. Its size and extent, however, give it a certain dignity; and it has lost nothing of the character given to it in the days of James I. by Risdon, who declares that 'the frankness of the housekeeper

‘there confirmeth the welcome of friends.’ The situation, in a broken, wooded country, under the heights of Exmoor, is delightful, and the large park is finely wooded. Evergreens of great size and age flourish in the grounds; and the hall bears witness to the neighbourhood of the old royal forest—the only corner of England in which the red deer remain in a perfectly wild state. Many a noble pair of antlers is here preserved, with the date and particulars of the chase duly recorded at the base.

ART. II.—*The Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isaeos*. By R. C. JEBB, M.A., Fellow and late Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. London: 1876.

THE profound irritation which the catechetical method of Socrates caused at Athens is generally taken as proof that the men whose failings he laid bare deserved in every case the exposure to which his merciless logic doomed them. But there is at least room for the suspicion that he was attempting to introduce the rigidity of system where it would chill rather than foster life and energy. When in the crusade which was to cast down the idols of pretended knowledge he attacked the poets, and showed their complete inability to analyse their own compositions, he was speaking in a city and country where poetry in its lyric, epic, and tragic forms had achieved its highest triumphs and had charmed the world with harmonies of thought and sound never to this day surpassed. In the lays recited by Homeric rhapsodists eloquence the most persuasive and the most impetuous had flowed from the lips of chiefs and heroes. In the great dramas which every year intranced the Athenians in the magnificent Dionysian festival they had witnessed the most stirring conflicts of oratory, in which all the elements of pathos or of sarcasm, of the gentleness which charms, and of the fiercer passion which terrifies or appals, had been used with consummate skill, or, if we please so to term it, with a faultless instinct. In the dramatic dialogues, which brought out the deepest emotions of the human heart and went far down into the most momentous questions of morality and law, they had not merely an intellectual combat such as they might witness in the parliament of the Athenian citizens, but models of oratory which they might study whether for the *Ekklesia*, for the law courts, or for popular solemnities.

it was the purpose of Socrates to prove that the claim to knowledge without the reality was fatal to real growth of the mind; and he found some proof of this fact in the inability of the poets to explain the laws under which their compositions had been brought into being. But we may note that when he came to deal with the artisans, he found that their sin or fault lay not in ignorance of their own special craft, for this they really knew well, but in their pretended acquaintance with other matters of which they were wholly ignorant.

The contrast between the poet (who is also the orator) and the ironworker or the shoemaker may perhaps justify the suspicion that rigid rules and minute analysis may not be everywhere indispensable, or that their place may sometimes be supplied by a power or force which demands greater freedom of action. It is not only in the philosophy or the practical life of Athens in his own day that the Socratic theory of knowledge might be sometimes inapplicable or even mischievous. When Socrates sought to prove that no man could be truthful, or just, or generous, unless he could accurately define the terms truthfulness, justice, and generosity, he was unwittingly but really laying on the necks of men an intolerable burden. Myriads of Christians whose lives have displayed the purest unselfishness, the highest sense of responsibility to Divine law, and the most earnest love of God, have been wholly unable to analyse any state of feeling or define any abstract quality. There are vast numbers whom we should unhesitatingly describe as habitual doers of just and unselfish actions, who would be altogether repelled by the suggestion that their whole life must be a sham, unless they can take its framework to pieces, assign to each part its proper name, and discourse exactly about being and substance. Yet it is a truism to say that accurate definition and analysis are necessary conditions for the completeness of intellectual growth, and that for some minds such inquiries possess a special charm.

These two states of thought or feeling are sufficiently marked even in the world of educated thinkers; and a work which professes to analyse with scientific precision some of the most perfect productions of human art may in certain portions repel one class of readers almost as much as it will attract others. Mr. Jebb's volumes on the *Attic Orators* from Antiphon to Iscæus\* are an attempt to trace the characteristics of Athe-

\* In the course of our remarks on these volumes we shall have to express our dissent from some opinions held by the author; but we feel ourselves bound, in the interests of criticism generally, to protest

nian eloquence from an age in which it may be said that Prose had scarcely separated itself from its parent Poetry to a time when the greatest of ancient and modern orators was preparing for his heroic career of fearless self-sacrifice. The whole period stretches over little more than half a century, and the marvellous rapidity of growth which it displays in the fields of deliberative, judicial, and epideictic oratory presents a striking parallel to the astonishing development of art generally amongst the same gifted people. The inducement to compare the one with the other may naturally be strongly felt; but not a few may think that the comparison may be, and in this case has been, made with overmuch minuteness, or has been allowed to lead the thinker in a wrong direction. In an elaborate introduction Mr. Jebb draws out the points of contrast and likeness between the several forms or phases of Greek art, his conclusion being that between Greek oratory and Greek

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at the outset against the spirit and character of the remarks which this work has called forth at the hands of Mr. Mahaffy in the columns of the 'Academy,' April 1, 1876. To those remarks Mr. Jebb has published an answer, of which it is enough to say that it completely refutes every one of the charges brought against him, while it exhibits throughout that courtesy and moderation of language the lack of which in his critic is emphatically deplorable. Mr. Mahaffy had denounced him as plagiarising on a large scale from the German works of Dr. Blass. Mr. Jebb publishes a letter in which Dr. Blass says that he has not found a single instance in which Mr. Jebb has adopted a conjecture of his without expressly mentioning him, that his obligations have been on particular points only, and that with regard to 'Lykurgos, Hyperides, Æschines, and Demosthenes,' Mr. Jebb's treatment must necessarily be independent, as Dr. Blass's volume on those orators has not been published. With the charge of plagiarism Mr. Mahaffy combines that of inaccuracy, citing a number of political dates, with some others which belong to art-history, as being altogether wrong. For the most part the inexactness seems to lie in Mr. Jebb's declining to follow Curtius, and retaining the dates adopted by Clinton, Grote, Cox, and Rawlinson. The examination of the art-history dates shows not only Mr. Jebb's exactness but the scanty knowledge on the strength of which Mr. Mahaffy took him to task. It is more important, however, to mark that not one of those disputed dates is connected with the central and essential part of Mr. Jebb's annals, i.e. with the orators and their works; and even were the objections established, it is hard to find an excuse for the cold and grudging criticism which can fasten on flaws instead of dealing with the main points of a work. We do not envy the mind of a critic whose chief anxiety is to spy out blemishes, and then to exaggerate the mole-heap into a mountain. In Mr. Jebb's work the blemishes pointed out by Mr. Mahaffy do not exist.

sculpture there is an intimate and inseparable connexion, not to be found between these arts and Greek music or painting. The argument by which he seeks to prove this position involves some statements which seem to be questionable in fact, and others to which it is not easy to attach any very definite meaning. That Greek thought differed widely from Eastern thought no one will deny or doubt; that the growth of the Greek in art of every kind was the result of emotions which may be traced to the single impulse that made him obedient and truthful to nature, few will be disposed to question. But we scarcely know what is meant by saying that 'architecture corresponds with the phase when man's thoughts about himself are still indistinct; the building may hint, but it cannot express, the artist's personality; Egyptian art has been called 'a Memnon waiting for the day' (I. xcvi). Are we justified in regarding the reference to Egyptian art as relevant? In what sense, again, can an art which belongs to all ages be said to correspond to an intellectual phase which marks the infancy only of the human mind? The architect of the Erechthæum might himself be the artist who fashioned the image of the god within it; and unless his edifice expressed his thoughts not only about himself but about nature generally, how could it have a claim to be regarded as a work of that art which by its very name is mistress and queen of all arts, pressing all alike into its service? How, yet more, may we trust a comparison which infers a closer likeness between Greek oratory and sculpture than between these and Greek music or painting, when of the two latter we know so little, and when we have many indications that for the Greeks sculpture had not the prominence which this comparison would assign to it? We know, indeed, how much even the greatest works of Greek sculptors depended for their effect on accessories of colour; and we know too that what Mr. Jebb says of the emotions excited by a speech in the Athenian Ekklesia or an Athenian law court may be said of all great works in modern music and perhaps also of the music of the old Greek world. Thus the types which Mr. Jebb regards as the special characteristics of Athenian oratory and sculpture are found to pervade all Athenian art, while the circumstances of the orator, bound as he is to suit himself to changing conditions and to keep his mind fixed not on ideal but on practical issues, seem to show that there must be something strained in any comparison of his work with that of the sculptor which goes beyond the general spirit of Greek art in all its forms. We do not say that long disquisitions on this general spirit are necessary in a

history of Athenian eloquence; but we gladly admit that when Mr. Jebb gets away from his favourite parallel, his remarks have the full force of truthfulness and originality. There can be no question that the condition of Greek thought with regard to the natural world determined the condition of Greek art in that wonderful age which stands alone in history. Nothing can be more delightful than the pages in which Mr. Jebb dwells on the glories of Athenian workmanship so long as, in his own phrase, the life of society and of the state ran in the same channel, and on the decay which passed over it so soon as the streams diverged (ii. 242). For the Oriental mind the thought of the human body brought up directly the sense of shame; to the Greek the human form was the model of all beauty, the crown of all perfection; to the Christian of the Middle Ages it was a fabric which had been marred, a prison-house from which he longed to be set free. For the Greek no such curse had fallen either upon his own body or on the natural world. Bright and joyous, beautiful himself and dwelling among a people whose loveliness, in the words of the Delian hymn, might tempt the beholder to think that death could never touch them, he grew up under influences which all tended in the one direction of freedom and truthfulness. Every Athenian citizen was a judge of what was beautiful and true. From the great tribunal thus formed none could escape; but this subjection, far from carrying with it any feeling of restraint, only gave a greater impulse to the natural powers of the Greek, while it trained his sense of beauty into a taste absolutely faultless, and left no room for those blots of grotesque caprice which have marred the art of so many ages and countries. It is indisputably true that 'mannerism and 'exaggeration may be made the fashion of a clique, but, where 'public opinion is really free, they will never be popular. The 'Greek artist who, in rivalry with brother-artists, sought for 'the approbation of his fellow-citizens gathered in the theatre, 'or going about their daily work amid gracious forms of marble 'or living shapes still more beautiful, in the clear air of Athens 'and close to the foam and freshness of the sea, knew that 'no refinements of the study could save him if he was false to 'nature, and knew, also, that his loyalty to nature would be 'recognised just in proportion as he brought out, not the trivial 'or transient things, not such things as depend for their interest on an artificial situation, but those lineaments of nature 'which have the divine simplicity of permanence' (ii. 436). The picture thus drawn by Mr. Jebb may have for us the charm which the Siren's song had for the ears of Ulysses,



and in spite of the horrors of its reverse side it is also true. We cannot forget that Greek oratory, Greek art, and Greek taste all rested on a hideous and cruel slavery, and covered a yawning gulf which at any moment might swallow the most refined and delicate amongst them. But although this great curse casts its shadow between us and them, Mr. Jebb is more than justified in saying that for the free Athenians generally 'the immortal things of humanity' were 'more human than its accidents; and, therefore, the poorest of them, they could rise out of the mean or grievous things of daily life into a contemplation which educated the passions that it moved, and resolved the anguish of pity or of terror in a musical or chastened joy' (ii. 436).

But this faculty became pre-eminent chiefly or simply because it was common to the great body of the people, and received in all the same constant and life-long training. Under no other conditions could it have reached this wonderful perfection. 'In this sense,' as Mr. Jebb forcibly remarks, 'it may justly be said that nothing is so democratic as taste' (ii. 437). Nor can we doubt that, although the oligarchic party strove from time to time to turn the weapons of Athenian eloquence to their own purposes, the growth of oratory was determined by the growth of the demos, and the strength of the one was the strength of the other. Each citizen had his place in the Assembly, and was free to take part in its debates. At any moment, too, he might be summoned to a law court to plead on a civil or criminal charge, or might be compelled in self-defence to come forward as an accuser. In either case he must speak in his own person. Athenian usage allowed no proxies, and a study of rhetoric became in whatever measure one of the needs of practical life. But this necessity was scarcely felt before the days of Kleisthenes, and virtually, it may be said, the rise of Athenian oratory must be assigned to the epoch of the Persian wars. Down to that time poetry was everywhere supreme, and it had scarcely entered into the mind of any to suppose that artistic composition would assume any other than a metrical form. When at length it was found that the common language of daily life was an instrument capable of indefinite cultivation, the growth of a prose literature was insured; but the trammels of metre were not easily or quickly shaken off. There was the temptation first to indulge in ornament which, being wholly out of place, became simply oppressive; and when this temptation was conquered, there survived the notion of a severe or grand style which was supposed to suit all conceivable conditions, and which everyone must be taught

to use. A more free and elastic method came in at the end of the age which closed with Antiphon; but to the description which Mr. Jebb gives of the earlier style it must be remembered that we have a signal exception in the case of Herodotus. 'The newly-created art,' we are told, 'has the continual consciousness of being an art. It is always on its guard against sliding into the levity of a conversational style. The composer feels above all things that his written language must be so chosen as to produce a greater effect than would be produced by an equivalent amount of extemporaneous speaking. Every word is to be pointed and pregnant; every phrase is to be the condensed expression of his thought into ultimate shape, however difficult it may be to the reader or hearer who meets it in that shape for the first time; the movement of the whole is to be slow and majestic, impressing by its weight and grandeur, not charming by its life and flow' (i. 20). The whole description, like many others which are scattered through these volumes, has an air of exaggeration against which the reader may be tempted to enter a protest; but it is undeniably true that the speeches got up for Athenian public speakers were for a long time cast in a single mould. Young and old, the intriguer and his victim, the assassin arraigned on a capital charge, the prisoner brought up to answer for the results of a frolic or a brawl, were all to speak after the same fashion. It was a practice convenient for those who were paid for writing the speeches, but not likely to bring about any great achievements of oratory. Discourses so composed might exhibit an austere dignity, an epigrammatic terseness, a skilful readiness in the management of antitheses and verbal parallelisms; but they would touch rather the intellect than the heart, and the impression left by them would be more that of wisdom and force than of an earnestness which springs from an intense moral conviction. Yet the fact that men could be found to compose speeches to be delivered by others (and such speeches were delivered in the Assembly as well as in the law courts), proves that oratory was regarded as an art, while we have abundant evidence that the term conveyed no such notion of exceptional ability and power as that which modern usage has assigned to it. In Mr. Jebb's words, the Roman term *orator* 'related not to a faculty, but to a professional or official attitude' (I. lxx). The Greek word *rhetor* had not even this limitation. It denoted simply the speaker, and became naturally the designation of those who taught others to speak, or of those who habitually spoke in the public Assembly. Men of the former class might easily earn much

money, but there was always the danger that exceptional ability might bring them a reputation rather mischievous than beneficial. They were the professors of a fine art; but their lives were almost of necessity passed behind the scenes, and their success in bringing about the acquittal of real or supposed offenders would do little more than win them a name for cleverness and subtlety in making the worse appear the better reason. They lived, in short, more or less under a cloud; and if ever they came forward as speakers themselves, it was certain that nothing but thorough uprightness of character and honesty of intention could counteract the popular impression of their unfitness for public life. At the head of these men, and the first professional teacher of deliberative and forensic eloquence, was Antiphon.

Of this ill-famed and able man it may be briefly said that his method of thought and form of expression exhibit a close resemblance to those of Thucydides.\* There is in both the same manifest anxiety to bring, as Mr. Jebb puts it, 'a large complex idea into a framework in which the whole can be seen at a glance,' the same love of telling antitheses, in which the several clauses of long sentences balance each other with the nicest accuracy, the same desire of bringing an argument to a point by a single word of pregnant meaning, or by words used in a strange and unusual sense. The movement of such a style as this could only be dignified and slow. 'Each word was dropped with deliberation, and now and then some important word . . . came down like a sledge-hammer.' (i. 26). It follows that 'only so long as slow and measured declamation remained in fashion could the orator attempt thus to put a whole train of thought into a single weighty word' (i. 27). This austere oratory, with its 'superb decorum,' might lend itself, indeed, to the advocacy of the most opposite principles, but it must necessarily embody them all in the same language. The speeches of Antiphon may accordingly be compared with those of the great historian in whose pages the merciless severity of Kleon and the humane prudence of Diodotos, the sobriety of Pericles and the daring license of Alcibiades, are exhibited in sentences of precisely the same mould.

In the plan of Mr. Jebb's volumes a short but most careful biography of each orator precedes the chapters in which he treats of their style and examines the works which bear their name. These memoirs are among the most interesting portions

\* Mr. Jebb regards the tradition that Thucydides was a pupil of Antiphon as not improbable, but as resting on no evidence (i. 5).

of the work, and have often a special value as throwing a light not merely fresh but striking on the history of the time. But the vigour of these sketches, and the fulness of knowledge without which they could not have been drawn up, make us the more regret that the acts and the character of Antiphon are treated in a way which may mislead the judgment of the reader on the subject of his oratorical influence. The career of Antiphon calls for more decisive handling, while the opinions expressed about him are not justified by the later history of Athenian oratory. In short, Antiphon is described as having done more by his eloquence than in any other way. Such an inference must not only lead us astray in estimating the reputation of Lysias and of those who carried on the Lysian tradition until it reached its crowning height in the oratory of Demosthenes; it will also draw our eyes away from the real character of the revolution, for his share in which Antiphon paid the forfeit of his life. We do not say that Mr. Jebb suppresses the facts related about him, far less that he eulogises his crimes; but we must confess that the language in which he speaks of the great master of rhetoric is singularly ill-suited to the character of the man and of his deeds.

‘The distinctive feature in the life of Antiphon,’ Mr. Jebb tells us, ‘is the suddenness of his appearance, at an advanced age, in the very front of Athenian politics. Unlike nearly all the men associated with him, he had neither made his mark in the public service nor come forward in the *ekklesia*; yet all at once he becomes the chief, though not the most conspicuous, organiser of an enterprise requiring in the highest degree trained political tact; does more than any other individual to set up a new government; and acts to the last as one of its foremost members. The reputation and the power which enabled him to take this part were mainly literary. Yet it would not probably be accurate to conceive Antiphon as a merely literary man who suddenly emerged and succeeded as a politician. It would have been a marvel, indeed, if anyone had become a leader on the popular side who had not already been prominent in the *ekklesia*. But the accomplishments most needed in a leader of the oligarchic party might be learned elsewhere than in the *ekklesia*. The member of a *ἐταιρεία*, though a stranger to the *bema*, might gain practice in the working of those secret and rapid combinations upon which his party had come to rely most in its unequal struggle with democracy. As time and years by degrees brought Antiphon more and more weight in the internal management of the oligarchic clubs, he would acquire more and more insight into the tactics of which at last he proved himself a master. He need not, then, be taken as an example of instinct supplying the want of training; he had probably had precisely the training which would serve him best. The real significance of his late and sudden prominence lies in its suggestion of previous self-control. No desire

of place, no consciousness of growing power, had tempted him to stir until in his old age he knew that the time had come, and that all the threads were in his hand.' (I. 15.)

With even greater precision Mr. Jebb adds:—

'The ability which Antiphon brought to the service of his party is defined as the power *ἐνθυμηθῆναι καὶ ἂ γνοίη εἰπεῖν*. It was the power of a subtle and quick mind backed by a thorough command of the new rhetoric. He was masterly in device and in utterance. Fertility of expedient, ingenuity in making points in debate, were the qualities which the oligarchs most needed; and it was in these that the strength of Antiphon lay.'

Yet what are the facts of the case? Before the Athenian people Antiphon never appeared until he stood at their bar to plead for his life, or, if Mr. Jebb prefers to have it so, to pronounce at the cost of his life the justification of the polity which he had done his best to set up and to maintain. But how had this best been done? In the Athenian ekklesia he never spoke; and whatever may have been his command of the new rhetoric, it was exerted only in the privacy of oligarchic conventicles. Whatever ingenuity he may have displayed in making points in debate, the debates themselves were held in the dark and were confined to a knot of secret conspirators. It needs no great effort of imagination to suppose that a daring man who is ready to venture everything in the service of his party may, within his narrow circle, acquire large influence with a very moderate literary reputation and power; nor can we tell how far such power was valued by the band of traitors with whom Antiphon had chosen to cast in his lot. The whole tone of the passages which we have cited implies that the action of Antiphon was mainly confined to words, and that the spell of his power lay chiefly in his eloquence. It is only in the vague notice of secret combinations that we have something like a clue to the nature of his tactics in what is called the unequal struggle with democracy—in other words, with the constitution of Athens as by law established after the fullest and most free debate of the whole body of the citizens of every order. In this unequal strife oligarchic eloquence, it was felt, could with the people do little or nothing; but the conspirators knew that freedom of speech was the very life of Athenian polity, and Antiphon had the sagacity to see that the reverence of his countrymen for forms of law might be made the most potent instrument for enslaving them. The means for bringing about this beneficent change were of the most simple kind. They may be summed up in two words—secret murder; and the mainspring of this excellent work was Antiphon. It was by

his suggestion and contrivance that hired bravocs struck down in secret the most prominent speakers in the Assembly. His keen eye marked every citizen who dared to raise his voice in condemnation of their infamous crimes; and every man so marked disappeared soon and for ever. It was by his advice that the members of the Kleisthenean senate of Five Hundred were still summoned to their council-chamber, the penalty for absence and the penalty for adverse speech being understood to be the same. It was Antiphon who devised the scheme by which this senate was made to go through its usual form of submitting questions for debate to the public assembly in which free discussion had been scotched and killed, but whose compulsory vote gave to the foregone decisions of the conspirators the character of deliberate acts of the people. From beginning to end the only instrument really relied upon was the dagger; and the only name which can be righteously applied to the chief actor in these dastardly crimes is that of arch-murderer. Yet we are told that 'a brief consideration of 'the task which he had to do' in bringing about 'this rapid 'and wonderful change,' and 'of the manner in which it was 'done, will supply the best criterion of his capacity' (i. 8). The phrase must denote his power as an orator, or else it is not to the point; and this power, it must be repeated, could be exercised only in harangues before the select conclave of his accomplices. The very conditions of deliberative eloquence are here struck out. The members of the clubs which he addressed had been always free, as citizens, to introduce any measure in the Assembly, so long as they were ready to abide by the vote of the majority accepting or rejecting it. Their determination not to submit and to do by violence that which they could not do by law stamps them at once as criminals of the worst sort; and eulogies on the cleverness of their leaders must, if order and law are to go for anything, be subjects only of grave regret. Yet of these clubs Mr. Jebb can say that

'Antiphon need not have had much difficulty in proving to them that on this occasion they had a common interest. But to make them effective as well as unanimous; to restrain, without discouraging, the zeal of novices in a political campaign, and to make of these a compact and temperate force, loyally taking the word from the best men among them, and so executing the prescribed manœuvres that in a short time they were completely ascendant over an enormous and hostile but ill-organised majority—this, assuredly, was the achievement of no ordinary leader.' (I. 9.)

Could more than this be said if the objects here named had been such as might be honourably aimed at by a society of

decent men? To speak of a set of cowardly assassins as loyally taking the word from the best among them, to talk of their fiendish acts as manœuvres for overcoming a hostile but ill-organised majority, is indeed amazing. By the side of murderers striking in the dark the great body of orderly and law-obeying citizens must be always an ill-organised majority. With a reticence equal to that of Thucydides, who, oligarchic to the backbone, can speak of the career of Antiphon without a word of censure, Mr. Jebb can tranquilly note 'the absence of overt, and the skilful use of secret, violence' as 'the characteristic of the revolution,' as though in this fact there were nothing to enhance their guilt and to render the open bloodshedding of the French revolutionary convention innocent by comparison. Indeed, he nowhere utters a single word which implies that the upsetting of a free constitution by means of hired murderers is anything more than an act of which we may praise the ingenuity or the cleverness, or that the same work might not be taken in hand in England for the restoration of feudalism without disgrace and infamy to all who shared the enterprise. There is not even a word to show that laws passed by a whole people after full and free debate deserve the obedience and respect of a minority confessedly small and powerful only through their lawless crimes. Nay, with a calmness still more astonishing, Mr. Jebb tell us that, 'had the new Government been able to conciliate or to frighten the army at Samos, both sorts of men would have been satisfied, and the Council would have gone on working, for a time at least, as a seemingly harmonious whole' (i. 9). What satisfaction even in this case could have been felt by those who held that the upsetting of a free polity by means of murder was the greatest of all crimes, we are at a loss to see; but it is scarcely less unjust to speak of the Athenians at Samos as only an army than it is to dignify the Four Hundred at Athens with the name of a government. The citizens assembled in that distant island were speaking the simple truth when they declared that the violent suppression of the constitution was virtually a revolt of Athens from them; and the condemnation of Antiphon after the overthrow of his myrmidons was a righteous recompense for iniquities almost without a parallel in the history of a free people. It was Antiphon's rhetoric, we are told, which chiefly recommended him to the young men of his party: the whole evidence, even by Mr. Jebb's admission, goes to prove that he gained his ascendancy by organising a plan for systematic assassination which, without him, they might not have had the sense to frame or the courage to execute. Our conclusion is,

that Mr. Jebb has altogether overrated the power of his eloquence. The greatest speech which he ever wrote was spoken in vain in the hearing of the Dikasts before whose bar he stood; and this fact is some evidence that Athenian citizens preferred the administration of equal law to the splendours of the grand style. What definite share the art of words may have had in setting up the Four Hundred, it might be hard to determine; it is enough to know that the assassin with his dagger played the chief part in the drama, and this fact enables us to estimate at its true measure the force of the rhetoric of Antiphon.

The second of the Athenian orators placed in the Decade of Cæcilius of Calacte\* is a man whose career presents some points of curious likeness and contrast with that of Antiphon. Like him, Andokides was charged with being a conspirator; but whatever may have been his misdeeds, by comparison with those of Antiphon they were on a very puny scale. Mr. Jebb devotes some pages to his alleged share in the Hermokopid plot; but as the mystery of the affair seems insoluble, we may take comfort from the reflexion that the testimony of a man who by his own confession was a false witness can have no great value. The long exile of the man, the difficulties with which he had to contend on his return, and the poor reputation which at best he acquired, may lead us rather to wonder how he found a place among the Ten at all. The reason, Mr. Jebb well urges, is supplied by the interest of the subjects on which he spoke.

'The speech on the Mysteries, supplying, as it does, the picturesque details of a memorable event, had an intrinsic value quite apart from the merits of the composition. . . . As Lykurgos seems to have owed his place among the Ten chiefly to his prominence as a patriot, so Andokides may have been recommended partly by his worth as an indirect historian. Again, Dionysios recognised at least the philological value of Andokides. It is further possible that even rhetoricians of the schools may have found him interesting as an example of merely natural eloquence coming between two opposite styles of art; between the formal grandeur of Antiphon and the studied ease of Lysias.' (I. 94.)

\* Cæcilius was a contemporary and friend of the Halicarnassian Dionysios, who, however, takes no notice of the canon framed by his colleague in the cause of the Atticist revival. Whether Cæcilius devised the canon, is not known. It is, at the least, not heard of before his time, while from the first century of the Christian era onwards we find it established. As to the reasons which determined the selection of the names, we can say nothing positively. (I. lxx.)



In truth, Andokides stands by himself. His predecessor Antiphon, and his successor Lysias, were both professional rhetoricians; Andokides came forward in the Assembly with the 'minimum of rhetorical training' (i. 88), and may thus be regarded practically as an amateur. But he was an amateur of remarkable powers. With singular good sense he abandoned the austere monotony of Antiphon for a style far more nearly answering to the simple talk of ordinary life; and if he is too fond of phrases which belong strictly to poetry, they are used with a readiness and artlessness which show 'how really 'natural a speaker he was' (i. 97). His faults and his merits are, indeed, on the surface; and Mr. Jebb has treated both with admirable clearness in the criticism which he sums up by saying that

'His extant works present no passage conceived in the highest strain of eloquence; he never rises to an impassioned earnestness. On the other hand, his naturalness, though not charming, is genuine; he has no mannerisms or affectations; and his speeches have a certain impetus, a certain confident vigour, which assure readers that they must have been still more effective for hearers. The chief value of Andokides is historical. But he has also real literary value of a certain kind: he excels in graphic description. A few of these pictures into which he has put all the force of a quick mind—the picture of Athens panic-stricken by the sacrilege—the scene of miserable perplexity in the prison—the patriotic citizen arraigned before the Thirty Tyrants—have a vividness which no artist could easily surpass, combined with a freshness which a better artist might possibly have lost.' (I. 108.)

The fall of Athens after the treacherous betrayal of the fleet at Aigospotamoi was followed by the setting up of a government which would have been very much to the liking of Antiphon. Among the victims of this government was the rhetor Lysias. It would be difficult to find two men of like occupation presenting a stronger contrast than these two orators—the one caring for nothing but the exaltation of his party, holding that apart from the dominancy of a clique life was not worth the living for, and exulting in the success which he achieved by means of the assassin's dagger; the other convinced that obedience to established law is the first of duties, and that changes of law can be rightly made only by the people after free debate, and exhibiting throughout his whole career a readiness to obey and to maintain the law, and, if need be, to suffer for it. Nor is this all. No one could demand with fiercer eagerness than Antiphon the death of any man accused of homicide, or insist more vehemently on the indelible sin of bloodshedding; no man ever stuck less at secret murder, or rather no man ever

employed it more deliberately and systematically. It was only by an accident that Lysias escaped with his life from the clutches of the Thirty and their myrmidons, who put his brother to death without warning, without trial, and even without an accusation. Still Lysias could speak of their crime with tempered indignation, and treat his own wrongs chiefly as a link in a long series of iniquities carried out in defiance of law. Like Antiphon, Lysias appeared once only in person before the Athenian people, not, however, to plead for his life, but to denounce the system for the establishment of which Antiphon rejoiced to heap murder on murder. If, again, like Antiphon, he was shut out by circumstances from the career of a statesman, his time was spent not in hatching a conspiracy for the destruction of the Athenian constitution, but in patient industry which in some measure retrieved the losses inflicted by thievish tyrants. In Lysias the highest conscientiousness was accompanied by a natural easiness of temper which led him to look readily on the brighter side of things, and to enjoy to the utmost all that was wholesome and beautiful in Athenian life. It was likely, therefore, that he would lack the vehemence, without which the greatest heights of eloquence cannot be reached; and thus he would be but little drawn towards the grand style of Antiphon. His keen sense of honour taught him probably that a man on his feet might be less constrained and, it may be, even more dignified than one on stilts: nor was this the only advantage which the geniality of his disposition secured for him. It opened his eyes to the infinitely varying lights and shades of human character, and led him to see how vast a difference might separate one man's modes of thought, feeling, and expression from those of his neighbour. The practical sagacity thus attained enabled him to effect a revolution in Athenian oratory, and completed the contrast between himself and Antiphon. Whatever might be the cause in hand, the speeches of the latter were all cast in the same mint; and Lysias undoubtedly saw that if this monotony of severely austere language, with its carefully balanced antitheses, its condensed epigrams, and its strained and artificial use of words and phrases, should become a permanent tradition, Athenian eloquence would soon run out its course. He felt that the readiest way to the reason as well as the hearts of the judges in the law courts, or of the citizens in their assembly, was to speak as men spoke in common life—in other words, to rise to impassioned earnestness only when the nature of the subject or the circumstances of the case required it. A further and necessary inference was that, if this theory were true, each

man must speak in accordance with his own character and condition, and that therefore it must be absurd to make the young and the old, the knave and the simpleton, speak in the same style. When, then, after the ruin of his fortunes by the iniquitous greed of the Thirty, he found himself compelled to earn his bread by composing speeches for suitors and others, he determined to act upon his conviction; and the result was the death-blow of the fashionable style which in its persistent solemnity was often, as Mr. Jebb has well said, not merely ludicrously unsuited to the mouth into which it was put but fatal to all impressiveness (i. 160).

So far as regards its form, the plain style adopted by Lysias had already been used by writers of speeches for the law courts; and the term may mislead us, unless we remember that its plainness consisted not in the absence of all ornament but in the avoidance of decidedly poetical language and the employment of sober prose. But no one who employed this style had used it so as to make it suit in each case the character of the person who was to be the speaker. Lysias did this, and thus deserves to be regarded as a discoverer. As Mr. Jebb justly remarks, 'Lysias may, in a general sense, be regarded as the perfecter of a style already practised by many others; but it is closer to the truth to call him the founder of a new one, and of one in which he was never rivalled' (i. 163). He is even more important as a writer than as a speaker; and the Greek language was still more indebted to him than was the theory or the practice of Greek eloquence. 'He brought,' to cite again Mr. Jebb's words, 'the every-day idiom into a closer relation than it had ever before had with the literary idiom, and set the first example of perfect elegance joined to plainness, deserving the praise that, as in fineness of ethical portraiture he is the Sophocles, in delicate control of thoroughly idiomatic speech he is the Euripides, of Attic prose' (i. 198). Working on these principles, Lysias has acquired a lasting literary reputation of the highest kind for purity of diction, for fresh and natural expression, for an art and skill which are all the greater for being hidden, and for a candour and sobriety which touch the heart, if they do not stir the passions, of his hearers. He is, in short, always natural, and therefore always unaffected; nor can it be said that the enthusiastic criticism of Dionysios in speaking of these characteristics is in any way overcharged. The passage in which Mr. Jebb cites his remarks cannot fail to delight even those who may distrust the minute analysis of style which meets them in many parts of this work.

‘It is noticeable that while his Roman critics merely praise his elegance and polish, regarding it as a simple result of his art, the finer sense of his Greek critic apprehends a certain nameless grace and charm, which cannot be analysed or accounted for: it is something peculiar to him, of which all that can be said is that it is there. What, asks Dionysios, is the freshness of a beautiful face? What is fine harmony in the movements and windings of music? What is rhythm in the measurement of times? As these things baffle definition, so does the charm of Lysias. It cannot be taken to pieces by reasoning; it must be seized by a cultivated instinct. It is the final criterion of his genuine work. “When I am puzzled about one of the speeches ascribed to him, and when it is hard for me to find the truth by other marks, I have recourse to this excellence as to the last piece on the board. Then, if the Graces of Speech seem to me to make the writing fair, I count it to be of the soul of Lysias, and I care not to look further into it. But if the stamp of the language has no winningness, no loveliness, I am chagrined, and suspect that after all the speech is not by Lysias; and I do no more violence to my instinct, even though in all else the speech seems to me clever and well-finished; believing that to write well, in special styles other than this, is given to many men, but that to write winningly, gracefully, with loveliness, is the gift of Lysias.”’ (Vol. i. p. 177.)

Even in this criticism of the Augustan writer there is nothing which implies the presence of the characteristics needed to produce oratory of the highest kind. There may be in Lysias the most skilful clearness in the arrangement of matter, the most unaffected and yet the most carefully artistic treatment of topics; but we shall look in vain for that glowing fervour which in its increasing intensity may be compared with the glory which becomes most dazzling at the moment of sunset. In Mr. Jebb’s words, ‘the nature of his progress through a speech is well described by an image which his Greek critic employs. Like a soft southern breeze, his facile inspiration wafts him smoothly through the first and second stages of his voyage; at the third it droops; in the last it dies’ (i. 183). It may be hard to determine how far this failure is due to a deficiency of genius, because it is hard to say how far mere deficiency of genius may impair the force of moral conviction: It is absurd to compare Lysias with Demosthenes. The circumstances of the two men were wholly different. The life of Demosthenes was not merely a public one: it was a duel with the craftiest politician and the greatest general of his age. The life of Lysias was for the most part passed in contented obscurity and in the handling of subjects in which ‘the attempt at sublimity would have been ridiculous’ (i. 188). There were, indeed, one or two occasions which roused in him more profound emotions. Lysias would not have been himself

had he not felt that disunion, distrust, and faction were evil things, and that they had wrought untold mischief in Hellenic society. But if he was aware of the disease, he could propound no better remedy than the turning of Greek arms against a foreign enemy. All evils would, he believed, be cured in a moment, if the Greeks could only be persuaded to combine in attacking the Persian king. Hellas, he declared, was burning at both ends: and yet he seemed to fancy that the firebrand on the one side would go out, if the cities of Continental Greece would join together in quenching the firebrand on the other.

“It befits us,” says Lysias, as Mr. Jebb translates his words, “to desist from war among ourselves, and to cleave, with a single purpose, to the public weal, ashamed for the past and apprehensive for the future; it befits us to imitate our forefathers, who, when the barbarians coveted the land of others, inflicted upon them the loss of their own, and who, after driving out the tyrants, established liberty for all men alike. But I wonder most of all at the Lacedæmonians, and at the policy which can induce them to view passively the conflagration of Greece. They are the leaders of the Greeks, as they deserve to be, both for their inborn gallantry and for their warlike science; they alone dwell exempt from ravage, though unsheltered by walls; unvexed by faction; strangers to defeat; with usages which never vary; thus warranting the hope that the freedom which they achieved is immortal, and that, having proved themselves in past perils the deliverers of Greece, they are now thoughtful for her future.” (Vol. i. p. 189.)

The feelings of disappointment and pain which such language must awaken in many minds are caused not so much by the nature of the enterprise recommended as by the speaker's utter ignorance of the real cause of the misery which he deplors. That Lysias should express amazement at the action or inaction of Sparta is itself beyond measure amazing. The immobility of Spartan civilisation is taken as evidence of the permanence of their freedom by a man who, if he thought about it, must have confessed that freedom had never been known in Sparta, and that the absence of faction, so far as it was absent, was owing to the use of precisely the same system and the same means which had been employed at Athens by Antiphon. But it is most of all astonishing that he could fail to trace to Sparta and her confederacy all the evils which were eating as a canker-worm at the very heart of Hellenic society and insuring the domination of a foreign conqueror. To wonder that the Spartans should act as they had acted from the beginning is much like wondering that the panther retains its spots and the Ethiopian the blackness of his skin; and we might be tempted to set down a man who expressed such wonder as either very shortsighted or

not much in earnest. We may, if we please, say that the evils which Lysias discovered with such partial vision were already, and had long been, incurable; but we stand amazed at the fancy that the most hopeless discordance of political ideas, and the most radical divergence of principle, might be cured by a joint military expedition against a potentate whose weakness had been proved by the all but successful adventure of Cyrus, and the subsequent escape and exploits of the Ten Thousand.

Four years later the spectators assembled at Olympia for the great festival heard another oration which urged the same project, and which, it is said, had cost the author the anxious toil of more than ten years. But if in his Panegyric speech Isocrates proclaims the ravages of the same disease, and insists on the same remedy, he roundly charges Sparta not with laziness merely, or indifference, but with positive treachery. It is her business to lead the Greek against the barbarian; but she is allowing the Persian king on the one side, and the Syracusan despot on the other, to threaten the autonomous cities of Hellas, because the policy of utter isolation suits her own heartless and selfish ambition. The great merit of this oration as a work of art must be admitted by all; but the speech displays also a degree of historical discernment which might have warranted the expectation of a more creditable policy than that which in fact marked the long and laborious career of Isocrates. No one could have summed up more forcibly the benefits which the maritime empire of Athens had secured for Greece, and the frightful miseries which came in as a flood on the establishment of Spartan rule. The extension of the Hellenic world by means of her colonies, the general security which Athens imparted by sea, and, so far as her power extended, by land, the equal justice which she administered to her own citizens and to the members of the allied or dependent states, the readiness with which she took up the cause of the oppressed, and the sense of union in a great confederacy which she wakened in the general body of her subjects, are all contrasted with the disintegrating results of Spartan policy, the violent tyranny which took the place of popular government, the consequent impossibility of obtaining redress for the grossest wrongs, and the impunity assured to marauders by land and pirates by sea. These points, it is true, are strangely, and perhaps absurdly, jumbled up with mythical stories which the public life of a statesman would probably have taught Isocrates to avoid; but the very clearness with which he perceives the difference between Spartan and Athenian rule might have convinced him that the only hope of recovery lay not in attacking other

people, but in returning to the path which might have led, slowly and painfully perhaps, yet surely, to something like national coherence. This is just what Demosthenes saw, and what apparently no one else could see; and it is precisely this conviction, and the fearless consistency with which he acted upon it, that made him the foremost of Greek orators, and won for him an absolutely unsullied name and the glory of a life-long martyrdom for a righteous yet failing cause. Of such greatness Isocrates was wholly incapable, and he can be acquitted of actual treachery only because the ideas even of Athenian citizens on the subject of civic allegiance were so loose and shifting, and because he never betrayed the state by becoming the pensioner and tool of a foreign enemy with whom he had been sent to negotiate. Short of this, he did all that he could to counteract the great work which Demosthenes regarded as the sacred business of his life, and to divert the people from the measures needed to cure evils at home by cheating them with dreams of splendid retaliation on the representatives of Xerxes. If Sparta failed him, he could betake himself to Iason of Pherai. The assassination of Iason left him free to address his expostulations and entreaties to the Syracusan tyrant, whose tents Lysias had exhorted his hearers to plunder or dismantle at Olympia. If Dionysios turned a deaf ear to his strain, he would invoke the aid of the Macedonian king, whose armies hung like a thunder-cloud in the north, big with danger for the whole Greek world. Having once fixed his mind on the thought of this fatal championship, he stuck to the idea with a devotion which almost equalled that of Æschines. The possession of Thermopylæ and the fortifying of Elateia could not weaken the ardour with which he looked to Philip as the future leader of the Greeks against the Persian king; and the fatal fight of Chæronea would waken in him only a feeling of satisfaction in the thought that some of the hopes which he had cherished for more than half a century were now in a fair way of being realised. There is, indeed, the tale that Isocrates, on hearing the news of the defeat, starved himself and died on the burial day of those who had fallen in the battle. The third letter to Philip, written a few days before his death, stands out in complete contradiction to this story, and Mr. Jebb holds that there is no reason for questioning its genuineness. But even on the supposition of its spuriousness,

‘How,’ he well asks, ‘is the motive of the suicide to be explained? Undoubtedly Isocrates regretted the struggle between Athens and Philip; it had been brought on by a policy which he disapproved.

But the result of the struggle was that the idea of his life—the idea on which depended, as he thought, the welfare of Athens and of Greece—had become practicable. Isocrates cannot have destroyed himself because Philip had won. The conduct of Philip to Athens after Chaeronea was studiously temperate and conciliatory; there was nothing in it to estrange Isocrates from his ideal Panhellenic chief, who, having struck one necessary blow, was now bent on healing the discords of Greece. It is more conceivable that Isocrates should have destroyed himself because he saw Athens still resolved to resist, and because he dreaded the conflict, when Philip should be at the walls, between his duty to Athens and his duty to Greece. If the tradition of the suicide is considered too strong to be set aside, this seems the most reasonable account of it.' (Vol. ii. p. 33.)

Possibly on the very day that Isocrates sat down to write to Philip the last words which his hand was ever to trace, another Athenian, Leocrates, fled from the city to seek a refuge at Rhodes, and there to announce that Athens had been already taken. Isocrates, by staying at home, escaped the charge of treason, on which Leocrates was brought before the bar of his country. A casting-vote alone saved the latter from the penalty invoked by the indignant eloquence of Lycurgus, an orator in integrity of purpose and intensity of earnestness second only to Demosthenes.

From the political aspects of a career which closed at the age of ninety-eight, we may turn with some reluctance to the technical merits of Isocrates as a rhetorician; and we are free to confess, as we have confessed already, that, excellent beyond doubt and instructive as is Mr. Jebb's criticism generally, it employs a number of terms which will probably fail to convey the same idea to different minds. When, for instance, he speaks of his purity and correctness of idiom (ii. 58), when he tells us that Lysias prefers common words, but that Isocrates, though he can distinguish on occasions, has a general bent towards grandeur (ii. 59), it is hard to shake off the feeling that we are walking among quagmires. We tread on firmer ground when we read that, while the orators of the austere school relied mainly on words, Isocrates relied almost wholly on composition, and may thus be regarded as having 'developed, though he did not originate, the idea of a literary prose-rhythm' (ii. 60). Above all, the manner of Isocrates was smooth and tranquil. On this special characteristic Mr. Jebb has some excellent remarks; nor need we say any more than that it was well for the world that Demosthenes had something higher to care for. We must resist the temptation to follow Mr. Jebb through the pages in which he treats of the life-long labours of the great rhetorician. The reader will find enter-



tainment and instruction everywhere, and not least in the passages which notice the three classes of Sophists with whom Isocrates had his quarrel, on grounds which, so far as we may see, were perfectly legitimate and solid.

The one remaining orator whose life and work fall directly within the scope of Mr. Jebb's volumes is Isæus; and the position of Isæus marks a change which for Demosthenes would have been only an omen of doom. "Let the ekklesia be the care of the statesmen—my profession is to write for the courts." This is what the life of Isæus, by the fact that it is almost hidden, declares. That change has set in which is to lead, without a break, from the old life of the republic to a cosmopolitan Hellenism, and thence to the modern world' (ii. 262). The impulse thus given led Isæus to confine himself not merely to the professional calling of a speech writer, but to the composition of speeches for private causes, and these too of a class which Isocrates regarded with special contempt—claims, namely, to property or money between man and man. This avocation drew towards him one who was to leave behind him a name for all time; and the connexion and contrast between Isæus and Demosthenes are drawn out by Mr. Jebb with a fulness and freshness at once interesting and delightful. The fact of the connexion cannot be questioned. 'Afterwards, when that relative obscurity in which the critics left the elder orator was hardly broken save by this strong gleam from the glory of the younger, friendly biographers naturally welcomed everything that could add brightness to the borrowed ray' (ii. 267). On the strength of this tradition Professor Curtius has framed the picture of an intellectual armed alliance in which, like the heroes of ancient mythology, these two orators went forth to fight with the men who had desolated the home of the younger. But the speeches against Aphobos and Onetor, Mr. Jebb remarks decisively, 'shatter this vision of Isæus as a Pylades divided by nothing but, perhaps, thirty-six years from his young partner in the chastisement of a triple Ægisthus' (ii. 268). These earliest speeches of Demosthenes, he adds, have a stamp of their own as marked as it is original; and we have no warrant for supposing that the intercourse between him and Isæus 'as teacher and learner can have been either very intimate or of very long duration' (ii. 269). In truth, the course which Demosthenes marked out for himself rendered any other result impossible. Isæus resolved to follow the calling of Antiphon and Lysias. Demosthenes, in Mr. Jebb's words, instead of refining on the art which hides itself, determined to wield the art which

triumphs and commands (ii. 303). Like Antiphon and Lysias, Isæus was content to forego the honours and perils of political eminence; and like the former, but unlike the latter, he gained a sinister reputation for cleverness 'in elaborating 'pleas for the worse part.' But here the resemblance ended. The name of Isæus was not to be linked, like that of Antiphon, with a long catalogue of secret murders. Subtle and patient, but not passionate, he

'was congenially placed in days when an Athenian had ceased to be primarily a citizen. The early application of rhetorical art to politics—so natural, even so necessary, yet so crude—had long given place to a conception of the rhetorical province in which politics made only one department. With this department Isæus recognised—probably with the indifference of the time—that he had nothing to do; the intellectual ardour which he clearly had was of a kind that his tasks at once satisfied and limited—making it enough for him to live and die the laborious, successful, rather unpopular master of Attic Law; not the first at Athens who had followed a calling, but perhaps the earliest Athenian type of a professional man.' (Vol. ii. p. 271.)

This choice, determined manifestly by a genius only of the second rank, made his career a compromise; and he remains

'the first advocate who was at once morally persuasive and logically powerful, without either entrancing by the grace of his ethical charm or constraining by the imperious brilliancy of his art; one from whom Demosthenes learned the best technical lessons that Antiphon or Thucydides could teach, in a form at once strict and animated, serviceable under conditions which they had not known; a contributor, by these means, to the success of Demosthenes both in the forensic and in other fields, but no more the author of his victories than he is the kindler of his enthusiasm; yet for the modern world, not the less, but the more, a man who speaks with his own voice and stands for his own work—the earliest master of forensic controversy.' (Vol. ii. p. 310.)

From Isæus and Isocrates we turn with feelings of reverence not unmingled with awe to the undying work of Demosthenes. The charm of Mr. Jebb's pages has tempted us already to indulge in large quotation; from the glowing chapters which he devotes to the matured civil eloquence of Athens it is difficult indeed to resist the temptation of quoting far more largely. Throughout, the great orator stands before us, mighty because clothed in the armour of righteousness, unapproachable in the majesty of his art because resting on the strong foundation of truth, and victorious over his great rival from the fearlessness imparted by absolute sincerity of purpose. If the very intensity of his eloquence seem oppressive, we must

remember, Mr. Jebb informs us, that 'things stronger than blood' gave him his affinity with Jeremiah and Ezekiel' (ii. 417), and with the great preacher who 'with something like the same gifts, stood in something like the mental attitude of Demosthenes, and this in the city which of all cities has most resembled his own.' For all these there was the same mission, to be read out of a book full of lamentation and mourning and woe, yet sealed to all eyes save their own. The Athenian orator, the Florentine monk, toiled on, each to the end, because, while they spoke, there was yet time to heed their warning, although they uttered it hoping against hope; and well indeed may Mr. Jebb say that 'the soul of Demosthenes was among men when in the Dome of Florence, above the sobs and wailings of a great multitude, the anguish of Savonarola went forth on words that were as flame (ii. 418).\*

Grateful as we are to Mr. Jebb for a picture the truth of which must touch every heart, we cannot but regret that his criticism of Æschines should have a few of those jarring chords which mar his criticism of Antiphon. He may, indeed, be thought to depreciate Æschines unduly when he speaks of the great contest with Demosthenes as one in which 'art allied with genius wins the day against clever empiricism (ii. 398). Æschines had not been systematically trained as a rhetorician, and his experience as an actor and a scribe may not have been altogether to his advantage. But his natural powers were so great, and these powers were so aided by a splendid voice under perfect musical control, that nothing but the moral superiority of his adversary can account for his defeat. We may be doing him an injustice in speaking of the vulgarity of his soul as counteracting his wonderful gift of eloquence (ii. 396), unless we have good reason for thinking that this vulgarity was innate. He may, again, in his peroration have passed at a bound 'to the most tremendous failure that ever followed so close upon a triumph,' because, having reached his true climax, he felt the pressure of the Attic rule that the storm must be laid in a final harmony (ii. 407); but we have scarcely completed the picture until we add that Demosthenes could afford and dared to disregard this rule, because he knew that he was in the right and that his enemy was in the wrong. It

\* A recent translation of the celebrated 'Oration for the Crown' by Sir Robert Collier does credit to his scholarship and good taste; and we observe that this version has been used, as preferable to many others, in the volume devoted to Demosthenes in Mr. Blackwood's series of Classical Authors.

is indisputably true, as Mr. Jebb insists, that Æschines had not 'dared to show his colours. He had not dared to say, "I maintain that it was expedient to be friendly with Macedon, and therefore I deny that Demosthenes was a patriot." He had tried to save appearances. He had dealt in abuse and in charges of corruption. But he had left the essence of the 'Demosthenic policy absolutely untouched' (ii. 487). Had Mr. Jebb substituted right for expediency as the test of patriotic conduct, and had he said that Æschines dreaded to show his true colours because he knew that he had received the wages of a traitor and that his life had been for years a lie, we should have been amply satisfied. But in spite of this fatal weakness, the skill of Æschines in the use of words was so consummate, and his enthusiasm in an evil cause so great, as to make his speech well worthy of the trial in which 'the theory of Greek eloquence had its final and most splendid illustration' (ii. 398). Fifty years later the Athenian public could take delight in the 'jerky magniloquence' of Hegesias (ii. 443). Of the revival which after this pitiable downfall shed its glory on the Rome of Hortensius and Cicero we must not say more than that it is treated by Mr. Jebb with the same wealth of learning and the same refinement of taste which impart to his work as a whole a singular and delightful charm.

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5. *Savage and Civilized Russia*. By W. R. London: 1877.
6. *La Russie Épique. Études sur les Chansons Héroïques de la Russie*. Par ALFRED RAMBAUD. Paris: 1876.

IF Mr. Wallace had published this book under the more modest title of 'Rural Russia,' it might deserve to be considered the best work we possess in English on the peasantry and country life of that vast empire. The writer has unquestionably some qualifications unusual in a foreigner. He is well acquainted with the Russian language. He has lived for several years, not only in St. Petersburg and Moscow, but amongst the people; and in his zeal for the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the country, he braved the discomfort of a Russian parsonage and the dullness of a provincial town. Applying himself more especially to the study of the communal tenure of land and the results of the recent emancipation of the serfs, he has published, on those subjects, a large amount of valuable information. He writes in a spirit of fairness and good temper, not always to be found in the books relating to the institutions of the Russian Empire; and if he is biassed at all, it is by a kindly sense of the hospitality he has met with and by a lively appreciation of the good qualities of the Russian people. He has collected with scrupulous care all that it is possible to say in their favour, but unfortunately his benevolent theories are not always borne out by the facts which his candour compels him to disclose. We receive his evidence, however, with pleasure and confidence as far as it goes. But it is impossible not to remark that the scope of this work is very limited. We are struck at once by surprising omissions of the most important subjects, which affect the whole social and political condition of the Empire. Mr. Wallace has nothing to say of the army, or of the finances, or of commerce, or of the Imperial administration. But these are the four pillars of the edifice. The life and manners of the

peasantry are interesting, and very unlike anything that exists in Western Europe. Perhaps the time may come when their primitive institutions may exercise some power in the State. But at present they are entirely subject to the exigencies of a vast military establishment, to an oppressive and demoralising system of finance, to a prohibitive commercial system, and to the absolute control of a despotic government. A book on Russia which omits these subjects appears to us, therefore, to be essentially defective and incomplete. The author tells us that he hopes in a third volume to repair some of these omissions. But he has failed to show the bearing that the obligations of military service, the mode of taxation, commercial restrictions, and the application of arbitrary power have on all the subordinate institutions of the country; and this deficiency can never be supplied.

If therefore the object of the reader were to obtain a knowledge of Russia, as a State and a Power in Europe, he would derive much fuller and more accurate information from several works recently published on the Continent, such as M. Schédo-Ferroti's '*Études sur l'Avenir de la Russie*,' or the '*Petersburger Gesellschaft*,' by a Russian; or Herr Julius Eckardt's '*Russische und Baltische Characterbilder*;' \* not to mention Prince Dolgoroukow's somewhat defamatory volume on the state of his own country. The peasantry of Russia, though they exceed by incalculable numbers the population of the towns, are still an inert mass. The communal institutions which have existed for some centuries among them are confined to their own very limited sphere of action. They have not as yet shown the slightest aptitude for political power or even the slightest desire to exercise it, except when their own immediate interests were concerned. The emancipation of the serfs was unquestionably a great revolution in Russian society, and a measure which does the highest honour to the firmness, benevolence, and wisdom of Alexander II. But never was a great social revolution more exclusively accomplished from above. It was imposed on nobles and serfs alike by the Imperial will; and we gather from Mr. Wallace's own pages that it has had little or no effect in changing the condition of the peasantry, except in so far as their relations to their former owners are concerned. Herr Eckhardt states emphatically

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\* A translation of the first edition of this work was published in London in 1870, under the title '*Modern Russia*;' but a second edition has since appeared in Germany, considerably enlarged. It is a most valuable and instructive work, and far superior, in our estimation, to that of Mr. Wallace.

that after the emancipation, in the agricultural arrangements, in the relations of the individual members to the community, in the periodical re-allotments, in the mode of taxation, and in the division of the soil, *absolutely nothing was changed*.

The omission of all mention of the army in Mr. Wallace's volumes is that which most surprises us, because we have always understood that Russia is essentially constituted on military principles, and the maintenance of an enormous army is regarded as the great end of the State. All rank in Russia may be said to be military, or represented by military equivalents. Thus even M. de Kancrine, the late Minister of Finance, and a civilian, had the rank of a general; and when two young men of high birth, a Soumoroff and a Woronzoff, announced their intention of entering the civil service, they were told that this was a derogation from their proper position, measured by the military standard. The army was the grand object of the solicitude of the Emperor Nicholas; and although a milder *régime* has succeeded to that of the late Czar, the military establishment of the Empire has been largely increased and extended within the last three years by the introduction of universal compulsory service,—a fact which must have the most serious effect on the whole rural population, from whom the troops are raised. 'Russia,' says M. Schédo-Ferroti, 'is a state militarily organised. Everything 'in our country breathes of arms, and people of the most un-warlike professions are obliged to put on the uniform of 'soldiers.' The profession of arms has always been regarded in Russia as the noblest pursuit in life—the only one that a man of a certain social position could follow, or that led to rapid advancement. The reason of this preponderance of the army is thus explained by the Russians themselves:—

'At its origin the Russian monarchy already occupied a vast territory comprising the sources of six great rivers—the Northern Dwina, the Volchow, communicating with the sea by Lake Ladoga, and the Neva, the Duna, the Dnieper, the Don, and the Volga. All these great streams flowed into territories not then subject to Russian dominion, except the Northern Dwina, the mouth of which was Russian but inaccessible to trade, as the passage to the White Sea was only discovered by the English in 1553. Thus, a great political body was circumscribed within narrow limits, which, as it were, suffocated it; it had to spread in order to breathe; it had to conquer the mouths of the rivers crossing its territory or to perish. Hence that tendency to conquest which may be traced in any reign from Rurik to our own time.' (*Schédo-Ferroti. Étude v. p. 3.*)

If this be the true explanation of the Russian policy of

military aggression, it must be acknowledged that the cause assigned has long ceased to be operative. Russia reached the mouths of her rivers long ago, and has got beyond them, unless the Danube is also to be reckoned as a Russian stream. Yet the exertions of the Russian Government to augment its military forces were never greater than they have been in the last six years. She had already the power to bring half a million of men into the field. But the grand measure of universal conscription sanctioned by the Ukase of January 1, 1875, will add another half million to that number of her active troops, and another million to the reserve. These enormous forces can only be raised and maintained for aggressive purposes. The territory of Russia is invulnerable. Nobody has the slightest interest in attacking it, unless she begins by attacking some one else. If attacked, as she was in 1812, she may rely on her climate, her extent, and the patriotism of her population for effectual defence. Setting aside ambitious considerations, we should say that to burden a poor and thinly peopled country with the maintenance of an enormous army is the most mischievous policy that can be conceived. It is a perpetual drain on the manhood of the Empire. It enormously weakens its productive powers. It leads to a frightful waste of life. When the Emperor Nicholas once expressed his surprise at the inferiority of the men in his army to the seamen of his fleet, in point of discipline and condition, Count Woronzow replied that what the army wanted was 'more food' and less drill.' Hundreds of thousands of human beings have been sacrificed in the last fifty years to the stupid pride of exhibiting to the world the shows and pageants of a great military establishment. What renders this state of things still more lamentable and extraordinary is that the Russians are not a warlike or combative people. Even in their drinking bouts they do not fight. They are entirely ignorant of all that goes on abroad, and entirely indifferent to glory. Nor can any conceivable benefit accrue to the people of Russia by threatening and molesting their neighbours or by the acquisition of territory of which they have already more than enough. If their country were attacked they would defend it with undaunted courage, but as a race of men there is no people in the world less disposed to slaughter their neighbours. Military service is with them the result of absolute, blind, unquestioning obedience. They submit to it as they submit to a law of nature, because they are docile and brave. Yet surely military service as it is understood in Russia is the most detestable form of slavery; for a peaceful peasant is converted



by it, without the least will of his own, into a blood-hound, a destroyer, or a victim. And this burden is now hung with redoubled weight upon the back of every peasant in the Empire. The whole community is crushed by it. Military service is the primary obligation of life, and must affect every other relation of society. We think therefore that in omitting all notice of the Russian army, and of the new organisation of it, Mr. Wallace has lost sight of the most important feature in the whole question.

Not less unaccountable is his omission of any general view of the system of Russian finance; for the amount of taxation borne by every member of the community is an essential element in the condition of the people, whilst the total revenue of the Empire and the mode in which it is raised is the true measure of its power. We come here and there in this book on a detail which leads us to suppose that the burden of taxation is enormous in relation to the wealth of the people. Thus Mr. Wallace gives us what he terms the budget of a family of five persons in Northern Russian in a good year. He estimates their income at 12*l.* 5*s.* (English money), derived principally from the sale of game and fish or caviare. Their outgoings are as follows:—

Rye-meal (2,240 lb.) to supply the deficiency	£	s.	d.
of the harvest . . . . .	7	0	0
<i>Taxes</i> . . . . .	2	5	0
Clothes and Boots . . . . .	2	10	0
Fishing Tackle, Powder and Shot, &c. . . . .	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
	12	5	0

So that if these figures are correct, the taxes amount to more than a sixth of their available income. In another place he computes the rate of taxation at 23 roubles and three quarters per homestead, or more than 3*l.* In addition to this direct taxation, the excise on spirits, which is the main stay of the Russian revenue, is of course paid by the inordinate drunken habits of the peasantry. The returns of the poll-tax and land-tax amount in round numbers to fifteen millions sterling, and of the excise on spirits to twenty-five millions—forty millions sterling levied on sixty millions of peasants, for these are taxes which sit lightly on the upper classes and on the towns: they are paid by the bulk of the rural population. We should be disposed to infer from certain notices on the subject scattered through this book, that there is hardly any population in the world more severely taxed than the Russian peasantry. Take for example India. Some of the

accounts of the Ceded Western Districts recently passed through our hands, from which it appeared that the rate of taxation was not more than *one shilling and three pence* ahead! We cannot attempt to reconcile or explain so enormous a difference. Probably the data of the calculations are different. But these are precisely the points on which we looked to an accomplished writer like Mr. Wallace for information; and if his book had any claim to completeness, he ought to have given us at least as full an account of the finances of Russia, as has recently been done by Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*,' and he ought especially to have shown the effects of the financial system on the people. At the present moment Russia is burdened with a debt of 300 millions sterling, bearing interest at five per cent., two-thirds of which are held abroad, and the interest must be paid in gold, whilst the entire monetary transactions of the Empire are carried on in a depreciated paper currency. These facts alone are of the gravest significance, but Mr. Wallace says nothing about them.

One of the oddest things in Russia is that the very Ministers who govern upon the present system are the men most alive to its defects and evil consequences. The Minister of Finance is, we are informed, a very able and intelligent man, and a strong free-trader: the Minister of War has also been remarkable in the last few months for his strenuous and consistent resistance to the party who clamour for war. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. A poll-tax, a brandy-shop-tax, and exorbitant customs duties are the three worst forms of taxation; and it would be interesting to trace the effects of these fiscal expedients on Russia. The more we learn of that country, the more it seems to us to be governed on principles of public economy and administration diametrically opposite to those which are generally accepted and practised in Western Europe. Russia would increase her strength, wealth, and well-being far more by the introduction of a few sound ideas of government, than by raising immense armies to threaten or invade adjacent provinces, scarcely more barbarous than a great portion of her own dominions. If she laid aside her aggressive weapons, she would find nothing more easy than to enter into a cordial alliance with this country for instance. It is her army and diplomacy that keep her at arm's length from civilised Europe, and make her an object of not unmerited suspicion. No conquests and no successful intrigues in foreign countries can compensate her for the loss of the confidence and esteem of the world.

Even for the purposes of diplomacy and war the present standard of statesmen and commanders in Russia cannot be reckoned very high. Although nobody doubts that the present century has witnessed a constant and continual increase in the bulk of the Russian Empire—the extent of its territory, the numbers of its subjects and its soldiers, and the nominal amount of its revenue and its debt, we question whether Russia in the nineteenth century occupies a position of as great relative importance in the affairs of Europe as the Russia of Peter the Great and of Catherine II. Those were sovereigns of genius, in spite of their profligacy and their crimes; they attracted to their service a long array of able statesmen and successful generals; their reigns were a series of victories and conquests over the Swedes, the Poles, and the Turks. They established and consolidated an Empire. The Russians, always an imitative people, borrowed or reflected the taste, the culture, and the liberal philosophy of France. It was Falconet who placed the statue of Peter on his rock; it was another Frenchman, Montferrand, who raised the sumptuous dome of the Isaac Church. During the reign of Catherine, especially, Russia exercised a direct and powerful influence on the politics of Europe: there was not a Power which did not court her alliance or dread her hostility. The wars of the French Revolution broke the French political and social connexion, though the use of the French language in Russia still remains. But the alliances and sympathies of the Court became German. The gallant national defence of Russia in 1812, and the part she took in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, effaced the humiliation of Austerlitz, and raised the Emperor Alexander to a great position in Europe. That indeed was the culminating height of power and influence ever attained by a Russian sovereign. But the long reign of his brother Nicholas is now, by common consent, regarded as a disastrous and disgraceful failure. His policy was altogether based on an insolent and brutal system of compression at home and abroad: and when the day of trial came, and the vast military preparations of his life were brought to the test of war, they speedily collapsed and buried the Czar himself under their ruins. The reign of his son has been rendered illustrious by his attachment to the cause of peace and by the emancipation of the serfs. The Empire has made considerable internal progress. There has even been some growth of a national literature and symptoms of popular life. But we see no indications whatever of greatness. There is no Russian in existence who can be said to enjoy or to deserve

a first-class European fame. Two or three intriguers of low calibre in the Foreign Office at Petersburg pass for their greatest statesmen. Count Moltke relates in his amusing letters written from Moscow at the time of the coronation, that there are 8,000 generals in Russia, and that the Emperor has about 180 of them attached to his person. But at this moment, no Russian general is known to exist capable of inspiring confidence to a great army or to direct the intricate strategical movements of 300,000 men. A grand duke, notoriously incapable, was placed at the head of the army of Bessarabia. The chief command was even offered to a Prussian! In the war of 1854, the Russian army produced one very able engineer, Todtleben; but that was all. It may be inferred from these facts that although the bulk of the Russian establishments has increased, the intellectual power to direct them to the great ends of politics and war falls very far short of what it was a hundred years ago.

The reforms and improvements which have been introduced in Russia from the days of Peter the Great to the days of Alexander II. have, in fact, all originated with the supreme power of the Court. Mr. Wallace says truly:—

‘The political (he means social) history of Russia during the last two centuries may be briefly described as a series of revolutions effected peaceably by the autocratic power. Each young energetic sovereign has attempted to inaugurate a new epoch by thoroughly remodelling the administration according to the most approved foreign political philosophy of the time. Institutions have not been allowed to grow spontaneously out of popular wants, but have been invented by bureaucratic theorists to satisfy wants of which the people were still unconscious. The administrative machine has therefore derived little or no motive force from the people, and has always been kept in motion by the unaided energy of the central Government. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the repeated attempts of the Government to lighten the burdens of centralised administration by creating organs of local self-government should have been eminently unsuccessful.’ (*Wallace's Russia*, vol. i. p. 344.)

And in another place:—

‘It may seem strange to Englishmen that rulers should voluntarily take upon themselves the Herculean task of regulating the relative numerical force of the different social classes, when it might be much better fulfilled by the principle of supply and demand, without legislative interference; but it must be remembered that the Russian Government has always placed more confidence in bureaucratic wisdom than in the instincts and common sense of the people.’ (Vol. i. p. 441.)

Strangely enough in speaking of the correction of administra-

tive abuses in another part of his work, this writer says exactly the reverse.

'The only effectual remedy for administrative abuses lies in placing the administration under public control. This has been abundantly proved in Russia. All the efforts of the Tsars during many generations to check the evil by means of ingenious bureaucratic devices proved utterly fruitless. Even the iron will and gigantic energy of Nicholas were insufficient for the task. But when, after the Crimean War, there was a great moral awakening and the Tsar *called the people to his assistance*, the stubborn, deep-rooted evils immediately disappeared. For a time venality and extortion were unknown, and since that period they have never been able to regain their old force.' (Vol. i. pp. 323-4.)

We are greatly surprised to learn that those 'stubborn, 'deep-rooted evils *immediately disappeared*' under so simple a process, or that the Tzar ever 'called the people to his assistance.' But the truth is, judging from Mr. Wallace's own testimony in several other places, that these statements are loose and exaggerated.

The leading characteristics of Russia are that she possesses an enormous territory, with a wretched soil, at least in the northern provinces, a rigorous climate, and a thin population. A country forty times as large as France, has only twice the number of inhabitants. In European Russia the population is about fourteen souls to the square verst; that of Great Britain would be 114 to the same area. Add to this that Russia is, for the most part, without coal-fields, the great source of artificial power. Such a country, be its size what it may, must be poor and weak—perhaps the poorer and the weaker for its great magnitude.

To understand what Russia is we must look in the first place to the distribution of this scanty population. Of the 77,000,000 subjects of the Czar, nearly 64,000,000 belong to the rural classes. The nobles may be reckoned at about 1,000,000; the priests and monks at 700,000; the town classes at 7,000,000; the military classes at 4,769,000. There is, therefore, an immense preponderance of the rural classes or peasantry. But the classes included in what are called 'towns' must be further reduced; a great many of them are still peasants. In European Russia, excluding Finland, the Baltic Provinces, Lithuania, Poland, and the Caucasus, there are only 127 towns; of these only twenty-five contain more than 25,000 inhabitants, and *only eleven* more than 50,000. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa are the only pure Russian cities of importance. The more intelligent and cultivated urban popu-

lation bears therefore a remarkably small proportion to the large mass of the nation. The merchant class in European Russia, Mr. Wallace says, numbers (including wives and children) about 466,000; the burghers 4,033,000; and the artisans about 260,000. Attempts were made by Peter and by Catherine to create a *bourgeoisie*, and to confer upon it the privileges of municipal government.

'The truth is that the whole system had been arbitrarily imposed on the people, and had no motive power except the Imperial will. Had that motive power been withdrawn, and the burghers left to regulate their own municipal affairs, the system would immediately have collapsed. Rathhaus, burgomasters, guilds, aldermen, and all other lifeless shadows which had been called into existence by Imperial ukaze would instantly have vanished into space. In this fact we have one of the characteristic traits of Russian historial development compared with that of Western Europe. In the West, monarchy had to struggle with municipal institutions to prevent them from becoming too powerful; in Russia, it had to struggle with them to prevent them from committing suicide or dying of inanition.' (Vol. i. p. 263.)

He does not give the merchants a very good character.

'The two great blemishes on the character of the Russian merchants as a class are, according to general opinion, their ignorance and their dishonesty. As to the former of these there cannot possibly be any difference of opinion. The great majority of the merchants do not possess even the rudiments of education. Many of them can neither read nor write, and are forced to keep their accounts in their memory, or by means of ingenious hieroglyphics, intelligible only to the inventor. Others can decipher the calendar and the lives of the saints, can sign their names with tolerable facility, and can make the simpler arithmetical calculations with the help of a little calculating instrument called "stchety," which resembles the "abaca" of the old Romans, and is universally used in Russia. It is only the minority who understand the mysteries of regular book-keeping, and of these very few can make any pretensions to being educated men. Already, however, symptoms of a change for the better in this respect are noticeable. Some of the rich merchants are now giving to their children the best education which can be procured, and already a few young merchants may be found who can speak one or two foreign languages and may fairly be called educated men. Unfortunately many of these forsake the occupations of their forefathers and seek distinction elsewhere. In this way the mercantile class constantly loses a considerable portion of that valuable leaven which may ultimately leaven the whole lump.

'As to the dishonesty which is said to be so common among the Russian commercial classes, it is difficult to form an accurate judgment. That an enormous amount of unfair dealing does exist there can be no possible doubt, but it must be admitted that in this matter a foreigner is likely to be unduly severe. . . The dishonesty and rascality which

exist among the merchants are fully recognised by the Russians themselves. In all moral affairs the lower classes in Russia are very lenient in their judgments, and are strongly disposed, like the Americans, to admire what is called in Transatlantic phraseology "a smart man," though the smartness is known to contain a large admixture of dishonesty; and yet the *vox populi* in Russia emphatically declares that the merchants as a class are unscrupulous and dishonest.' (Vol. i. pp. 273-5.)

Our business is not, however, with their honesty, but with the capacity of these representatives of the middle class for self-government; and in this respect, as it seems to us, they totally fail, notwithstanding the laudable attempts of the Crown to extend their municipal powers. It would seem that public duties in Russia, when they are not accompanied by official rank and rewards, are commonly regarded as a burden and a snare.

Mr. Wallace introduces us to a very interesting experiment of this kind, with which we were not previously acquainted, as it originated with the liberal movement of opinion in 1864, and has only been in operation a few years. This institution is called the 'Zemstvo,' an elective county or provincial assembly, somewhat resembling the *Conseils généraux* of France.

'The Zemstvo is a kind of local administration which supplements the action of the rural communes, and takes cognisance of those higher public wants which individual communes cannot possibly satisfy. Its principal duties are to keep the roads and bridges in proper repair, to provide means of conveyance for the rural police and other officials, to elect the justices of peace, to look after primary education and sanitary affairs, to watch the state of the crops and take measures against approaching famine, and in short to undertake, within certain clearly-defined limits, whatever seems likely to increase the material and moral well-being of the population. In form the institution is parliamentary—that is to say, it consists of an assembly of deputies which meets at least once a year, and of a permanent executive bureau elected by the assembly from among its members.' (Vol. i. pp. 326-7.)

'What surprised me most in this assembly was that it was composed partly of nobles and partly of peasants—the latter being decidedly in the majority—and that no trace of antagonism seemed to exist between the two classes. Landed proprietors and their *ci-devant* serfs evidently met for the moment on a footing of equality. The discussions were always carried on by the nobles, but on more than one occasion peasant members rose to speak, and their remarks, always clear, practical, and to the point, were invariably listened to with respectful attention by all present. Instead of that violent antagonism which might have been expected considering the constitution of the assembly, there was a great deal too much unanimity—a fact indicating plainly that the majority of the members did not take a very deep interest in the matters presented to them.' (Vol. i. pp. 328-9.)

This is an entirely modern institution, created about ten years ago by the Emperor to lighten the duties and correct the abuses of the Imperial Administration by means of local self-government. At first it was wonderfully well received and great things were expected of it. But those hopes have already been disappointed. These assemblies have been entirely deprived of all political signification—that of Petersburg was closed by Imperial command, and several of the leading members banished the capital. Some local improvements were effected by them, but (as is too often the case with elected Boards) the rates were raised in three years from 5,000,000 roubles to thrice that sum; and very shortly the enthusiasm which greeted the institution wore off. Its members were unpaid. Its duties were uninviting. Mr. Wallace thinks that the Russians have made great progress in their political education. He is inclined to believe the Zemstvo may outlive its present state of lethargy; but he adds, ‘it may possibly die of inanition or be swept away by some new explosion of reforming enthusiasm before it has had time to strike root’; and he concludes the chapter by a painful allusion to Jonah’s gourd.

If Mr. Wallace fails to show that there are elements of freedom and intelligent self-government in the middle-classes and the provincial institutions of Russia, he turns with greater confidence to the peculiar communal organisation of the rural districts called the *Mir*. To study the effects of the common property in land, and of its periodical re-distribution, which are the striking peculiarities of the Russian village system, and to report upon the results of serf-emancipation, were the two main objects Mr. Wallace proposed to himself in visiting Russia. He seems to have been very slightly acquainted with the enormous amount of literature, German as well as Russian, to which the discussion of these subjects has given birth. A writer might easily, without any personal knowledge of a Russian village or even of the Russian tongue, make himself well acquainted with all the leading facts and points of this great controversy. They may be found in a compendious form in Herr Eckardt’s interesting volume, or in J. Keussler’s ‘Geschichte des bauerlichen Grundbesitz in Russland;’ or at much greater length in the Reports of the great Commission of Inquiry which sat in 1872 under the presidency of M. Walujew, now Minister of the Imperial domains, which examined no less than 958 witnesses of all ranks. To this Report Mr. Wallace occasionally refers; he tells us that he was favoured with a copy of it, and also of the evidence on



which the Commission proceeded, and that he himself had some hand in collecting a part of these details. In short, the materials are extremely abundant, and we regret that Mr. Wallace has not made more use of them. He tells us that when he arrived in Russia his knowledge of the subject was elementary and superficial. It is true that a man might very easily be led astray by much that has been written about it, and Mr. Wallace himself does not appear even now to have gone very deeply into the question.

When Baron Haxthausen visited Russia in 1842, and published his work on that country in the following year, he disclosed to the world, and even to the Russians themselves, the remarkable social phenomena of the communal tenure of land. His ideas were eagerly taken up by a circle of youthful and enthusiastic students and professors at Moscow, whose national ambition conceived for their country the glorious mission of regenerating society and the world. Here, in this fact, of the common tenure and periodical division of village lands, they conceived that they had found the secret of Russia's greatness—the true grit, the solid gneiss, underlying the artificial creations of Peter and of Catherine. This one principle was to end the eternal warfare of rich and poor—to extinguish the odious distinctions of classes and ranks—to abolish the selfishness of property—to found on communism the empire of the East, and to prepare men for the exercise and enjoyment of absolute freedom. The abolition of serfage by the great act of February 19, 1861, left the natural forces of Russian society to their full and free expansion; and the dawn of the second millennium of the Russian Empire was to rouse the Slavonian races into active life, from the Vistula to the farthest East. These were, and are, in part the visionary hopes of the great Slavophil party, whose influence is certainly not unfelt in the political events of the present day. They started from the fundamental principle that society was to be based on the subjection of all personal rights of property and freedom to the common interest; and that the Russian communal village is, and has long been, the type of the very condition to which many of the most advanced thinkers of the present age and of Western Europe would bring mankind. This was to be the new 'formula of civilisation'—the new light of the world. The communistic institutions of the Russian democracy would eventually prevail over the aristocracies and monarchies of Western Europe—over the ruins of the feudal system—over the claims of private property and personal freedom. No doubt there is a good deal in the

writings of Comte and Mill which tends in the same direction, and the works of Mr. Mill especially enjoy a vast popularity in Russia, where they probably receive an interpretation he himself would not have put upon them. Mr. Wallace does not accept all this extravagance, but he has not entirely escaped the infection, and he is not quite strong enough or sound enough in his own principles of political economy to expose, as he might otherwise have done, the folly and danger of these paradoxes. He seems to think that when the world has out-grown the Whig prejudices and the Liberal opinions of the present day, there is a good time coming when the really advanced thinkers and politicians of a future age will have reduced society to the dead level of a servile democracy, wielding by mere force of numbers an unlimited power over each of its members. That is not a form of freedom and society we desire to live under. But we must leave Mr. Wallace to give us his own account of the *Mir* itself. He regards the Russian village as a sort of enlarged undivided family, and this may very likely have been its origin.

‘In both there is a certain amount of common property: in the one case the house and nearly all that it contains, and in the other the arable land and pasturage. In both cases there is a certain amount of common responsibility: in the one case for all the debts, and in the other for all the taxes and Communal obligations. And both are protected to a certain extent against the ordinary legal consequences of insolvency, for the family cannot be deprived of its house or necessary agricultural implements, and the Commune cannot be deprived of its land, by importunate creditors.

‘On the other hand, there are many important points of contrast. The Commune is, of course, much larger than the family, and the mutual relations of its members are by no means so closely interwoven. The members of a family all farm together, and those of them who earn money from other sources are expected to put their savings into the common purse; whilst the households composing a Commune farm independently, and pay into the common treasury only a certain fixed sum.’ (Vol. i. pp. 183–4.)

‘Amongst the families composing a Russian village, a state of isolation is impossible. The Heads of the Households must often meet together and consult in the Village Assembly, and their daily occupations must be influenced by the Communal decrees. They cannot begin to mow the hay or plough the fallow field until the Village Assembly has passed a resolution on the subject. If a peasant becomes a drunkard, or takes some equally efficient means to become insolvent, every family in the village has a right to complain, not merely in the interests of public morality, but from selfish motives, because all the families are collectively responsible for his taxes. For the same reason no peasant can permanently leave the village without the consent of the

Commune, and this consent will not be granted until the applicant gives satisfactory security for the fulfilment of all his actual and future liabilities. If a peasant wishes to go away for a short time, in order to work elsewhere, he must obtain a written permission, which serves him as a passport during his absence; and he may be recalled at any moment by a Communal decree. In reality he is rarely recalled so long as he sends home regularly the full amount of his taxes—including the dues which he has to pay for the temporary passport—but sometimes the Commune uses the power of recall for the purpose of extorting money from the absent member. If it becomes known, for instance, that an absent member receives a good salary in one of the towns, he may one day receive a formal order to return at once to his native village, and be informed at the same time, unofficially, that his presence will be dispensed with if he will send to the Commune a certain amount of money. The money thus sent is generally used by the Commune for convivial purposes. Whether this method of extortion is frequently used by the Communes, I cannot confidently say, but I suspect that it is by no means rare, for one or two cases have accidentally come under my own observation, and I know that the police of St. Petersburg have been recently ordered not to send back any peasants to their native villages until some proof is given that the ground of recall is not a mere pretext.

‘In order to understand the Russian village system, the reader must bear in mind these two important facts: the arable land and the pasturage belong not to the individual houses, but to the Commune and all the households are collectively and individually responsible for the entire sum which the Commune has to pay annually into the Imperial Treasury.’ (Vol. i. pp. 185–6.)

‘Now in Russia, so far at least as the rural population is concerned, the payment of taxes is inseparably connected with the possession of land. Every peasant who pays taxes is supposed to have a share of the arable land and pasturage belonging to the Commune. If the Communal revision lists contain a hundred names, the Communal land ought to be divided into a hundred shares, and each “revision soul” should enjoy his share in return for the taxes which he pays.’ (Vol. i. pp. 187–8.)

The census list determines how much land each family will hold, and therefore what taxes they will have to pay, at each periodical revision. There have been only ten revisions since 1719. But in Russia the possession of a share of the communal land is often not a privilege but a burden. In some communes the land is so poor and abundant that it cannot be let at any price. The allotment itself is made by the assembly of the village, of which all the heads of households are members, and the decrees of this body are absolute and imperative. Arrived at this point Mr. Wallace makes a grand discovery—‘a statement to be heralded in by a flourish of trumpets.’ He tells us that ‘In the great stronghold of Cæsarian despotism and cen-

'tralised bureaucracy these village communities are *capital specimens of representative constitutional government of the extreme democratic type.*' Surely a moment's reflection would have satisfied Mr. Wallace that whatever these assemblies are they are *not representative*. The essence of political representation is the choice by the people of a deputy or delegate to act on their behalf. Here all the heads of households meet on the village green to manage their own affairs. They are pure democracies of the old Greek type—not in the slightest degree representative or constitutional in the English or any other sense. The only person they elect is their own Volost or Headman, whose powers are small and whose office is not coveted or even respected. The business is carried on by acclamation.

'The Assembly discusses all matters affecting the Communal welfare, and, as these matters have never been legally defined, and there is no means of appealing against its decisions, its recognised competence is very wide. It fixes the time for making the hay, and the day for commencing the ploughing of the fallow field: it decrees what measures shall be employed against those who do not punctually pay their taxes; it decides whether a new member shall be admitted into the Commune, and whether an old member shall be allowed to change his domicile; it gives or withholds its permission to erect new buildings on the Communal land; it prepares and signs all contracts which the Commune makes with one of its own members or with a stranger; it interferes, whenever it thinks necessary, in the domestic affairs of its members; it elects the Elder—as well as the Communal tax-collector and watchman, where such offices exist—and the Communal herd-boy; above all, it divides and allots the Communal land among its members as it thinks fit.

'Of all these various proceedings the English reader may naturally assume that the elections are the most noisy and exciting. In reality this is a mistake. The elections produce little excitement, for the simple reason that, as a rule, no one desires to be elected. Once, it is said, a peasant who had been guilty of some misdemeanour was informed by an Arbiter of the Peace—a species of official of which I shall have much to say in the sequel—that he would be no longer capable of filling any Communal office; and instead of regretting this diminution of his civil rights, he bowed very low, and respectfully expressed his thanks for the new privilege which he had acquired. This anecdote may not be true, but it illustrates the undoubted fact that the Russian peasant regards office as a burden rather than as an honour. There is no civic ambition in those little rural Commonwealths, whilst the privilege of wearing a bronze medal, which commands no respect, and the reception of a few roubles as salary, afford no adequate compensation for the trouble, annoyance, and responsibility which a Village Elder has to bear. The elections are therefore generally very tame and uninteresting.' (Vol. i. pp. 198–200.)

This vaunted *Mir* is in fact a vestry meeting of all the householders : but to describe it by pompous names implying a representative character or any share of political power is an absurd misnomer. It has no political power ; but it has social power over its own members, and that of the most harsh and arbitrary kind ; in reality it much more resembles an instrument of despotism than an institution of freedom. Thus, Mr. Wallace informs us in the latter part of his book, that ‘ the *Mir* may, by a Communal decree and without a formal trial, have any of its unruly members transported to Siberia ! ’ — surely no tyranny can go beyond that, though it is accompanied by the strange qualification that ‘ they are not sent to work in mines, but are settled as colonists on unoccupied lands beyond the Ural Mountains.’ The peasant has been emancipated from the bonds of serfage to the lord ; but he is still the slave of the *Mir*. Indeed, the first of the fundamental principles of the Emancipation Act was that the authority of the former proprietor should be replaced by the self-governing *commune*. The peasant lands have been given not to the individual or to the family (except the homestead) but to the commune ; and the peasant is bound to share the labours and the fiscal burdens and military obligations of his commune by bonds he cannot shake off. They are all the more strict and imperative, that they are imposed by his own equals ; that his life is absorbed in theirs, and that he never can escape from them. If he departs, the *Mir* may recall him. If he stays to cultivate his share of land, the *Mir* may deprive him of it at the next distribution. One of the curious effects of this state of things is that it deters the peasant from keeping cattle. ‘ There are two events alike,’ says Mr. Wallace, ‘ which the peasant may be supposed to fear. In the first place part of his cattle may be sold by auction by the Imperial police for Communal arrears, though, he may have paid in full his own share of the taxes and dues ; and in the second place, the Commune may make a general re-distribution of his land and give to others the plots and strips which he has carefully manured for several years.’ In other words, his cattle may be seized for another man’s debts and his land taken from him because he has manured it ! A power has been given to the Commune by the law of 1861 to redeem the land and convert it into freehold, but nobody has availed himself of it. At present the Russian peasant is rooted in the Communal system in which he was born. Let us point out more fully than Mr. Wallace has done some of its consequences ; for with these facts before us we cannot assent to Mr. Wal-

lace's peremptory declaration that 'certain it is the Russian peasantry have reason to congratulate themselves *that they were emancipated by a Russian autocrat, and not by a British House of Commons*; and it is equally certain that in some of the annexed provinces the lower classes enjoy advantages which they would not possess under British rule.' Indeed, his own statements as to the present condition of these rural democracies is in flat contradiction to the glowing hopes he entertains of their future destinies. Take the following very candid avowal:—

'That the peasant self-government is very far from being in a satisfactory condition must be admitted by any impartial observer. The more laborious and well-to-do peasants do all in their power to escape election as office-bearers, and leave the administration in the hands of the less respectable members. In the ordinary course of affairs there is little evidence of administration of any kind, and in cases of public disaster, such as a fire or a visitation of the cattle-plague, the authorities seem to be apathetic and powerless. Not unfrequently a Volost Elder trades with the money he collects as dues or taxes; and sometimes, when he becomes insolvent, the peasants have to pay their taxes and dues a second time. The Volost Court is very often accessible to the influence of *vódka* and other kinds of bribery, so that in many districts it has fallen into utter discredit, and the peasants say that anyone who becomes a judge "takes a sin on his soul." The Village Assemblies, too, have become worse than they were in the days of serfage. At that time the Heads of Households—who, it must be remembered, have alone a voice in the decisions—were few in number, laborious, and well-to-do, and they kept the lazy, unruly members under strict control; now that the large families have been broken up, and almost every adult peasant is head of a household, the Communal affairs are often decided by a noisy majority; and almost any Communal decision may be obtained by "treating the Mir"—that is to say by supplying a certain amount of *vódka*. Often have I heard old peasants speak of these things, and finish their recital by some such remark as this: "There is no order now; the people have been spoiled; it was better in the time of the masters." (Vol. ii. pp. 358-9.)

And this is what Mr. Wallace calls a capital specimen of representative constitutional government of an extreme democratic type!

The theory that the original joint proprietorship in land by cultivation under the system of village communities is a remnant of primæval times, which has been preserved by the peasantry of Russia, though it has been lost in the advancing civilisation of Western Europe, has been discussed with great learning and ability by Sir Henry Maine, in his work on 'Village Communities.' As we had occasion to remark, in

reviewing that essay,\* he believes in the original distribution even in this country of the arable area into exactly equal portions, corresponding with the number of families in the township; and he holds that the proprietary equality of the families composing the group was at first still further secured by a periodical re-distribution of the several assignments. A vast deal of curious evidence has been collected to show that traces of this ancient 'arable mark' may still be discovered in the land tenures, not only of the Slavonic, but of the Teutonic race, though, as we have before had occasion to remark, cultivation does not necessarily imply ownership. But if this theory be accepted, it proves that the system of village joint tenures is not at all peculiar to Russia. Far from having the importance which has been ascribed to it by the Russian economists, as a guide to the future of the world, it must rather be regarded as one of the earliest and least perfect forms of social life, buried in the night of the past, and appropriate only to man in his least civilised condition.† As the ideas of law, property, and freedom advanced these customs fell into desuetude; and they only now exist in communities in which the ideas of law, property, and freedom are still wanting. If the whole question rested on the evidence of antiquity and tradition, we should say that these village communities only continue to exist in Russia, because the Russian peasantry is still the most

\* Edinburgh Review, vol. cxxxiv. p. 467.

† So in a well-known passage of the 'De Moribus Germanorum' (cap. xxvi.) Tacitus says, 'Agri, pro numero cultorum ab universis in vices occupantur, quos mox inter se, secundum dignationem, partiuntur: facilitatem partiendi camporum spatia præstant. Arva per annos mutant, et superest ager.' The *arva* are the cornlands which were divided; the *ager* is the land about the homestead, gardens, or meadows. These peasants remind one of the 'campestres scythæ' and 'rigidi Getæ,' of whom Horace says—

'Nec cultura placet longior annua;  
Defunctumque laboribus  
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.'

For, as Professor Stubbs describes this Germanic tenure in his very learned 'Constitutional History' (p. 75), 'the original gift comes 'from the community of which the receiver is a member. The gift is 'of itself mainly of the character of usufruct, the hold is ideal 'rather than actual; except in his own homestead the freeman can but 'set foot on the soil and say, "This is mine this year; next year it will " "be another's, and that which is another's will be mine then!"' But at the opening of Anglo-Saxon history, absolute ownership of land in severalty was established and becoming the rule.

barbarous in Europe, not having risen even to the conception and practice of individual property and the undisturbed possession of land for agricultural purposes. British statesmen have some experience of the village communal system as it exists in India, where in some places lands have been held in commonalty from time immemorial by the villagers, and certain village officers exist whose duty it is to protect the interests of the community, more especially by the distribution of water, that essential of tropical cultivation and life. The hereditary headman and Panchayet of an Indian village is a far more rational system of local government than the Russian *Mir*. But it is only in very few parts of India (if at all) that the periodical mutation of land exists as in Russia; and no one ever supposed that the system of the Indian village communities was adapted to an advanced state of civilisation.

But we dismiss these archæological considerations, which rest on very faint historical evidence, and certainly would not suffice to explain the continuance of this singular tenure of land in Russia to the present day. For this important social fact a far more practical cause may be assigned, though it is one which does not appear to have attracted the attention of Mr. Wallace. In a word, the common tenure of land has, we believe, been perpetuated in Russia mainly for *fiscal* purposes. As a large portion of the revenue of the Empire is drawn from a poll-tax and a tax on land, it was far more convenient to the State to deal with the village communities collectively, than to levy these taxes on the peasant individually—the more so as all the members of a village community thus became jointly and severally liable for the fiscal dues of one another. Viewed in this light the Russian *Mir* is not an embryo of democratic freedom and self-government, but an instrument of fiscal oppression. The State calls upon the *Mir* for a certain amount of taxation. The *Mir* apportions this taxation by the very act of apportioning the land of the community, because, as Mr. Wallace points out, the burden and the land are inseparably connected, and sometimes the burden exceeds the advantage. This liability affects all alike—those present and those absent, the industrious and the idle, the sober and the drunken, the widow and orphan who have the misfortune to hold a share of land which they cannot till, as well as the robust husbandman with half a dozen sons to cultivate it. It acts therefore with extreme inequality and injustice; but no one can change or shake off the obligation; and the common interest of the *Mir* is constantly exercised to enforce payment of the taxes by the direct collective action of the village community on



the individual. The introduction and legislation of the system in its present form appears to be coeval with the establishment of serfdom in the sixteenth century. Before that time, the Russian peasant belonging to a village where land was pre-occupied, could migrate to other lands; afterwards, those peasants only became *adscripti glebæ* who held a certain portion of land, the *Tjäglo*, measured by 12-15 *tchetwerts*. But the peasants holding under the church, the monasteries, and the princes, held their land strictly as a private possession, analogous to copyhold. During the period of serfdom, the power of the nobles and landowners increased, but as they were responsible for the dues and service of the peasants under them, it became their interest that as population increased and migration was impossible, no peasant on whom the poll-tax was levied, should be without a portion of land, and for this purpose the periodical distribution of the village lands was encouraged. The fisc can only take cognisance of a landless peasantry through some person or association, whom the law can touch, and they are therefore compelled to put themselves in dependence on some one with whom it can deal as answerable for their forthcoming. When in Russia the lord ceased to be responsible for his serfs and they became free men, as regards him, this dependence and liability was transferred to the *Mir* or village community, to which each peasant was bound by the obligation to hold land under it and at its pleasure. Since the abolition of serfdom, the peasant is free to seek work elsewhere; the Slavonic races are migratory, and it is not uncommon to meet men in humble life who have visited remote parts of the Empire. But go where they may, the power of the *Mir* is over them, and cannot be shaken off. It is the guarantee of their liability to the State. It is admitted that the power of the *Mir* over the peasantry has been greatly increased by the act of emancipation.

Mr. Wallace appears to have studied the system of village communities chiefly in the province of Novgorod, where it prevails. But Herr Eckardt states that there are many provinces in Northern Russia, such as Archangel, Olonez, Wologda, Wjatka, and Perm, where neither serfdom nor the concomitant tenure of land were general. In the Northern Dwina private property in land existed from of old, and the system of village communities was first established there by a government circular in the year 1829—a fact which throws light on the nature and utility of the institution for fiscal purposes.

The opinion that the Russian Mir is a real element of self-government by the people is, we believe, equally unfounded. In no country in the world is the entire administration so centralised and so bureaucratic as in Russia. M. Schédo-Ferroti speaks of 188,000 civil officers of the State, who have to interpret and apply to every conceivable relation of life, some 50,000 rules and ordinances, emanating from the supreme power of the Czar. In spite of the increased preponderance of the rural population, the government centres entirely in the towns, which are the seat of official life and power. The peasantry, says Eckardt, are a 'rudis indigestaque moles,' whose leaden weight arrests all progress in the life of the nation. 'As long as the autocratic power exists,' says Mr. Wallace, 'no kind of administration can be exempted from Imperial control.'

It has been asserted that the distribution of land amongst the peasantry and the authority of the village communities are permanent barriers against the revolutionary doctrines which threaten the existence of some other States. In France, we have no doubt that the great subdivision of land is such a barrier, because every man holds his field or his vineyard in fee-simple, and would die to defend his property. The conservative instinct of the country holds in check the revolutionary passions of the great towns. But in Russia, where no property really exists, but merely temporary possession, Herr Eckardt says positively 'the spread of revolutionary ideas in all classes of the Russian nation is an officially recognised fact, which cannot be contested;' and we ourselves have cognisance of a despatch issued by the Minister of the Interior to the Governor of a great province, in which he deplors the frightful extension of the secret revolutionary societies, which permeate the country. Far from believing the social state of Russia based upon these village communities to be more secure than that of the countries where the full rights of private property are recognised and protected by law, there is great reason to believe that this vast Empire contains within it ill-regulated forces and desires, which may lead to violent changes and convulsions. Mr. Wallace has drawn as pleasing a picture as he can of the country and the people amongst whom he has spent some agreeable years. His book has been so generally read that it would be superfluous to load our own pages by quoting the scenes he describes with so much spirit and, we have no doubt, truth. But there is another side to the question, and by way of showing what it is, we shall cite a part of a letter from a Russian country gentleman, published in 1865

by the 'Moscow Gazette,' which was then, and is still, one of the most zealous champions of the national party and of reform.

'I have been spending,' said this writer, 'this last summer in an estate lying to the south-east of Moscow, which I have long known, and with which my own interests are connected. What, then, did I see before my eyes? Universal depression and apathy, reckless living for the present hour, idleness, drunkenness, and thieving. Everything that occurred, whether great or small, to myself or to others, had its source or origin in one of these vices, whose hateful names I have just written down. Apathy was shown in the cessation of all activity, in the extinction of all enterprise. Upon the accomplishment of the great work of emancipation, most of us were deceived by hopes of the advantages attendant on free labour. We planned improvements, we purchased ploughs and agricultural implements. Money enough was spent, but the thing would not go. The low prices of grain, the excessive rate of wages, above all the impossibility of getting free labourers at any price at all, rendered cultivation by day labourers impossible. Soon afterwards wages fell, and the price of grain rose. But husbandry did not pay. Why? because of the dissolute and disorderly conduct of the men. No farmer can be certain that his labourers will not all have gone off the next morning, without feeding the horses and cattle, and without lighting the stoves—gone off, not from any dispute, but just because there is a holiday in the next village, and Wanka says to Fedka, "Come along, old fellow, there is a drop to be had there—let "us be off." The whole pack of them will come back, may be, in three or four days; but in the meantime the stock have died, and the work of the farm has been stopped. . . . On Mondays nobody works at all, either for himself or anyone else. Every saint's day is kept for at least three days. If you hire men by time, you cannot reckon on more than fifteen days work in a month; if by piece-work, it is even worse. What are they all about? Drinking up the money in the brandy-shop; for if you give a man a rouble beforehand, be sure you will never see him again. The sottishness of our peasants has now passed from holidays to working days. They get drunk not only in honour of the saints, but on every possible opportunity.' (*Eckardt*, p. 234.)

To this it must be added that the migratory habits of the male population, leaving the women at home, are the cause of great abuses, and that the worst forms of disease, the result of debauchery, appear by some recent reports to have infected whole provinces of the Empire. Efficient medical advice and remedies are, for the most part, quite unattainable.

Those who vaunt the Russian system on the ground that it excludes competition and presents the most complete picture of protected labour, should remember that no country can withdraw itself from competition in the markets of the world, and that Russia herself is competing and must compete in her chief products with countries, younger but more advanced

than herself, which have the advantage of a far better climate, a richer soil, and above all of free property in land and the full results of free labour. At this moment, the corn of Southern Russia is undersold by the farmers of the United States, and she has to compete at a great disadvantage with California and the valley of the Mississippi. The trade of Russia with England in linseed, which was an export of immense consequence, has been annihilated by the increasing production of oleaginous grains in India and Egypt. The textile fibres of India, especially jute, have also seriously impaired the trade in Russian hemp and flax. The Russian trade in hides and tallow has powerful rivals in the boundless cattle ranges of South America and Australia. And in these countries she is opposed by the ardour and enterprise of the freest and most energetic races of the world. Can Russia support an increasing foreign debt, with decreasing profits of foreign trade? \* Can she even in peace maintain her credit in Europe, let alone the cost of mobilised armies, and wars carried on against wild or impoverished nations, from whom no milliards can be extracted by victory? Mr. Wallace should have endeavoured to answer these questions. The whole structure of Russian society, and the course of her internal and external policy, might be measured by the standard of finance, correctly applied. That alone can give us the secret of her weakness or her strength. Down to the smallest village community and the brandy-shop, it is, as we have seen, the operation of her fiscal system which retains men in shackles and in debauchery; and as if this were not enough to check the progress of a nation, she adds to it the most burdensome military establishment that ever existed. Mr. Wallace lays it down as an axiom that the finances of Russia are sound, though the peasantry are heavily taxed, and the revenue is inelastic. We wish he had favoured us with the ground on which he rests

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\* The official returns of the trade of Russia for 1875, just published, show a decrease of about 50 million roubles in her exports, over the exports of 1874, though an increase on the exports of 1873. The articles which have fallen off are corn, timber, flax, and linseed. The imports of 1875, on the contrary, largely increased, to the amount of about 60 million roubles. The total value of the exports of 1875 was 382,000,000 roubles; and of the imports 534,056,000, leaving an adverse balance of 152,000,000 to be paid in money or bills. As the borrowing power of Russia in foreign countries is for the present exhausted, she will probably be able to spend less in purchases and imports from foreign markets; and must pay for what she wants in her own produce or in gold.

this opinion ; which is, we confess, exactly opposed to that we have been led to form.

We turned with some interest to Mr. Wallace's chapter on what he terms 'the New Law Courts,' by which he means, not any new edifices, but the new system of judicature established in the present reign, which is no doubt an improvement on that which previously existed. But we infer from the loose and inaccurate language in which Mr. Wallace describes legal proceedings, that he has but little acquaintance with the subject. Thus he uses the term 'Court of Revision' instead of the familiar English term 'Court of Review,' and says he can find no better English expression to convey his meaning. It is clear, however, from his account of the matter that justice must be very imperfectly administered in a country where there is no bar, and that the persons who plead before these Courts are ignorant and corrupt. Trial by jury has been introduced, but Mr. Wallace gives an amusing account of the manner in which a jury of Russian peasants takes the proceedings into its own hands, with a total disregard of the rules of evidence and the obligations of law, acquitting or condemning prisoners according to the view they may take of the general merits of each case.

Upon the whole, although we took up this book with great expectations, we have laid it down with considerable disappointment. Much more might have been made of the materials Mr. Wallace has taken pains to collect, part of which he still holds in reserve. The style is diffuse, and the work clumsily put together, with strange digressions, which, though sometimes amusing, are inappropriate. But we think highly of Mr. Wallace's candour and veracity—the more so as his statements of fact frequently destroy the effect of his reasoning and his opinions. In his zeal to study the peculiar condition of the peasantry, he has left untouched the principal elements of the power and policy of the Russian Empire ; and there still remains a wide field for his inquiries and observations before he can claim to have made Russia known to the British public.

ART. IV.—1. *Queen Mary*, a Drama. By ALFRED TENNYSON. London: 1875.

2. *Harold*, a Drama. By ALFRED TENNYSON. London: 1876.

WITHOUT disturbing the repose of the Unities (which are to modern drama what the Orders are to modern architecture), it is certainly not undesirable to recall to readers of the present day the real characteristics implied in the expression ‘dramatic,’ which has suffered a licentious and multifarious usage of late, as if it were a mere synonyme for ‘forcible’ or ‘impassioned.’\* But let it be distinctly recognised that ‘drama’ is an act, a thing *done*—that dramatic poetry is poetry manifested through action, and it is obvious that the application of the epithet to any poetry which does not include the development of an action can only be justifiable in a limited and conventional sense. No doubt, so soon as a poet quits the purely reflective order of poetry for that which consists in the expression, not of his own sentiments, but of those of imaginary characters totally distinct from himself, as in the poems called by Mr. Browning ‘Dramatic Lyrics’—‘so ‘many utterances of so many imaginary persons not mine’—he has made an important step in the direction of dramatic writing; the complete self-effacement of the author being an essential condition of drama. But it is not by the mere collocation, in consecutive scenes, of a set of personages, however characteristically delineated in themselves, that anything worth calling a drama can be realised. No mere combination of ‘life studies’ can make a great picture. We must be able in a drama to distinguish clearly the predominant end of the action, the main-spring which sets it going, and the bearing of the speech and action of the several characters in relation to that main end, or to some minor action which is included in or depends upon the principal one. Without this consistent unity of aim and purpose the best wrought and most spirited delineation of separate characters can only take rank as a series of *tableaux vivants*, or ‘characteristic scenes.’ A composition of such a nature, whether in prose or verse, may have very high

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\* It is even applied to music, and we have ‘dramatic symphonies’ and ‘dramatic concertos;’ a use of the epithet which, if it mean anything, must mean merely what Beethoven intended by such terms as ‘pathétique,’ ‘appassionata,’ &c., affixed to some of his compositions.

literary value,—witness, for example, Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations;' but it is not drama. Nor can these requirements be evaded or relaxed merely on the plea that a drama is intended for private reading, not for the stage. There is no distinction in principle between written and acted drama; the distinction lies in proportion, detail, and mechanism.

To the class of dramas intended for reading only we must refer both the poems before us. 'Queen Mary,' it is true, has been produced on the stage, but only after such adaptation and excision as materially to change the face of the poem, the length of which alone precludes the idea that it was originally meant for the theatre; while in regard to the later drama internal evidence points to the same conclusion. We may therefore dismiss the idea of suitability for the stage in estimating the two dramatic poems before us. It may, in the first instance, however, be of some interest, in considering this new venture of the Poet Laureate, to note whether, and in what degree, his earlier poems gave any indications of dramatic expression. In the earliest volumes this can hardly be said to be perceptible at all. Even the poems in which the element of human feeling is perceptible, belong to the idyllic type, the figures are merely additions to the landscape. But as we follow the poet through his subsequent productions we find distinct indications of an increasing interest in the definition of human character in a manner more or less tinged with dramatic power. It is true that 'Maud,' the poem which, fantastic as it is in design, contains some of the keenest pathos to be found in all Tennyson's works, is completely subjective, in spite of its utterance through the mouth of the principal actor in the story, but Maud herself is a real flesh-and-blood heroine; and in the 'Idylls' the figures of Lancelot, Elaine, Guinevere, and Vivien, stand out with a degree of realism and distinctness which places them in a very different category from the fantastic shadows that hover in the retinue of 'The Princess.' Even in these portraits, however (and still more in some of the later additions to the Arthurian 'Idylls'), there is too much of that spirit of antiquarianism which, in the case of Scott, Carlyle stigmatised as 'the buff-jerkin business,' and which tends to efface the real humanity of the stories, just as the figures in Cattermole's drawings are lost amid old armour and mediæval *bric-à-brac*. It is a welcome contrast to turn to 'Enoch Arden.' In this and its companion poem, 'Aylmer's Field,' a far more steady and concentrated light is thrown upon the personages of the narrative—a more successful effort is made to realise individual character. But even these pieces are surpassed

by the 'Northern Farmer,' a piece of character-painting for which we can hardly find a match in any non-dramatic English poet save Chaucer. That is a typical poem, which can never lose its interest; and in reference to the present subject it is certainly not insignificant.

The nature of the subject chosen is a more important factor in the success or non-success of drama than in most other forms of poetry. We say 'chosen,' since few dramas of the higher order have been written on a completely imaginative basis, and the adoption of historic characters and incidents has been so frequent a resource as to indicate a general persuasion among dramatic poets that their business is not so much invention as the exhibition in action of characters which, when merely read of in history, come home but faintly and partially to our imagination. When the subject chosen is not purely pre-historic or traditional, the relation preserved between the historical facts and the dramatic colouring, as well as the inherent interest of the facts themselves, may have an important influence for or against the success of the poet. The extent of this influence depends of course, in some measure, on the proximity of the date of events, the greater or less fulness of the historic record. When dealing with a period and personages which, however historic, are distant in point of time and imperfectly recorded, the dramatist has almost the free scope of an original inventor, with merely the main lines of his plot or fable laid down for him. The same freedom cannot be attempted in regard to events nearer to the poet's own time, or of which the records are exceptionally full, without leading to such a conflict with known and accepted truths as to produce, instead of a stronger realisation, a disagreeable impression of trick and unreality. As, for instance, in the silly attempt made some little time since to cook the characters of Charles I. and Cromwell, for purposes of stage effect, into what every tolerably instructed schoolboy knew to be an absurd contradiction of historical fact.

Looking at the matter in the first instance from this point of view, it must be confessed that Mr. Tennyson saddled himself with great, perhaps almost insuperable, difficulties in his selection of the subject for his first essay in drama. He adopted a period of English history of peculiar and vivid interest certainly, and to which increased attention has been attracted of late years by the most brilliant and eloquent of contemporary historians. He was thus tied not only to the main incidents but even to the details of history, and compelled to take them as they came, so as not to clash with the



facts which had recently been exhibited in a stronger light than ever to the public. And so far from in any way attempting to mask this paraphrase of history, the poet has emphasised it by implicitly adopting the readings of the historian, not only as to the incidents, but as to the characters and language of the principal personages. The speech of Pole at Whitehall, for instance, and that of Cranmer in St. Mary's Church, are simply versifications (sometimes so close as to be merely the original words cut up into blank verse) of the speeches recorded in contemporary annals; and though it was scarcely possible to treat them otherwise if introduced at all, it may be questioned whether it was worth while to set before the reader so many pages of what he can read elsewhere. The same remark would apply to Mr. Swinburne's 'Bothwell,' which consists of the contemporary records of our Scottish Queen Mary turned into very fine blank verse. The stirring character of the times selected hardly helps the dramatist much, for drama must deal with personal character, not merely with the clash of interests and events considered at large; and though few passages in our history are of more interest than the struggle between intellectual liberty and intolerance in Mary's reign, and though the intermingling of the Spanish empire in the affairs of England gives to the whole a large political significance, yet such conditions are matter for historic and epic rather than dramatic treatment, unless we can find a preeminent and concentrated interest in some of the leading characters in the conflict. But none of the characters in this eventful history (with the exception of Elizabeth, whose place in the poem is necessarily secondary) would have played a great part in the world but for accidents of birth or circumstance. Philip was a dull machine of hereditary tyranny; Cranmer and Pole were weak men, unable to comprehend the whirlwind of conflicting forces in which they were involved, still less to ride upon it and direct it. Mary had, after a fashion, more individuality of character than any of them; but her character was bent, distorted, awry, to an extent which makes the contemplation of it anything but agreeable; nor is there any distinctly predominant motive in the drama—any result towards which it tends—adequate to compel our interest in despite of the unpromising nature of the materials from which it is constructed.

The poem, however, unquestionably opens well. The first scene in a drama should have the effect of at once bringing us *en rapport* with the scene and circumstances in which the action is laid, and in this respect Mr. Tennyson's first scene is so successful and so dramatically suitable as to raise considerable

expectation as to what is to follow. We are in the streets of Aldgate, 'richly decorated,' waiting to see the newly crowned Queen pass in state with her sister Elizabeth. The disturbed state of the times, the nature of the political and theological questions which are being tossed from mouth to mouth, are clearly implied in the uncouth talk of the crowd who have been bidden by the marshalman to shout for Queen Mary, 'the lawful and 'legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth,' and who are puzzled by the hard word 'legitimate,' whether it means 'bastard' or 'true-born,' and appeal to their companion Nokes as to whether Parliament cannot 'make every true man of us 'a bastard:' Nokes being one of the older and more learned heads, having been born 'in the tail end of old Harry the 'Seventh,' 'before bastard-making began,' as he adds with a rather audacious stretch of the privilege of a *laudator temporis acti*. Nokes has no notion of Parliament interfering with his birthright; he can't argue upon it, but 'he and his old woman 'ud burn upon it'—burning being a fashion of the day. The crowd, however, learn of a coming change in some other fashions, in the language in which they are rebuked by the marshalman—'He swears by the Rood! whew!' Most suggestive of all, perhaps, are the short phrases put into the mouth of Old Nokes, the white-headed father, who asks whether it is King Edward or King Richard who is passing, and on catching the name of Mary, falls on his knees, saying, 'the blessed Mary's passing.' The significance of this little incident in carrying us back to the time when the worship of 'the blessed Mary' was the undisturbed religious faith of the land, before all these broils and heresies had entered it, ought not to be overlooked; quietly as it is done, it is an admirable touch; and every word in the scene has reference to the situation.

In a lesser degree the same sort of merit belongs to the third scene, where Father Bourne is addressing the crowd from St. Paul's Cross, and we are introduced to Noailles, the intriguing French ambassador, whose wire-pulling, however, is rather too palpable for probability; and to Courtenay, just liberated from the Tower in honour of Mary's accession, an easy youth in a general flutter of good spirits, and ready to do anything that anybody tells him. His subsequent conversation with Noailles suggests a future complication, and is not otherwise than characteristic; but of the general delineation of Courtenay's character we may say here (as it will not be necessary to return to it) that his folly and 'feather-headedness' seem somewhat overdrawn: he is a puppet who might be described, in Thackeray's phrase, as 'very lively on the wires,' but almost

too silly, in Tennyson's delineation, to have been even temporarily regarded in public opinion as a desirable sharer of the throne.\*

But when (to turn back for a moment) we pass from the first scene to the second, there is a drop indeed. The scene introduces Cranmer, and, considering the space he subsequently occupies in the poem, should be reckoned of some importance. He is discovered reciting to himself a list of bishops who, 'they say,' are flying from their sees, with the conclusion that—

'Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.'

However, at the word 'fly' Peter Martyr, who has evidently been listening at the door for his cue, enters like an echo—'Fly, Cranmer!' and the rest of the scene is taken up by his visitor recounting to him all he has done to bring on him the wrath of Mary, in a manner which can only be defended on the principle laid down in 'The Critic'—'how else are the 'audience to know anything about it?' The one line in the whole of this scene which can be said to have any character about it is Cranmer's last exclamation—

'I thank my God it is too late to fly!'

which is an epitome of Cranmer's mental attitude and temperament, as far as we can gather it from history. His place in the present drama it is not easy to understand. The fourth act is entirely devoted to him, and the scene of, or rather before, his martyrdom, is worked out at greater length than any other point in the piece. But then we hear and see nothing of him in the interim, nor has his history and fate any such necessary connexion with the destiny of Mary as to account for the important place assigned to it. As a martyr he was only one among many, and it cannot be said that his execution operated specially, more than any other, in bringing about that popular hatred against the Queen which is one of the leading elements in her misery and downfall in the fifth act. The link between his fortunes and those of the Queen lies in the fact that he was the abettor of her mother's divorce. This, which after all is a connexion only *a parte ante*, appears to be in the poet's

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\* In Sir Aubrey De Vere's 'Mary Tudor' (a drama which may in some points compare, not without interest, and not disadvantageously, with the work of the later and greater poet), Courtenay is represented as not so much a fool as a careless glibbing man of the world, indifferent and audacious; which is perhaps historically an error on the other side, though on the whole more dramatically effective.

mind, but the hints of it have to be looked for rather carefully; they are at all events not worked up into such dramatic sequence of cause and effect as would be requisite to bind the whole together, and to make the extended representation of Cranmer's end anything more than an excrescence.

In the fourth scene we have the first entry of the Queen on the stage, and this is well and significantly managed. Her single sentence, as she appears ominously at the back of the scene while Courtenay is lightly blabbing his schemes to Elizabeth—

‘Whispering—leagued together  
To bar me from my Philip’—

at once indicates Mary's position and the motive which the poet, not without good warrant from history, has made the mainspring of her action in this portion of the drama; and the very manner of her introduction, the stealthy watchfulness of one whose mind is set upon something which she knows those around her are adverse to, which she dreads to see snatched from her, is indicative of what is to come. The previous part of the scene, too, follows naturally from the temptation of Courtenay by Noailles in the previous scene, and assists in placing before us some of the obstacles to Mary's wishes. We are introduced in this conversation to Elizabeth, of whom more anon, for we must pass on now to Scene V., in which the heroine of the piece is delineated more at length. This scene, which is of some extent, leads us up by natural and consistent steps to the climax of the first act, the formal acceptance of Philip by the Council as the husband of Mary. In the first conversation of the Queen with her lady-in-waiting Alice (a pert little woman whose tongue comes in with good effect of contrast in several side-scenes of the drama), part of the secret of the bitterness of Mary's temperament is indicated in her sudden reflection, suggested by a reference to her mother's fate :—

‘Cast off, betrayed, defamed, divorced, forlorn!’

with the obvious though unexpressed thought of its result upon her own fortunes; and her feeling on this point is unconsciously blended with her zeal against heretics, in a manner very true to human nature. But the mention of Lady Jane's heresy leads her back by a short cut to the subject next her heart, Philip; and there is much in the passage of soliloquy that follows which is graphically indicative of the character of the speaker, as she turns from the actual bitterness of her isolated situation to the dream of a noble destiny with the

husband who is transfigured in her hysterical imagination into an apostle of the Church of the future. In strong contrast to this dream comes the shrewd counsel of Gardiner, not to offend the nation whom her policy has disposed, so far, to love her, and his still more unwelcome unfolding of Philip's private character:—

‘ Oh, Madam, take it bluntly ; marry Philip,  
And be step-mother of a score of sons !  
The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha ! ’

a piece of news which is wormwood to the prematurely old devotee, and upon which she harps during the next two interviews with the French and Spanish ambassadors respectively, getting a confirmation of the truth from the first (since it is his interest to disgust her with Philip), and an easy sanctimonious lie from the second :—

‘ Yea, by Heaven  
The text—your Highness knows it, “ whosoever  
Looketh after a woman,” would not graze  
The Prince of Spain. You are happy in him there,  
Chaste as your Grace.

*Mary.*

I am happy in him there.’

The expression of Renard is historical ; but more might have been made out of the two ambassadors, more opportunity taken for the display of intellectual acuteness of word-fencing ; for Renard especially the cards are too completely packed ; his lies, like Bardolph's thefts, are too open, and could not have so imposed upon Mary unless we are to regard her as a perfect fool : and perfect folly—unless it be the folly of a great intellect overturned—is but a sorry spectacle to contemplate in a personage occupying a high place in such a tragedy. Even the state of mental excitement into which the Queen has worked herself up at Philip's coming, exclaiming, with a real grandeur of imagery—

‘ Let the great angel of the church come with him,  
Stand on the deck and spread his wings for sail ! ’

can hardly explain her so easily accepting Renard's glib assurances, though it prepares us for the painful emotion she is made to exhibit when, hard upon the announcement that the Council are sitting, Renard re-enters with the actual formal offer from Philip, and the Queen ‘ all trembling ’ (as her lady-in-waiting remarks), goes to learn her fate, while Renard and Alice keep up a light conversation very characteristic and well-contrasted under the circumstances, till Mary returns, only able in her agitation to gasp out, in reply to Renard's

question, 'Ay! my Philip is all mine!' before she sinks fainting into a chair. We take this to be, as a whole, the best constructed scene in the play, though in others there are special points more strikingly put. All the speeches that are exchanged have a reason, a direct reference to the course of events which we are to anticipate, and there is real and concentrated pathos in the conclusion.

We must pass more briefly over the rest of the poem, noting by the way what there is either of dramatic force or of special character-painting in it. The second act is occupied with Wyatt's rising, a species of action always difficult to deal with dramatically, though a skirmish may be better managed in the written than in the acted drama. But this act includes also what is unquestionably the most spirited and queen-like episode of Mary's monarchical career, her courageous appearance and speech at the Guildhall. Her speech is to a considerable extent versified history, not too brilliantly worded, but in the main dignified, and containing an occasional line marked by weight and force of expression, amid the rather slack movement of some part of the verse. The effect of her speech and manner is happily indicated in the words of a bystander:—

'Did you mark our Queen?

The colour freely played into her face,  
And the half-sight which makes her look so stern,  
Seemed through that dim dilated world of hers  
To read our faces; I have never seen her  
So queenly and so goodly.'

Thomas White, the confident and braggart Lord Mayor, is a sketch of some spirit, though overdrawn: and here ends what we can say for the second act, the rest of which is so rambling and vague in its aims, as to be quite beside the purpose of drama.

The last act closed with Mary's exclamation of triumph—

'My foes are at my feet, and Philip King:'

but the real climax upon which Mary's feelings were set, the arrival of Philip, and the marriage ceremony in the long aisles of Winchester, is omitted in the poem, and now we jump to their triumphal entry into London. It seems extraordinary that Mr. Tennyson should have passed over a scene so pregnant with pathetic elements as that when the cold, selfish, scheming bridegroom and the anxious, worn, and but too eager bride first saw each other face to face; led up to as it was, moreover, by so sinister a prelude. The landing of Philip

at Southampton amidst the people whom he despised and who detested him with the force of abhorrence; the embarrassed efforts of the English suite to show something like a cheerful courtesy, befitting the occasion, to their haughty guests, through the interposed barrier of a language imperfectly understood (if at all), and of customs and habits of thought utterly alien; the setting out of the cavalcade on that stormy July day for their ride to Winchester in the pitiless weather; the arrival of Philip at his quarters at the Deanery—but here we will let the historian comment on the incident which the poet has left untouched:—

‘The Queen was at the bishop’s palace, but a few hundred yards distant. Philip, doubtless, could have endured the postponement of an interview till morning; but Mary would not wait, and the same night he was conducted into the presence of his haggard bride, who now, after a life of misery, believed herself at the open gate of Paradise. Let the curtain fall over the meeting; let it close also over the wedding solemnities which followed with due splendour two days later. There are scenes in life which we regard with pity too deep for words. The unhappy Queen, unloved, unlovable, yet with her parched heart thirsting for affection, was flinging herself upon a breast to which an iceberg was warm; upon a man to whom love was an unmeaning word, except as the most brutal of passions. For a few months she created for herself an atmosphere of incredulity. She saw in Philip the ideal of her imagination, and in Philip’s feelings the reflex of her own; but the dream passed away—her love for her husband remained, but remained only to be a torture to her. With a broken spirit and bewildered understanding, she turned to Heaven for comfort, and instead of Heaven, she saw only the false roof of her creed painted to imitate and shut out the sky.’\*

The historian was compelled, no doubt, to draw a veil over a meeting of which he could have little or no record, but the dramatist has different privileges; and surely in omitting this first meeting (unless, indeed, he feared to cope with it), Mr. Tennyson has thrown away the opportunity for a scene of singular interest.†

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\* Froude’s *History of England*, vol. vi. p. 237.

† The portrait of Mary by Lucas de Heere, dated 1554, now belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, and recently exhibited at Burlington House, was perhaps painted at this time. Its decorative effect, with the rich minutely-painted dress sown with pearls, seen against a background of velvet or silk, is remarkable; but equal, and even what might be called cruel fidelity, has been extended to the painting of the features. We see Mary here as Philip saw her at Winchester on the occasion described, with bloodless angular face, hard eyes, thin compressed lips—a face as little attractive as can well be imagined, but by

With the first scene of the third act we are again in versified history; Sir Ralph Bagenhall (a terrible fellow to talk) and Stafford forming a kind of chorus to describe all that has happened, is happening, and may possibly happen; but anything heavier and more purposeless than this dialogue (varied only by the more spirited altercation between Gardiner and the Protestant bystander) could hardly be conceived. If there were to be any important action following upon the confession at last extorted from Bagenhall, 'I think I should fight then' (i.e. if Philip invaded England), there might be a *locus standi* for the conversation, though it would be disproportionately long for the purpose; but as nothing of the kind is to occur, the whole scene is the most absolute throwing away of time and talk. Stafford, too, who has the last word, goes off, as it were, touching his sword-hilt and saying, 'you'll hear of me again,' as if he were to do some great thing; but all we hear of him is just the passing reference in Act V. to his flash-in-the-pan 'invasion' from France with a handful of men, which comes too late to have the remotest influence on the close of the drama. The introduction of Pole on the stage was inevitable, but he does little more than recite speeches which are more or less paraphrases of historic reports; his flowery manner and excessive love of applying scriptural imagery to himself and those favourable to the Papal cause are happily hit off. Possibly it may be said that Pole's appearance, and the extensive part he plays in this act, as the ambassador of the true Church, are prelude to the death of Cranmer in the next act; but in fact the connexion between the two events is of the slightest, and Cranmer would equally have suffered had Pole been at the antipodes. But the second scene contains what is perhaps the central incident in the personal life of the Queen, her delusive idea that she has immediate promise of an heir, whom in her fanatical fantasy she exalts into a second Deliverer of the Nations. It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the soliloquy in which she gives expression to her wild hopes: it has been repeatedly quoted, and deservedly for its concentrated and passionate expression, with which is artfully contrasted the cold politic talk of Philip, who enters immediately after with Alva. Considerations of modern etiquette necessitated, or were supposed to necessitate, the elision of this passage from

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no means without definite and strongly marked character. The portrait of the Queen by Sir Anthony More, a work of still greater power, was probably sent to Philip before the marriage, and is still in the Royal Gallery at Madrid.



the acted form of the play; we know not whether the same feeling precluded any reference in the poem to an incident which Shakspeare certainly would not have let pass. On the occasion when Pole made his unofficial exhortation to Parliament at Whitehall,\* it was observed (*teste* a contemporary diary in the Harleian MSS., quoted by Mr. Froude) that the Queen was splendidly dressed, and that 'she threw out her person so 'as to make her supposed condition as conspicuous as possible.' All the circumstances considered, there is something in the miserable and grotesque pathos of this homely incident more touching, and more significant of the mental condition of the unfortunate queen, than any speech in the poem conveys to us.

At the close of the third scene we have at least the satisfaction of seeing Sir Ralph Bagenhall carried off to the Tower. It is true that we hear of him at large again, a scene or two further on, upon the solicitation of some indiscreet friend; but his temporary incarceration seems to have taught him the wisdom of holding his tongue, and we are rid of his moralising for the rest of the play. Vague and rambling as the third act is, however, so far as dramatic motive is considered, it is redeemed here and there by the manner in which the salient points in the character of some of the principal personages are illustrated. In his indications, so far as they go, of the character and manner of Elizabeth, we think the poet has been very successful, and has in more than one passage contrived, with no appearance of effort, to paint the princess very characteristically in a few words. Her conversation with Courtenay in the first act is spirited and pointed; and both in this and in the scene in the third act there is much in the temper and manner of her remarks and repartees which figures to us very well the self-reliant and high-spirited girl, conscious, amid all her anxieties, of a certain power to stand alone and to pay her adversaries back in their own coin, and with that lightness of heart and even levity of manner under trying circumstances, which Emerson has so finely noted as the mark of a truly heroic spirit.† Not that we care much for Elizabeth's reflections

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\* Pole's official address to the Parliament was on November 30, 1555; his previous unofficial exhortation, or 'feeler,' on the 28th: the address as given in Mr. Tennyson's drama is a combination of portions of the two.

† 'But that which takes my fancy most in the heroic class is the good 'humour and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common 'duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But 'these rare souls set opinion, success, and life at so cheap a rate, that 'they will not soothe their enemies by petitions or the show of sorrow,

anent Robin and the milk-maid, still less for the rustic idyll which prompts it. It may be that our taste has become artificial, but we confess that the sweet bucolic charm which others find in this kissing and cuffing ditty is lost upon us. But the little scene between Elizabeth and her jailor is characteristic, where Sir Henry Bedingsfield, entering with a letter, hints that if he is a jailor he is a protector also :—

*‘Elizabeth.* I thank you heartily sir,  
But I am royal, though a prisoner,  
And God hath blessed or cursed me with a nose—  
Your boots are from the horses.

*Bedingsfield.* Ay my lady,  
When next there comes a missive from the Queen,  
It shall be all my study for one hour  
To rose and lavender my horsiness,  
Before I dare to glance upon your Grace.

*Elizabeth.* A missive from the Queen : last time she wrote,  
I had like to have lost my life : it takes my breath :  
O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,  
*Are you so small a man ?* Help me ; what think you,  
Is it life or death ? ’

But after the letter is opened, which informs her that she is to marry Philibert of Savoy, her commentary indicates that she is well able to help herself ; the whole of this portion of the scene is good, though a little too quiet. This sketch of the young Elizabeth should be compared with that given by Landor in the ‘*Imaginary Conversations*’ (‘*Princess Mary and Princess ‘Elizabeth*’); Landor’s Elizabeth is much more coarse and downright in her expressions ; and so far, probably, much nearer reality. The delineation of Gardiner in the drama is marked, amidst much wordiness, by characteristic touches, founded indeed upon the manner of Shakspeare’s Gardiner, but not without original force ; and there are noticeable points of poetic imagery, too, among Pole’s ‘*tropes*.’ But where Mr. Tennyson has been most successful in the way of character-painting (apart from the principal character) is in his portrait, in some scenes in this act, of Philip, whose imperturbable indifference to everything save his own ends, which, repulsive as it is, is the one feature in his character for which it is pos-

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‘but wear their own habitual greatness. . . . Sport is the bloom and ‘glow of a perfect health. The great will not condescend to take anything seriously ; all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it ‘were the building of cities or the eradication of old and foolish churches ‘and nations, which have cumbered the earth long thousands of years.’ (Emerson, *Essay on Heroism*.)

sible to feel a certain sort of respect, is conveyed in a manner carefully finished yet without exaggeration. This latter merit may be better appreciated if this portrait of Philip be compared with some other attempts; with Sir Aubrey De Vere's, for instance, who makes the 'prudent monarch' storm at his queen in most approved Billingsgate, or exclaim 'S'death, 'I could stab the knave!' on hearing of some insult against the throne. We call attention to one or two passages, because this point in the poem has scarcely had justice done to it. The slow revolving in his august mind of the idea that he—he, Philip of Spain, may in a certain sense be implicated in the ridicule which is beginning to attach to the Queen's delusion about her situation is very well given:—

'But, Renard, I am sicker staying here  
Than any sea would make me passing hence,  
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea.  
So sick am I with biding for this child.  
Is it the fashion in this clime for women  
To go twelve months in bearing of a child?  
The nurses yawned, the cradle gaped, they led  
Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd their bells,  
Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests  
Have preached, the fools, of this fair prince to come,  
Till, by St. James, I find myself the fool.  
Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

*Renard.* I never saw your Highness moved till now.'

Renard, who has seen the Queen enter and noted the expression of her face, a few lines further on, begs leave to say a word of advice in a loyal spirit, as touching the excuse which his master's conduct gives for the current supposition that he has 'wearied of his barren bride:—

'Sire, I would have you—  
What should I say, I cannot pick my words—  
Be somewhat less—majestic to your Queen.

*Philip.* Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard,  
Because these islanders are brutal beasts?  
Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,  
And warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?

*Renard.* Brief-sighted though they be, I have seen them,  
Sire,

When you, perchance, were trifling royally  
With some fair dame of court, suddenly fill  
With such fierce fire—had it been fire indeed,  
It would have burnt both speakers.

*Philip.* Ay, and then?

*Renard.* Sire, might it not be policy in some matter  
Of small importance now and then to cede  
A point to her demand?

*Philip.* Well, I am going.

*Renard.* For should her love, when you are gone, my liege—

Witness these papers, there will not be wanting  
Those that will urge her injury—should her love—  
And I have known such women more than one—  
Veer to the counter-point, and jealousy  
Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse  
Almost into one metal love and hate,—  
And she impress her wrongs upon her Council,  
And these again upon her Parliament—  
We are not loved here, and would be then, perhaps,  
Not so well holpen in our wars with France,  
As else we might be—here she comes.

(*Enter Mary.*)

*Mary.* O Philip !

Nay, must you go indeed ?

*Philip.* Madam, I must.

*Mary.* The parting of a husband and a wife  
Is like the cleaving of a heart ; one half  
Will flutter here, one there.

*Philip.* You say true, Madam.'

This is very good ; not least so the quick eager suggestions, stated in a half-whisper as we may fancy, of the politic Renard, and the cold calculating anti-climax he drops into. At the close of the scene, the Queen is forced to learn that she has no power to detain her husband, and solicits the privilege of accompanying him as far as her failing strength will permit :—

*Mary.* I will go to Greenwich,

So you will have me with you ; and there watch  
All that is gracious in the breath of heaven  
Draw with your sails from our poor land, and pass  
And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for you.

*Philip.* And doubtless I shall profit by your prayers.

*Mary.* Methinks that would you tarry one day more  
(The news was sudden), I could mould myself  
To bear your going better ; will you do it ?

*Philip.* Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

*Mary.* A day may save a heart from breaking too.

*Philip.* Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day ?

*Renard.* Your Grace's business will not suffer, Sire,  
For one day more, so far as I can tell.

*Philip.* Then one day more to please her majesty.

*Mary.* The sunshine sweeps across my life again.  
O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,  
As I do !

*Philip.* By St. James I do protest,  
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,

I am vastly grieved to leave your majesty.  
Simon, is supper ready ?'

The last transition may be thought too commonplace an indication of heartlessness, but it is entirely in keeping with the character of a prince who is said to have numbered among his serene pleasures a keen appreciation of fat bacon.

Of the fourth act, of which Cranmer is the hero, little can be said, except that the historic account of that memorable speech of recantation in St. Mary's Church is closely followed, and little or no attempt made to interfere with its effect by any poetic dressing up of the words there spoken by a man in all the agony of a mind strung up to an heroic pitch, foreign to its native character, by force of circumstances and the stress of a final victory of conscience and honour over natural weakness and irresolution. Even in the very few noticeable deviations from the contemporary account of Cranmer's words, it is a question whether the original expression is not weakened. Cranmer's simple sentence, 'although my sins be great, yet is thy mercy greater,' is hardly improved by the 'incalculable, unpardonable,' of the poet, besides that the last word contradicts in terms the conclusion of the sentence. One expression, however, which is, we believe, the poet's own, in reference to—

'this bubble world,  
Whose colours in a moment break and fly,'

is very beautiful—a typical line, not unlikely to be remembered, even as Pole is made to recall it, with a 'why, who said that?' in the scene where his high-blown schemes have burst under him. There is also a passage of real pathos in the soliloquy of Cranmer in his cell, after Villa Garcia has departed, deceitfully bidding him 'have good hopes of mercy : '—

'Good hopes, not theirs, have I that I am fixt,  
Fixt beyond fall ; however, in strange hours,  
After the long brain-dazing colloquies,  
And thousand times recurring argument  
Of those two friars ever in my prison,  
When left alone in my despondency,  
Without a friend, a book, my faith would seem  
Dead or half drowned, or else swam heavily  
Against the huge corruptions of the Church,  
Monitors of mis-tradition, old enough  
To scare me into dreaming, "what am I  
Cranmer, against whole ages ?"'

The significance and pathos of this can only be rightly estimated by those who can see such a history not from the point

of view of our day, but from that of the day in which it occurred; who know that such obstinate questionings between individual conviction and traditional beliefs are a continual heritage of earnest and devout souls in all times of change; that the intensity of the mental struggle which accompanies them is not to be lightly estimated by us who have long passed that turning-point. That we should realise sharply the actual state of things at that time the poet has obviously intended; he has taken double care of that, by his introduction of the two old country wives, disputing about the merits of their cattle, and introducing the burning as an equally everyday matter—‘a-burnin’ and a-burnin’, and a-makin’ o’ volk ‘madder and madder’—followed by the description of the scene by the spectator who had seen Cranmer stand ‘like a ‘statue,’

‘Unmoving in the greatness of the flame.’

All this is not drama, certainly; but it is noble poetry, warm with the perennial interest that attaches to scenes of heroism and self-sacrifice in a great cause.

In the last act the hapless Mary, hapless yet hated, and to say truth hateful, descends ‘the downward slope to death.’ One bitterness treads on the heels of another, and each leads more or less inevitably to the end which is now seen to be impending. Philip has put off even his dull pretence of regard, and, before his departure for the last time, begins to speculate (as it is pretty well believed he did speculate) on the possibility of betrothing Elizabeth, at no very distant period, to himself instead of to Philibert of Savoy. He is minded in the meantime at least to get away from a wife and a country alike irksome to him; but he will stay a little, on the chance, which events seem to point to, of a war between England and France. ‘Also, ‘Sire,’ says Renard,

‘Might I not say—to please your wife, the Queen?

*Philip.* Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so.’

With the next scene come the fantastic lamentations of Pole over his disgrace with the Pope; and close upon that follows the loss of Calais. The song ‘low, lute, low,’ which the Queen is made to sing, has the old sweetness of Mr. Tennyson’s lyrics, recalling the exquisite little interludes in ‘The ‘Princess,’ though we confess we can hardly fancy Mary singing it. But there is a touch of natural and wild pathos in the Queen’s cry of anguish that follows it, as she sinks on to the floor:—

‘ A low voice  
 Lost in a wilderness where none can hear !  
 A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea !  
 A low voice from the dust and from the grave.’

Her trance is broken by the announcement of Count Feria, and she almost leaps into her chair of state to welcome him as Philip’s envoy should be welcomed ; vainly, for he has no greeting from her lord to her, and she is stung into retort—

‘ Tell him at last I know his love is dead,  
 And that I am in state to bring forth death ’—

in reference to her former fondly-cherished delusion. There are passages in the fifth and last scene of sharp pathos. The Queen is pacing up and down the gallery, ever and anon coming to the table and writing, watched by her tearful attendants :—

‘ *Lady Clarence.* Mine eyes are dim : what hath she written ? read.

*Alice.* “ I am dying, Philip ; come to me ? ”

*Lady Magdalen.* There—up and down, poor lady, up and down.

*Alice.* And how her shadow crosses one by one  
 The moonlight casement patterned on the wall,  
 Following her like her sorrow.’

Lady Clarence points to the picture of Philip, his hand upon his helmet, in the manner so familiar to us in the portraits of Titian and Morone. ‘ Doth he not look noble ? ’ says the Queen :—

‘ I heard of him in battle over seas,  
 And I would have my warrior all in arms.  
 He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted  
 Before the Queen. He had his gracious moment,  
 Although you’ll not believe me.’

The climax of her anguish comes when she asks Lady Clarence what is that strange thing called happiness, and the lady, as a diversion, begins to tell, in a very sweetly written passage, of the moment when she knew herself beloved ; the recital of a bliss to which she had aspired and which had never been hers stings the poor Queen to madness ; the sudden revulsion is almost startling :—

‘ *Lady Clarence.* It was May time,  
 And I was walking with the man I loved.  
 I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.  
 And both were silent, letting the wild brook  
 Speak for us—till he stooped and gather’d one  
 From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,  
 Looked hard and sweet at me, and gave it me ;

I took it, though I did not know I took it,  
And put it in my bosom, and all at once,  
I felt his arms about me, and his lips——

*Mary.* O God ! I have been too slack, too slack ;  
There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards—  
Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt  
The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.  
Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath,—  
We have so played the coward ; but, by God's grace,  
We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up  
The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,  
And burn the tares with unquenchable fire !  
Burn !'

Her mood rises into absolute insanity, till, in her paroxysm, she cuts out from its frame the picture of Philip :—

' This Philip shall not  
Stare in upon me in my haggardness ;  
Old, miserable, diseased,  
Incapable of children.'

And then comes the inevitable revulsion, and, refusing to see Elizabeth for whom she had sent, she goes out slowly on Lady Clarence's arm, her last uttered thoughts running on that ' Saint of Aragon,' upon whom almost her first speech in the drama turns ; a coincidence of course not accidental. We hear of her death, and witness the acknowledgment of her sister as Queen ; the irrepressible Bagenhall getting in his word almost at the last, in a sort of ' view-halloa ' for Elizabeth and Protestantism.

No one, we think, who had followed the poem carefully from the commencement, would read this closing scene without being deeply touched by it. In the picture it presents of Mary, at once forlorn, dejected, passionate, and fanatical, we recognise what is true both to human nature and to the probabilities of history, and what is obviously the offspring of the genuine and sympathetic emotion of the poet. The character exhibits that disastrous combination of strong cravings with a weak judgment and a vacillating mind, which almost inevitably leads its possessor to grief and disappointment ; a mind halting between two extremes, and strong enough neither for the one part nor for the other ; a naturally suspicious temper, hardened and embittered against all who deny her shibboleth, yet still retaining the desire to have one place of repose for her affections ; a desire cherished and exaggerated the rather that her premature age and lack of personal charms caused her perpetual gnawing anxiety as to the possibility of attaining and



keeping this blessing for herself. Contemptible as the character is intellectually, it is, as portrayed in this work, by no means devoid of human interest; and we may say that the poet has not ill repaid the debt which he undoubtedly owes to the historian. Yet, on the other hand, it must be said that the pathos of the character, keen as it is at times, is of but an ignoble stamp; and perhaps the very realism which gives the edge to some of the salient passages is a drawback to the dramatic effect of the whole, forcing the details of the picture disproportionately on our notice, in default of such broad and comprehensive painting as might have given to the principal figure a sort of dignity, even of a sinister kind, such as we demand in a serious drama. For drama after all is art, not nature, and power of mere realism is not the highest qualification, whether on the part of author or actor. This, however, is the kind of merit which 'Queen Mary' exhibits; notably in the principal character, and to a great extent, as we have observed, in several of the others. The weakness of the poem as a drama lies not in the want of reality in the characters taken separately, but in the want of intelligibly developed action and of the subordination of the whole to a unity of scheme and purpose. Characters which are second-rate and third-rate in their interest and in their position in the story, make utterly disproportionate claims on our attention. Long conversations take place which have no influence on the action of the principal characters, and lead to no result; and in many scenes the poet seems quite uncertain of his own aim, and only desirous that his characters shall each have their talk, and shall talk characteristically. It has been suggested by some injudicious and enthusiastic admirers of our Laureate that this work 'will compare 'with more than advantage with Shakspeare's "Henry VIII." ' 'Henry VIII.,' though neither one of the strongest (except in the part of Katharine) nor one of the most concentrated of Shakspeare's plays, has a definite action and purpose to which it is limited, and is not a mere succession of scenes taking place during his reign. The subject of the play is the divorce of Katharine and the re-marriage of the King, and when the climax of the result is reached in the birth of a princess of whom great things are prophesied, the play comes naturally to an end because the result of the action is fulfilled. But the drama of 'Queen Mary' has no climax, and aims at no result. It comes to an end, because it is called 'Queen Mary,' and when she is dead it must therefore stop; otherwise there is really no reason in the nature of the plot and action why the same kind of succession of scenes and conversations should not

go on through Elizabeth's reign, and the play be called 'Mary and Elizabeth,' and so on *ad infinitum*. That the poem exhibits no little pathos and power of indicating character in certain scenes, is unquestionable; but that it should be spoken of as a model of dramatic force only shows what contemporary dramatic criticism has come to.

'Harold' is a work of which it is much easier to estimate both the merits and the demerits, each of which, we may observe, are in such curious contrast to those of its predecessor that one is almost tempted to think the poet has been experimenting upon his public, desirous of ascertaining which of two very opposed forms of dramatic poem meet with most of their approval. The contrast extends even to the nature of the subjects chosen, and their relation to poetry. The subject of 'Queen Mary' is eminently historic; the life of 'Harold' is, for the purposes of the dramatist, in a great measure prehistoric. The character of Mary, at the best, is but weak and ignoble; that of Harold, the very reverse. The period of Mary's reign is interesting, more on account of the great elements that were in opposition than from the personal character of the most prominent actors; that of 'Harold' includes events as vitally interesting in themselves, with the additional advantage for the dramatist that they can be traced to the direct personal influence of men, whose sway over the times arose more from the force of their individual character than from the accident of their position. The construction of 'Harold' is perfectly logical, and the action continuous and connected from beginning to end. Recognising the fact that this second drama has all these advantages over the first, it may seem matter no less for surprise than for regret that we should feel compelled to consider the result as unsuccessful.

The causes of this failure are not without significance in reference both to the subject of dramatic art generally, and to the mental attitude of the poet in relation to his subject. We have noted the remarkable contrast which this drama presents to its predecessor in several points. We have only to pursue the contrast one step further to arrive at the direct cause of the failure of interest in 'Harold.' Whilst, as we have seen, the principal characters in 'Mary' have their characteristics of thought and manner and language more or less clearly discriminated, this discrimination is almost entirely wanting in 'Harold.' The manner of the various speakers is one and the same: of no character can we say, 'Thy speech bewrayeth thee;' for they all, if we may so express it, speak Tennysonian. Why, however, this should be so; why a poet who, in dealing with a not

very promising subject, could show keen pathos and considerable brilliancy and point in the delineation of personal manner, should appear to lose his capacity entirely in dealing with a subject of more dramatic promise, it is not at first sight very easy to understand.

What we believe to be the principal explanation is connected partly with one of the great qualities which have given Mr. Tennyson's poetry such a hold over the sympathies of his contemporaries in England. None of our poets has ever been so intensely English as he. Throughout his poems of all classes, and during the whole of his long career, breathes the love of English landscape, of English social manners and feeling in its best modern aspect. The love of country is displayed in an earnest interest in her past and her possible future, hardly to be found in the tone and feeling of any other poet of our land. The result is that in dealing with this great struggle between two races for supremacy in our island, he is so intensely interested in the facts and in their bearing on England that his interest in the personages becomes quite secondary. His manner of looking at the subject is epic rather than dramatic. The history of William and Harold is not to him the history of the play and contrast of two characters one against another; it is the contest between Norman and Saxon, and its results upon English history. The self-effacement essential to dramatic writing is almost forgotten, and the poem is pervaded by a fatal self-consciousness. A curious instance of this is to be noticed in the fact that Harold, in his social and theological opinions, is simply a disciple of the modern Broad Church school. What are we to say on finding the chieftain of those battle-axe times giving vent to his feelings in this fashion:—

‘Oh God! I cannot help it, but at times  
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths  
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye  
Saw them sufficient.’

While his sentiments in regard to his love for Edith, and the asceticism urged upon him by King Edward, betray the kind of feeling on such subjects expressed in ‘Yeast,’ and other works of Mr. Charles Kingsley. It is still more interesting to find that at that early period he was a sound Protestant, and before the battle of Senlac he leaves to England

‘My legacy of war against the Pope  
From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,  
Till the sea wash her level with the shores,  
Or till the Pope be Christ’s.’

We should have expected to find these lines in 'Queen Mary' rather than in 'Harold;' but 'all's one for that.'

The poem being yet young from the press, some sketch of its general purport may be looked for at our hands; and we shall gladly touch upon some of the points of interest in regard to thought and expression, in which nothing from the pen of Mr. Tennyson can be wanting. Like its predecessor, the drama opens well; that is, the opening scene is significant of the time and circumstances, and affords a natural opportunity for hinting at the future action. The scene is a room in the king's palace in London; through the open window is seen the comet which occasioned so much consternation at the time, and to which the courtiers are pointing with gestures of fear such as may still be seen rudely represented on the Bayeux tapestry.\* Aldwyth and her brother Morcar are the prominent speakers at first. Aldwyth, the daughter of Alfgar of Mercia, and widow of Griffyth, King of Wales (who was conquered and slain by Harold), is an important personage in the drama, and is the most dramatically conceived and portrayed of any of the characters. She is a cold-hearted, strong-minded adventuress, with a newly-conceived love for the conqueror of her husband, or for his probable position as future king. Enter by turns Leofwin and Gurth, two of Harold's brethren, the Normanising Bishop of London, and Stigand, the uncanonical archbishop, who is represented as the model broad churchman of the period. Mr. Freeman, in his 'History of the Norman Conquest,' characterises Stigand as being 'unquestionably the first man of the day in England,' and Mr. Tennyson professes to follow Mr. Freeman; but we can see no evidence of greatness in his Stigand, who is merely a sensible, good-natured old fellow. Harold, who subsequently enters, is obviously posed as a contrasting figure to Edward, whose sentiments here and in other scenes are completely in keeping with Mr. Freeman's description of him as one who 'never rose above a monk's selfish anxiety for the safety of his own soul.' He has 'lived a life of utter purity,' built the great church of Holy Peter, and it is well with him—he sees the flashing of the gates of pearl:—

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\* The poet tells us in his preface, what indeed is sufficiently obvious, that the Bayeux tapestry played a part in the foundation of the poem, some portions of which gain additional reality by comparison with this venerable and authentic pictorial record. The most accessible copy of this curious work is the fac-simile (reproduced by the aid of photography) in the architectural court of the South Kensington Museum.

‘ But after I am gone  
 Woe, woe to England ! I have had a vision ;  
 The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus  
 Have turned from left to right.  
*Harold.* My most dear Master,  
 What matters ? Let them turn from right to left  
 And sleep again.

The general conversation serves to indicate the character of the brothers, though we learn it more by what they say of each other than of what each himself says : the main point is the fact that Tostig, the hot-tempered one of the family, is always in difficulties in his earldom of Northumberland, owing chiefly to his own overbearing rule. Upon the disturbances in Northumberland, which in the latter part of the poem demand Harold's presence there, turns in great measure the crisis of Harold's history. Aldwyth, when the brothers retire, has already nearly settled her plan for hastening the downfall of Tostig, which she sees to be inevitable, finding a tool in Gamel, son of Orm, a fat fool whom she puts upon stirring up Tostig's people against him, and who eventually gets slain by Tostig when in Northumberland for this purpose ; being a sort of fellow, like Lampe the hare, only born to be made use of first and eaten afterwards. Her plan is divulged to us more fully at the close of the next scene ; and part of her soliloquy may be quoted as one of the best pieces of character in the poem, and serving at the same time to explain a good deal of the plan of the action :—

‘ I love him, or I think I love him.  
 If he were king of England, I his queen,  
 I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love him.  
 She must be cloistered somehow, lest the king  
 Should yield his ward to Harold's will : What harm ?  
 She hath but blood enough to live, not love.—  
 When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I play  
 The craftier Tostig with him ? fawn upon him ?  
 Chime in with all ? “ O thou more saint than king ? ”  
 And that were true enough. “ O blessed relics ! ”  
 “ O Holy Peter ! ” If he found me thus,  
 Harold might hate me ; he is broad and honest,  
 Breathing an easy gladness . . . not like Aldwyth . . .  
 For which I strangely love him. Should not England  
 Love Aldwyth if she stay the feuds that part  
 The sons of Godwin from the sons of Alfgar  
 By such a marrying ? Courage, noble Aldwyth,  
 Let all thy people bless thee !

. . . . .

I see the goal and half the way to it.  
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake  
Of England's wholeness—so—to shake the North  
With earthquake and disruption—some division—  
Then fling mine own fair person in the gap  
A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,  
A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of both  
The houses on mine head—then a fair life,  
And bless the Queen of England.'

The 'she' who is to be 'cloistered' is Edith, whom we meet in the earlier part of the scene. The place which this young person takes in modern treatments of the story is curiously varied. All that is really known of her is that there was an Edith who was fair and was beloved by Harold; who was not his wife, for he married Aldwyth, but who alone could recognise his body on the field of battle. This latter part of the tradition is generally accepted, and the inference from it would seem too obvious to be questioned. As Mr. Freeman says, doubtless she recognised him, disfigured as his countenance was, by some mark which even his own mother might not have known. But the romancists seem to have been troubled with an inexpugnable spirit of morality in regard to Edith: they will accept anything but the natural and probable rendering of the matter. Lord Lytton, in his 'Harold,' makes Edith the cousin of the Earl, in love with him, but debarred from marriage by being within the ecclesiastical pale of consanguinity, and schooling herself to accept the position of a sister. Sir Henry Taylor, in his short poem, the 'Eve of the Conquest,' makes her the daughter of Harold, summoned to his tent for a last colloquy the night before the battle. A young American poet, Mr. Leighton, whose recent tragedy, 'the Sons of Godwin,' contains some well-written passages, and deserves a word of recognition as an almost contemporaneous treatment of the subject on the other side of the Atlantic, makes 'the Lady Edith' a sainted maiden, resisting the temptation of the man she loves, and desiring for herself only 'the martyr's holy hope.' Mr. Tennyson is a poet too sensitive to the emotional element in human nature not to see how the wild tragedy of the scene on the battle-field is weakened and deprived of its sharpest pathos by the elimination of that *abandon* of passion in rebellion against law, which (moralise as we will) appeals to some of the strongest and most deep-seated of human sympathies. But he too seems desirous to give his Edith a side-hold on the proprieties by leaving us the option of supposing some sort of private marriage ceremony by which her con-

science was partially set at rest. Some such hint is, we confess, absolutely necessary to reconcile one part of his picture with another. His Edith, as we first see her soliloquising, and then conversing with Harold, in the garden, is a modest, gentle, sentimental young girl, slightly childish in her remarks, such as we might imagine engaged in lawful and permitted love-making in some suburban garden of to-day. She has moderately High-church views, and we half expect her to answer some of Harold's remarks with a quotation from the 'Christian Year' or the 'Lyra Anglicana.' Not but that she is a very pretty figure, and there is a tender touch of true womanly self-sacrifice in the passage, where, in reference to the report of Harold's intended marriage with Aldwyth, she says:—

'If this be politic,  
And well for thee and England—and for her—  
Care not for me who love thee.'

There is something really pathetic, too, in her half-crazed rebuke and taunt to Aldwyth in the last scene of all:—

'What was he like, this husband? like to thee?  
Call not for help from me. I knew him not.  
He lies not here: not close beside the standard.  
Here fell the truest, manliest hearts in England.  
Go further hence and find him.'

The tone and manner of this passage reminds us of the manner of Amelia to Mrs. Rawdon Crawley in that most touching scene after their respective husbands have marched off to the battle-field: but what satisfies us as in keeping with the timid, right-minded, modern girl-wife, stung by a great grief out of her usual propriety of endurance and submission, has a very different aspect as a picture of the Saxon Edith. In short, Mr. Tennyson's Edith, though by no means without touches of beauty and feeling, is in every sense a being too fragile, too sensitive, too modern for her surroundings; she never rises to heroic proportion. The tall wild figure of 'Edith of the Swan neck' in Hilton's picture, her long hair blown about her ghastly countenance, comes home with far more probability, as an image of the heroine in this tale

'Of old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.'

We have gone out of the way to take a comprehensive glance at the character of Edith. The story of the play takes us in the second act to Harold's shipwreck at Ponthieu, through which he fell into the power of William. In the first scene an unfortunate attempt is made to realise a sort of grim

humour in the talk of the wrecking-folk on the coast, of which the less said the better. The second scene sketches the position of Harold, a prisoner in fact though not in show, at William's court, when he is exhorted by Malet, an old acquaintance, and by his young brother Wulfnoth, to comply with William's wishes, at least to temporise, if he would ever wish to see England again, or to preserve his life and liberty; Wulfnoth enforcing his arguments by a description of the penance of the 'oubliette,' which recalls some of the poet's old power of concentrated word-painting. The end to which the scene progresses is the celebrated oath extracted by William from Harold on the coffer containing the bones of the Norman saints; the manner in which Harold is pestered into the promise, William refusing categorically all subterfuge or conditional language, and Malet and Wulfnoth on either hand adding arguments from their own point of view, though, to say truth, it reads tamely enough, might be susceptible of effective stage treatment. The rage of Harold, when he is left alone, and finds himself bound by a promise which to him, a truth-loving, honest man, is even more than the oath he has been juggled into, is depicted with some force. We look in vain, however, for anything in the character of William which may account for the position he acquired, save merely his unrelenting and unscrupulous cruelty towards his opponents when in his power. Of the intellectual qualities of the Conqueror we find no adequate representation. Act III. takes us to the bedside of the dying king, Edward the Confessor, whose monkish character is brought before us in his feeble rhapsodies over the completion of the Abbey, and his warnings to Harold against marrying Edith, and luring her from the state of virginity in which he himself has lived, and to which he has sworn to dedicate Edith. King Edward waxes very prophetic on his death-bed, and his dream of the doom of England is expressed with a certain power, but its meaning is completely reflected from the present day; and as to his foreboding exclamations of 'Sanguelac—the arrow, the arrow!' which are again repeated to Harold in a vision the night before the battle, we hold that to introduce this sort of supernatural omen into a modern play only produces an unreality of colouring which defeats its own end, while it affects the modern reader no more than stage lightning.\*

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\* We very much question whether the name of Senlac, or Sanguelac, was ever applied to the site of the battle before that event took place. The greater probability is that the hill or down was a howling wilder-



The fourth act brings us to the result of Aldwyth's and Morcar's machinations in the North, where Harold comes to quiet the insurrection which has been raised against Tostig, and is puzzled to find the people greet him with shouts of 'Aldwyth!' explained by Morcar—

'She hath won upon our people through her beauty,  
And pleasantness among them.'

There is a good deal of dry talk, but the scene where Harold summons Aldwyth, the manner in which he is represented as conscious of her duplicity, yet coldly determining to wed her out of policy, forms a passage of strong dramatic character:—

'*Harold.* I doubt not but thou knowest  
Why thou art summoned.

*Aldwyth.* Why? I stay with these,  
Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out alone,  
And flay me all alive.

*Harold.* Canst thou love one  
Who did discrown thy husband, unqueen thee?  
Did'st thou not love thy husband?

*Aldwyth.* Oh! my lord,  
The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage king—  
That was, my lord, a match of policy.

*Harold.* Was it?  
I knew him brave: he loved his land: he fain  
Had made her great: his finger on her harp  
(I heard him more than once) had in it Wales,  
Her floods, her woods, her hills: had I been his,  
I had been all Welsh.

*Aldwyth.* Oh, ay—all Welsh—and yet  
I saw thee drive him up his hills—and women  
Cling to the conquered, if they love, the more;  
If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.  
We never—Oh! good Morcar, speak for us;  
His conqueror conquered Aldwyth.

*Harold.* Goodly news!

*Morcar.* Doubt it not thou! since Griffyth's head was  
sent

To Edward, she hath said it.

*Harold.* I had rather  
She would have loved her husband. Aldwyth, Aldwyth,  
Canst thou love me, thou knowing where I love?

ness with no name at all. Senlac is obviously a Norman name, and refers to the blood shed there. It is curious that the lower part of the main street at Battle still retains the name of 'The Lake.'

*Aldwyth.* I can, my lord, for mine own sake, for thine,  
For England, for the poor white dove, who flutters  
Between thee and the porch, but then would find  
Her nest within the cloister, and be still.

*Harold.* Canst thou love one who cannot love again?

*Aldwyth.* Full hope have I that love will answer love.

*Harold.* Then in the name of the great God, so be it !  
Come, Aldred, join our hands before the hosts,  
'That all may see.'

In the next scene comes the meeting between Harold and Tostig in which they part as enemies, and in the following scene the wedding banquet, after the battle of Stamford Bridge, in which Tostig was slain; and Aldwyth already finds she has not the confidence of her husband. The scene itself goes very heavily, till the entrance of the messenger—

'Caked and plastered with a hundred mires'—

to tell how William had landed at Pevensey, which is brought in with considerable effect, and a strong touch of reality in Harold's exclamation, when the man observes that the wind had changed—

'I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight  
At Stamford-bridge.'

Harold parts at once with Aldwyth, with a civil affectation of regret—

'Harsh is the news, hard is our honeymoon'—

and she sees him no more in life except on the eve of the battle, when Harold dismisses her, with the intimation that he knows she has been

'false to England and to me:

As . . in some sort . . I have been false to thee'—

in allusion to his love for Edith. We are evidently to understand that the marriage never went beyond the ceremonial; at least, it is only on this supposition that we can comprehend the position of Aldwyth in the final scene. Concerning the interview between Harold and the Monk Margot, where there is much cursing—almost as bad as the swearing of our armies in Flanders—we say nothing, and must pass over with a word the battle-scene, which is described in the conversation of Stigand and Edith who look on; the scene cannot be called dramatic, but there are touches of an epic grandeur here and there, and for one moment Edith seems to rise to the height of the situation, in her invocation on behalf of Harold—

'O God of battles, make his battle-axe keen  
 As thine own sharp-dividing justice, heavy  
 As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful heads,  
 Charged with the weight of Heaven wherefrom they fall!'

A Latin hymn, sung by the monks from Waltham, alternates with Stigand's description and Edith's prayers, but with no effect; certainly none to compensate for the inherent improbability of the incident. In the closing scene, already referred to, we have the singular, and in some sense almost ludicrous, incident of the two women, each claiming (though on very different grounds) to be *par excellence* the wife of Harold, and each searching for his body. As it is almost certain historically that Aldwyth was sent away immediately the battle was lost, the poet must take the responsibility of this incident. Which wife has the most real claim is practically shown when the supposed body is found, stripped of all the armour, and Aldwyth says:—

'They have so maimed and murdered all his face,  
 There is no man can swear to him.'

'But one woman,' exclaims Edith. The entry of William and Malet, the questioning of the former about Edith, and her answer, remind one somewhat of the last scene in 'Philip van Artevelde.' Edith dies flinging herself on the corpse of Harold:—

'Thy wife am I for ever and evermore.'

William utters a rough eulogy on the slain warriors and their chief, concluding with certain prophetic words as to the future powers of the Norman-English people, whom he will rule over, which are purely and entirely the personal expression of the poet's own patriotism, and the poem concludes with Aldwyth's single sentence:—

'My punishment is more than I can bear'—

a verse which, considering her position and the part she has played, and that she is represented as having had a real, though utterly selfish passion for Harold, has perhaps more concentrated meaning than any other single line in the poem.

In regard to the singular contrast, already noted, between the style of the two dramas, it may be that the comparative monotony and lack of distinctive character in the language of 'Harold' is partly the result of a deliberate effort to assume a broad and monochrome style, as more suitable for drama. There is no doubt that drama ought to be free from mannerisms of diction; but it appears to us that in 'Harold'

we have lost the brilliancy and colour of Mr. Tennyson's characteristic style of diction, and got nothing adequate in its place; and while we miss much of his *curiosa felicitas* of expression, we are not without specimens, in both poems, of *curiosa infelicitas*. We may know what is intended to be conveyed when Morcar says the people are ready to 'Molochize' their children as a sacrifice to the comet, or when Harold says of the Norse Raven that they have 'dumb'd his carrion croak 'from the gray sea for ever,' but how to reconcile the expressions with any logical use of English we know not. In 'Queen Mary' the tendency to strain epithets leads to a curious slip, where Gardiner observes that the exchequer is 'at neap-ebb,' the expression 'neap' being of course intended as intensitive, the author apparently forgetting that though the neap-flood is not so high as the spring-flood, the neap-ebb, for the same reason, is not so low as the spring-ebb. We notice the use of adverbs descriptive of the way in which the characters are to be supposed to speak; one *slyly*, another *dreamily*; William in one place *savagely*, and Alva, when Philip tells him he must break the Netherlands or they will break him, replies *proudly*, 'the first!' We should have hoped the 'Anti-Jacobin' had put an end to this for ever; at all events we must observe that when a dramatist thinks it necessary to add these sign-posts, he proves a want of confidence, either in his own power of delineation, or in his reader's power of comprehension. A singular mannerism disfigures 'Harold' repeatedly, a sort of jingle on the same word in different senses, *ex. gr.*:—

'Perchance, against  
Their saver, save thou save him from himself.'

'I think it so; I think I am a fool  
To think it can be otherwise than so.'

'—will make  
My kingship kinglier to me than to reign  
King of the world without it.'

And worst of all:—

'*Tostig*. The king hath made me Earl; make me not fool!  
Nor make the king a fool, who made me Earl!

*Harold*. No *Tostig*—lest I make myself a fool  
Who made the king who made thee, make thee Earl.'

Such tricks of wording in a drama annoy us just in the same way as the tricks of voice and manner of a bad actor, who cannot lose his own personal manner in that of his assumed part. For one thing, however, we may be grateful to the poet. In his preface he professes to have based his drama

partly on Lord Lytton's romance entitled 'Harold.' What the poem really does owe to that work we have not been able to make out; but when we consider what such a reference might have led to, when we reflect that we might have been shown how 'Harold's head rose erect as he spoke, and already 'the brow seemed august, as if encircled by the diadem of the 'Basileus,' and that we might have found him on the battle-field with the words 'Edith—England!' inscribed indelibly on his breast, and when we find there is nothing at all like this in Mr. Tennyson's poem, we feel that we may at least say, 'For 'this relief, much thanks!'

Nor would it be right to forget, while we complain of the poet's personality as too predominant in the mannerisms referred to, that this personality also shows itself in thoughts and expressions which are such as we would not willingly lose—such as remind us once more of the high chivalrous feeling which pervades all that Mr. Tennyson has written, regarded in its moral aspect. We feel in good temper even with Bagenhall, when in answer to the remark about the one fault of the Lord Mayor—'too thoroughly to believe in his own self'—he says:—

'Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,  
So one's own self were thorough, were to do  
Great things, my lord.'

How quietly that is brought in, and how true and 'thorough' it is. In the phrase in the same play—

'It is the low man thinks the woman low,'

we read the epitome of the chivalrous feeling in regard to woman which, at greater length and with much beauty of expression, has been made familiar to us in some of the poet's earlier writing. When Harold says—

'Better to be a liar's dog, and hold  
My master honest, than believe that lying  
And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot  
Move one without the other'—

we feel that the writer's intent has travelled far beyond the mere desire to put something suitable into the mouth of his hero. So, too, with that couplet, certainly too obviously modern in feeling for the time or the character of William:—

'The voice of any people is the sword  
'That guards them, or the sword that beats them down'—

which received the honour of citation by the most brilliant of orators even before the publication of the poem in which it

occurs. Such passages as these and others, in which the author's own personal feeling comes to the front, seem to us as worthy of proverbial acceptance and currency in the language as many passages and expressions in Shakspeare which have received the stamp of national recognition. It may be that the peculiarly English feeling which breathes through the poetry of Mr. Tennyson, and has given it so large a hold on the sympathies of his own generation, is too exclusively the expression of a special phase of national sentiment to have much chance of retaining that hold upon the hearts of future generations; and it is remarkable that for this same reason his works have not met with an acceptance at all proportioned to their merit on the continent of Europe, though they have in America. But to ourselves Mr. Tennyson is endeared by some of the noblest passages in the literature of our age. We have the most unfeigned admiration for the careful and skilful workmanship to be traced in almost every line he has written—for his consummate mastery of the language—for the pure, generous, and lofty sentiments he has expressed in words which will never die; and for the dignity and elevation he has given to the thoughts and aspirations of the century he adorns.

ART. V.—*Charles Kingsley: his Letters and Memories of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1877.

THE life of Charles Kingsley illustrates in a very striking manner the truth of the old adage, that sympathy is the source of influence. It is not merely as the author of a few clever novels, or brilliant essays, or pretty little poems; it is not merely as an eloquent preacher or capable exponent of popular science that Charles Kingsley has a distinctive claim to be honourably remembered amongst the men of his time: it is rather as one who, as a teacher and writer, exercised a very remarkable influence over others, and especially over those of a younger generation—an influence due not so much to any great superiority of genius or intellect as to the kindly fellow-feeling which he had with his brother man; to the outspoken sympathy with all that was good, the hatred and scorn of all that was base; to the strength, the ardour, the enthusiasm, the courage, the boldness with which, either as a friend or foe, he maintained the right or denounced the wrong. To the life of such a man, it was almost a necessary sequence that the story of it should be made public. This, illustrated and

filled in, as it now is, by his familiar letters, cannot but increase and perfect that love for his character, that admiration for his work, which so many have already felt; nor will the interest be less real, because the book, being written and edited by his widow under the deep feeling of a still recent loss, bears evident marks of restraint, and of a natural disinclination to enter into matters of personal detail.

Of a family belonging originally to Cheshire, but settled for many generations in Hampshire; the son of a country gentleman who had in early life spent his small inheritance, and, at a comparatively late period, had taken to the Church as a profession; Charles Kingsley was born in the vicarage of Holne, on the borders of Dartmoor, on June 12, 1819. His father, after holding two or three curacies for short periods, was, in 1824, temporarily appointed to the living of Barnack, in Northamptonshire; but six years later was moved back into Devonshire, where he held the living of Clovelly, till, in 1836, he was transferred to the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea.

The scenery amidst which the early boyhood of Charles Kingsley was passed, alike the wildness of the Great Fen and the richness of North Devon, has left its own mark on all the writings of his mature years. Not only that; but living from his childhood in a country peculiarly rich in wild life, and brought up with a familiar knowledge of it, with a habit of observing it, which was cultivated by his father—himself an able naturalist and an accomplished scholar—the love of nature and of nature's works grew with him rather as an instinct than a science, and continued through life the passion and delight of his less busy hours. The fen country is not, in common opinion, one of the beauties of England, more particularly now that so much of it has been wholly or in part drained; but fifty years ago, when it still was, as in the days of Hereward or Richard of Ely, a vast inland sea, extending from Cambridge to Peterborough on the south-west, from Lynn to Tattershall on the north-east, some forty miles or more each way, it had a beauty and grandeur of its own which could appeal to the hearts and affections of those who knew it well; and how deeply this beauty had impressed the childish mind of Kingsley appears over and over again in the pages of even his later writings, in 'Hereward,' and, above all, in that most poetic of prose idylls, 'The Fens.' But the impress of the rich and wild coast scenery of North Devon and the West of England would seem to have been even deeper: his life there was that of a boy, not of a mere child; and whether in his father's house at Ilfracombe or Clovelly, or at school at

Helston, the 'west country' became to him that dearest of all memories, the home of a happy boyhood.

He was at this period, as we are told by Mr. Derwent Coleridge, the then headmaster of Helston Grammar School, 'a tall, slight boy, of great bodily activity, high-spirited, earnest and energetic; not a close student, but an eager reader and inquirer, sometimes in very out of the way quarters.' And his schoolfellow and life-long friend, Mr. Powles, afterwards tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, tells us that 'the vehement spirit, the adventurous courage, the quick and tender sympathy that distinguished the man's entrance on public life, were all in the boy.' Nevertheless, he was not, says Mr. Powles, popular as a school-boy: 'He knew too much, and his mind was, generally, on a higher level than ours. He did not consciously snub those who knew less, but a good deal of unconscious snubbing went on, all the more resented perhaps because it was unconscious.' This, written so long afterwards, is probably a conception of what may have been, rather than a memory of what really was. Kingsley's boyhood seems to have been peaceful enough; but certainly, forty-five or fifty years ago, such snubbing, conscious or unconscious, would at most schools have caused an appeal, if not to arms, at least to fists. And then, as now, boys were not too apt to recognise intellectual superiority that did not show itself in an easy mastery of the routine work of the school. But neither in classics, nor in mathematics, had Kingsley, as a boy, any such superiority. His passion, even then, was for natural science; he was fond of studying all objects of the natural world, but for botany and geology he had an absolute enthusiasm. Though strong and active, he was not expert at games; to escape from the playground was almost more of a holiday than to escape from the school-room. 'He liked nothing better than to sally out, hammer in hand, and his botanical tin slung round his neck, on some long expedition in quest of new plants, and to investigate the cliffs within a few miles of Helston.' Nothing more is needed to explain Mr. Powles's statement. The cultivation of such exceptional studies, and the eccentricity of behaviour necessarily accompanying it, the avoiding school-boy games in favour of stupid walks, would be but little appreciated by the average school-boy, and would prevent the zealous young student of natural science from being at all popular amongst his schoolfellows; though they would be far from lessening the enthusiastic love of the more capable among them who became his friends.

This love of nature, and of nature's studies, which Mr.



Powles speaks of as so characteristic of Kingsley's boyhood, attests itself eagerly, sometimes almost comically, in many of his boyish letters and scraps of verse. To his mother he writes, 'Dry me as much spurge as you can—as much bird's-nest orchis, and plenty of tway-blade. . . Give my love to Emily Wellesley, and ask her to dry me some Adoxa. . . When I go to Brighton I shall cut away by myself for miles, and be out the whole day. I will have most noble fun. . . Ask Tom Moore if he can get me a woodpecker's nest.' In a set of verses which Mr. Powles has preserved, unpolished, unconnected as they are, some very beautiful fancies of nature-worship bubble up through the uncouth vigour of the language; and in 'Psyche, a Rhapsody,' perhaps the earliest of his prose compositions—as distinct from mere letters—which has escaped the waste-paper basket of after days, there is throughout the clearest intimation of that descriptive power, though yet imperfect, which has left us so many gorgeous pictures of scenery and nature.

In 1836, when his father moved up to London, Charles Kingsley was entered as a day student at King's College, London, and continued there for two years, when he went into residence at Magdalene College, Cambridge. The outward side of his life during his undergraduate course is comparatively devoid of interest: the interest which really belongs to that epoch in a young man's career is the inward development of mind, the growth of character, the reception and adoption of ideas, and the formation of that tone of thought which is thenceforth to direct and constrain his words and actions.

The period was one of much religious and political excitement; the agitation in favour of the Charter was in full swing. Frost and his fellows were tried and condemned in 1839; but the Charter agitation lasted for ten long anxious years; strange views, too, were put forward, wild fancies were fermenting in the minds of all, and in the minds of the young with a force which was afterwards compared, aptly enough, by Kingsley himself, to that of yeast. The Oxford Tracts were in course of publication; Tract XC. was published in 1841, and at the Universities—at Cambridge little less than at Oxford—gave rise to much discussion, self-examination, and moral disturbance. It is not to be supposed that, in such a time, Kingsley could escape the doubts and unbelief which beset, perhaps, every thinking man, as he emerges from boyhood and a state of unreasoning credulity. That he felt the bitterness of the struggle appears in many of his letters; but his wife certainly attaches more importance to it than a masculine

biographer would have done ; such a phase in mental development, and more especially in the mental development of a man of a nervous and intellectual organisation, is not by any means the remarkable thing which Mrs. Kingsley appears to consider it : that, whilst it lasted, it should unsettle him in every way—lead him into idleness, recklessness, perhaps dissipation ; prompt him to throw up his studies, leave Cambridge, seek freedom in America, and become a wild hunter on the prairies of the Far West—it all seems the natural course of the disease, as much as the red rash in scarlet fever, or the pustular eruption in small-pox.

During the year 1841, however, he was guided to a solution of the difficulties attending religious belief ; in great measure, as we are allowed to infer, by the influence of Miss Grenfell, whom he had first met on July 6, 1839, and who, a few years later, became his wife. His letters at this time all imply the power which Miss Grenfell exercised over him ; and to that is apparently due not only the establishment of his convictions, but perhaps also the form of faith to which he held, and the profession which he now resolved to adopt. That the impress of Miss Grenfell's mind was definitely stamped on his, is beyond doubt ; it is to be seen on almost every page of these volumes ; it is to be seen on almost every page that he ever gave to the world, where, amid the virile strength with which his language abounds, there is a continual underflow of gentleness and sweetness, which tells its own tale of a womanly source. Nor indeed does Kingsley make any secret of it ; in 1842 he writes that the woman's part is to cultivate the affections and the imagination ; that hers is the nobler task to teach the man how to apply his knowledge to men's hearts ; and in 1873, as his life was drawing to a close, he repeats in public his testimony to the inspiration which we derive from woman's virtue, woman's counsel, woman's tenderness.

After taking his degree with some distinction, in January 1842, Kingsley went down into Devonshire to read divinity, and a few months afterwards, on July 10, he was ordained to the curacy of Eversley, in Hampshire, where he at once settled down to his work with the energy which through life he brought to bear on whatever work came before him. And the work of the curacy was not light ; the parish had for years past been much neglected, and its state, from a clerical or educational point of view, was scandalous ; the church and the rectory were fallen into a ruinous condition. There was not a grown-up man or woman of the labouring class who could read or write ; and the school-room was a stifling den, ten feet square,

‘where cobbling shoes, teaching, and caning went on together,’ from which the boys and girls naturally escaped to field work as soon as they could.

In the spring of 1844 he married, and was appointed, shortly after, to the rectory of this same parish. The work which he had begun as curate was continued as rector; and for thirty-three years, till the end of his life, he remained there amongst the same people; and amongst these people his influence—born from the sympathetic feeling of a common humanity—was extraordinary. It was strictly amongst them that he laboured; he was daily with them, in their cottages and in the fields; he became personally intimate with every soul in the parish—with the men at their fieldwork, with the women at their wash-tubs, with the babies in their cradles. It was by social rather than by theological teaching that he endeavoured to reform them, to civilise them, to Christianise them. His sermons, his conversation, and his example all went to the same point. His sermons, many volumes of which have been published, his village sermons more particularly, show how practical this teaching was; there is nothing abstract about them, nothing which the clod-crushing mind could not readily lay hold of and understand. When he went up for his priest’s orders, Dr. Sumner, the then Bishop of Winchester, objected to the sermons which he showed him, that they were too colloquial. ‘It was this very peculiarity,’ says Mrs. Kingsley, ‘which arrested and attracted his hearers, and ‘helped to fill a very empty church.’ To some, no doubt, this colloquialism may seem to verge on profanity; with Kingsley, it was strictly the expression of an intensity of religious feeling, which considered no work of God too small to be spoken of, and no work of the devil too homely to be denounced. Every object, every circumstance, had, to him, a spiritual import. He scouted that half-faith which makes religion a thing apart. Where all is full of God, he could see no inconsistency in making sermons whilst cutting wood; nor in talking one moment to one man about the points of a horse, and the next moment to another about the mercy of God. He tried, he says, to catch men by their leading ideas, and so to draw them off insensibly to his own; to win the respect of the wild young fellows so often considered hopeless, by showing them that he was neither ‘a spooney Methodist’ nor ‘an effeminate ascetic,’ but their superior in physical as well as in intellectual skill. The blood of generations of soldiers ran in Kingsley’s veins; though a clergyman he was still a warrior, as much so as the major-general who fought at Minden; and

in the warfare which he waged he acted as courage, common sense, and refined reason dictated.

But in all this there was much that was opposed to the custom, much which was repugnant to the prejudices, of the clerical world. An outcry was raised against his preaching and teaching, as subversive of the principles of Christianity, as mere heathenism, pagan morality, rationalistic infidelity. A few words or sentences taken away from their context, and twisted and contorted, seemed to confirm such exclusive opinions; and theological dogmatism and hard names with little meaning were hurled at his head by the more ignorant slaves of conventionality and punctilio. And they were not always received too patiently; so far as they affected himself only, Kingsley cared but little, but when they seemed likely to affect his work, to endanger the good that he felt he was doing, he replied, and with a straightforward boldness which has been misunderstood as a loss of temper. But his utterings, though vehement, were certainly not passionate; he probably never penned a line more carefully considered and more thoroughly meant than when, refusing the courtesies of war to an assailant who had anonymously published statements grossly insulting and manifestly untrue, he adapted a quotation from Pascal, and answered in plain words ‘*Mentiris impudentissimè*’—thou liest most unblushingly; or when he added, ‘Whosoever henceforth, either explicitly or by insinuation, says that I do not hold and believe *ex animo*, and in the simple and literal sense, all the doctrines of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of England, as embodied in her Liturgy or Articles, shall have no answer from me but Father Valerian’s ‘*Mentiris impudentissimè*.’

More direct, honest confession of faith it is impossible for anyone, clergy or layman, to make. To that confession he adhered throughout his life. By the light which this declaration throws on the whole course of his teaching and writing, he must as a clergyman be judged or justified; nor is it to be put on one side or forgotten because he did not deem it necessary to be continually repeating it; though, in point of fact, he did repeat, over and over again, that he will admit of no conscience-cheating equivocation; that words, whether in the Gospels or Epistles, or in the Articles of the Church, are to be taken as meaning what they say, and are not to be distorted to suit the wild ideas or doctrinal quibbles of heretics and fanatics. But all this has been ignored, and he has been called a materialist, a rationalist, or what not, because he acted and spoke as a man; because he believed and taught that ‘a priest con-

‘taineth a man, and is a man and something over, viz., his ‘priesthood;’ and that ‘if a priest show himself no man, he ‘shows himself all the more no priest.’ He would, therefore, have felt shame to shirk any manly duty or manly responsibility lest it should be considered unclerical. One instance will be sufficient to illustrate this. He had gone to visit a man sick with fever; every aperture in the room was, as usual in the sick-rooms of the poor, closed, and the atmosphere was horrible. Before he said a word he ran upstairs, and with a large auger bored several ventilating-holes through the floor above the bed’s head. Under the circumstances, he held that pure air was of more immediate consequence than anything he might have to say.

It was during Kingsley’s first year as rector of Eversley, in July 1844, that his admiration for the published works of Professor Maurice induced him to write to that excellent man, asking for advice and assistance. ‘I know,’ he said, ‘that the ‘request is informal according to the ways of the world, but I ‘have faith enough in you to be sure that you will take the request for what it is—an earnest struggle to get wisdom at all ‘risks from any quarter where it may be found.’ This letter led to a correspondence and a friendship which lasted till death dissolved it in 1872. Maurice, a man of strong calm mind, exercised a peculiar charm on all who came under his personal influence. Kingsley, who was fourteen years younger, considered himself throughout rather as Maurice’s pupil than friend, and habitually addressed him as ‘My dear, or my dearest, Master.’ When, then, we consider that Maurice’s clerical work lay in London, and to some extent, by reason of his connexion with Guy’s Hospital, amongst the lowest class of the London population; and, on the other hand, that Kingsley never held any parochial charge in London or in any other town, we may conclude that it was by his association with Maurice that he got his knowledge and experience of London life; and that, however much his natural energy forced him to make the subject his own, and notwithstanding his familiar acquaintance with the wants and debasement of the agricultural poor, the theories of social reform, which afterwards brought him for a time into an unfortunate notoriety, were, in part at least, suggested by his senior, and had in them as much of Maurice as of Kingsley.

Meanwhile, and from his first going down into Devonshire after taking his degree, he had been working at a short tale, which, after being written in various forms, in prose and verse, finally appeared in 1848 as the ‘Saint’s Tragedy.’ This, not-

withstanding Bunsen's exaggerated praise, was never popular in the ordinary sense of the word; the story is repugnant to popular feeling; the language is, as Maurice wrote in his preface to the first edition, 'a little too bold for the taste and temper of the age;' and the social problems in it have been discussed by the author himself in his later works, and in more telling prose. It must, in fact, be considered as the unskilled utterance of the hopes and dreams of a young ardent soul yearning after truth and love. Reading it by the light of the present biography, it is difficult to avoid the conviction that his own mental struggles and aspirations are therein portrayed; that Walter, Conrad, and the heretic preacher were to him living personages; that he had in some way—dim, unacknowledged it might be—associated his future wife with the outline of Elizabeth's character; and that some real memory dictated the lines, when Lewis exclaims:—

'I have wandered in the mountains, mist-bewildered,  
And now a breeze comes, and the veil is lifted,  
And priceless flowers, o'er which I trod unheeding,  
Gleam ready for my grasp.'

But the six years' thought, study, and labour bestowed on the 'Saint's Tragedy' were Kingsley's apprenticeship to literary work; his command of language, his power of expression, was enlarged and strengthened, and his later works were written off or dictated at first hand, and almost without correction—the free outpouring of a vivid conception. What he had made his own—what he had seen, heard, read, studied—he could realise and reproduce with extraordinary rapidity. His power of description is remarkable both for correctness and intensity of language. This is the strong point, the great artistic charm, of his writings, which in some other respects betray a want of creative power; for the characters which he has placed in his landscapes, grand as many of them are, are too often so unreal that they are apt to appear as lay figures rather than as living men and women, and the more so that he has continually reproduced the same ideal. The big, strong, fearless, Godless, self-contained man, with a keen sense of duty, brought to a knowledge of his own utter weakness—whether he is called Lancelot Smith, or Raphael Aben-Ezra, Amyas Leigh, Thomas Thurnall, or even Hereward—constantly appears before us, decked out, indeed, in new clothes, with new paint and new surroundings, but the same ideal figure throughout; and for his favourite women, the characters which he has delineated with the greatest care—Elizabeth of Hungary, Argemone, Hypatia, Mrs. Leigh, Grace Harvey

—have much in common, and though under different names and disguises, are all shaped on one model.

Of all his novels, perhaps the truest, the most real, the most correctly drawn from the life, is also, and for this very reason, the least pleasing. ‘*Alton Locke*’ is too realistic; the careless world refuses to accept the horrible picture as a true representation; it thrusts it on one side and will not look at it. The book, in fact, attempts too much: with its strongly marked purpose, it is false to all sound principles of art; and, relating the experiences of fictitious characters, it is equally false to all sound principles of political logic; for no opinions can be based on either its facts or its reasoning. When ‘*Alton Locke*’ was published in 1850, it was looked on, by many good well-meaning men, as a foul attack on the rights and claims of education and society, of law and order. It really was no such thing: so far as intention went it was but the enthusiastic articulation of a mind ignorant of the most elementary principles of political economy; ignorant almost that there was such a science; with a knowledge indeed that the terrible state of things, as described, did exist; but with no knowledge either of the causes which led to it, or of the possible remedies for it. This can now be understood; but in 1850, with the alarm of Chartist insurrections still keenly felt, there were few who did not consider Kingsley as a renegade, an outcast, and a firebrand. That a country clergyman could be found who held such opinions—that is to say rather, opinions such as were attributed to him, and was neither afraid nor ashamed to publish them, seemed to be a new source of fresh danger, which it behoved all right-minded and loyal Englishmen to prepare manfully to withstand.

It may be that Kingsley was rash in writing as he did; that he was on many points misinformed; on many points ignorant; on many premature. Looking at it now, in cold blood, we are apt to say positively that he was. But that he wrote what he did, and as he did, was the natural display of his character: had he written or done otherwise he would not have been Charles Kingsley. With that keen sympathy which he had for suffering humanity; with that appreciation of the wrongs of the poor which had been forced on him for the last ten years, alike by his parochial work and his intimacy with Maurice, he was compelled to speak out; to shriek, if you will; to give vent to the cry of anguish and pain and woe, which was nigh choking him. If, as he cried out, he said more, and spoke more strongly than perfect taste or judgment would have allowed, it is not to be wondered at; expediency

might have suggested a certain reticence; the warm heart and the outraged soul knew neither taste, nor expediency, nor reticence, but spoke what it believed to be the words of bitterness and truth, careless of what might follow.

The publication of '*Alton Locke*,' as well as of its fore-runner '*Yeast*,' is so closely connected with the Chartist gathering of 1848, and with the part which Kingsley took in respect to it, that it is necessary to examine what that part really was; more especially as it has been much misrepresented. That, on April 10, 1848, when the great Chartist demonstration was threatened and expected, Kingsley went to London, and mixed himself up with the agitation, is perhaps all that has been definitely and distinctly known or remembered. Comparing this with many of the passages in '*Yeast*' or '*Alton Locke*,' and with imperfect recollections of what happened, a very false impression has remained. What Kingsley really did was this. In consultation with Maurice and other able, earnest men, he wrote and had posted all over London a placard addressed to the '*Workmen of England!*' That this placard spoke as if the men it addressed were fellow-creatures and friends, is the head and front of Kingsley's offence. Reading it now, once again, it is difficult to conceive how it can have been so misunderstood. Its tone is earnest, grave, but as anti-revolutionary as anything possibly can be. Will the Charter, it asks, make you, the Workmen of England, free? Will it free you from slavery to ten-pound bribes? Slavery to beer and gin? Slavery to every spouter who flatters your self-conceit? From such slavery neither Charter nor Act of Parliament can free you. There can be no true freedom without virtue, no true industry without the fear of God.

A '*Letter to Chartists*' published shortly afterwards contained a sentence which, separated from its context, has given rise to much misrepresentation. '*My only quarrel with the Charter is that it does not go far enough in reform.*' This, taken by itself, would give rise to a very false impression. The letter is, throughout, a manly and honest denunciation of the Charter, both for its vain pretences, and for the abominations with which it had associated itself.

'If any one,' it says, 'will tell me of a country where a charter made the rogues honest, or the idle industrious, I shall alter my opinion of the Charter, but not till then.'

And again, in another place:—

'I denounce the weapons which you, Chartists, have been deluded



into employing to gain you your rights, and the indecency and profligacy which you are letting be mixed up with them. When you might keep the name of liberty as spotless as the heaven from whence she comes, will you defile her with blasphemy, beastliness, and blood? When the cause of the poor is the cause of Almighty God, will you take it out of His hands to entrust it to the devil?’

There are many other papers written about the same time, but in none is there any trace of a mean or unworthy intention, of that base truckling to ‘the Working Man,’ which has disfigured many of our later politicians: on the contrary, there is, throughout, the same free and hearty denunciation of their vices, their ignorance, sloth, and drunkenness; the same appeal to their better nature, and their brotherhood; the same encouragement to the pursuit of virtue, or the study of moral and intellectual beauty.

It was in the autumn of this great Chartist year, 1848, that ‘Yeast,’ his first, and in some respects his ablest novel, came out in ‘Fraser’s Magazine.’ ‘Yeast,’ as a powerful representation of the mental struggles of the time, has always been, and will perhaps continue to be, a favourite with young students of spiritual philosophy, but can never be popular amongst mere novel readers, who would shudder at its grotesque and fragmentary ending. The strain of writing ‘Yeast’ can scarcely have been very great; but, added to the excitement of the political, or as he felt it, national crisis with which he had been mixed up; added, too, to the worry of pecuniary difficulties, it proved too much for Kingsley’s delicate organisation. His health gave way, and he was compelled to go for a time to Ilfracombe, where he spent the winter, working at ‘Alton Locke,’ which however was not finished for more than a year afterwards, or published till the summer of 1850. This, though a novel, is so entirely a novel with a purpose that it cannot but be regarded as a political pamphlet. Carlyle’s blunt criticism of it, as written to Kingsley himself, was certainly true—‘the book is definable as *crude*; to make the malt ‘sweet the fire should and must be slow; the impression is of ‘a fervid creation, still left half chaotic.’ ‘But Saunders ‘Mackaye,’ he adds, ‘is nearly perfect; I greatly wonder how ‘you did contrive to manage him.’ We may still wonder, for Mrs. Kingsley has not told us. There is nothing in this biography to show how, or where, or when, previous to 1849, Kingsley could have picked up and closely studied the model of this ‘rugged old hero,’ whose personification is indeed, as Carlyle has put it, ‘a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece ‘of Scotch bravura.’

It was about this time that, having wished to increase his income by taking pupils, Kingsley received into his house Mr. John Martineau, who stayed with him for about eighteen months, and has now given us some interesting reminiscences of Kingsley's manner and mannerisms, as they struck his boyish fancy. He writes:—

‘Nothing could be so exquisitely delightful as a walk with him about his parish. Earth, air, and water, as well as farm-house and cottage, seemed full of his familiar friends. By day and by night, in fair weather and in storm, grateful for heat and cold, rain and sunshine, light and soothing darkness, he drank in nature. It seemed as if no bird, or beast, or insect, scarcely a drifting cloud in the sky, passed by him unnoticed, unwelcomed. . . . No human being but was sure of a patient interested hearer in him. I have seen him seat himself, hatless, beside a tramp on the grass outside his gate in his eagerness to catch exactly what he had to say, searching him, as they sate, in his keen kindly way, with question and look. . . .

‘Nothing roused him to anger so much as cant. Once a scoundrel, on being refused, and thinking that at a parsonage and with a parson it would be a successful trick, fell on his knees on the door-step, turned up the whites of his eyes, and began the disgusting counterfeit of a prayer. In an instant the man found himself, to his astonishment, seized by collar and wrist, and being swiftly thrust towards the gate, with a firm grip and a shake that deprived him of all inclination to resist, or, till he found himself safe outside it, even to remonstrate. . . .

‘Though exercising intense self-control, he was very restless and excitable. Constant movement was a relief and almost a necessity to him. His study opened by a door of its own upon the garden, and most of his sermons and books were thought out and composed as he paced up and down there, at all hours and in all weathers, generally smoking a long clay pipe. . . . He ate hurriedly, and it was an effort to him to sit still through a meal. His coat frequently had a white line across the back, made by his habit of leaning against the whitened chimney-piece of the dining-room during breakfast and dinner. . . .

‘Compared with other men who have written or thought much, he worked for few hours in the day, and without much system or regularity; but his application was so intense that the strain upon his vital powers was very great. Nor when he ceased could his brain rest. Except during sleep, repose seemed impossible to him for body or mind: so that he seemed to live three days, as it were, while other men were living one, and already foresaw that there would be for him no great length of years. Connected with this rapid living was a certain impatience of trifles, an inaccuracy about details, a haste in drawing conclusions, a forgetfulness of times and seasons, and of words lightly spoken or written; and withal an impulsive and almost reckless generosity and fear of giving pain, which sometimes placed him at an unfair disadvantage. . . . As his “Master,” as he affectionately and humbly called Mr. Maurice, was a theologian, and in its original sense a “Prophet,” so Mr. Kingsley, as Priest and Poet, gloried in interpreting,

expanding, applying him. "I think this will explain a good deal of "Maurice," was the single remark I heard him make when he had completed "Yeast."

The latter part of 1851 was marked by the commencement, in 'Fraser's Magazine,' of 'Hypatia,' which was afterwards published collectively in 1853. This, though still written with a purpose, shows a great advance in literary and artistic power; Kingsley himself liked it; he refers to it in his letters as 'a darling,' and in one of these, addressed to Mr. J. M. Ludlow, discusses in detail some of the chapters and characters:—

'About the "Saga"' (he writes): 'I sent it to Max Müller, who did not like it at all, he said; because, though he highly approved of the form (and gave me a good deal of learned advice *in re*) it was too rational and moral and rounded, he said, and not irrational and vast, and dreamy and hyperbolic—like a true saga. But I told him, that as a parson to the English public, I was expected to point a moral; and so I put Müller's criticism and yours too into the mouth of Agilmund, who complains of its respectable Benjamin Franklin tone. As for the monks: they are slow fellows—but then they *were* so horribly slow in reality. And I can't see but that Pambo's palaver in my tale is just what I find in Rosweyde's "Vitæ Patrum" and Athanases' "Life of "Anthony." Almost every expression of Pambo's is a crib from some one, word for word; and his instances are historic ones. Moreover, you must recollect that Arsenius was no mere monk, but a finished gentleman and court intriguer, taken ill with superstition.'

And again, referring, apparently, to Chapter XI. :—

'Honestly, I am not satisfied with that chapter; I will tell you why. Arsenius has a right to talk as he does. But Pambo's manner is wrong; it wants the very element which most proves to me the authenticity of Rosweyde's anecdotes, because it is like nothing you find elsewhere in monk-writings—the rugged, curt, mysterious, epigrammatic, half-snappish, half-arch way of putting everything; or rather suggesting it, and then relapsing into silent thought. So I will re-write the chapter. Now can a poor son of Adam, with a parish and three children and as lazy a soul as man ever was plagued with, say more? . . . . But (he concludes) I won't argue any more: so don't you answer me. . . . I can't settle again for a few days, and I can't work hard, because I can't play hard, on account of this mighty rain; and unless I get frantic exercise of body, my mind won't work. I should like to have a "Nicor" to slay every afternoon; wouldn't I write eight hours a day then! As it is, my only Nicor to-day has been a rabbit about as long as this sheet of paper, which I, my man, and my dog valiantly captured half an hour ago in the middle of the flower-beds! "But slew him not; awe kept our souls from that," as Andromache remarks in a certain novel.

'Therefore we took him by his silver ears,  
And made for him a lutch with iron hoops,

And put him in the tool-house; and around,  
The children of the baby-nursing dame,  
The imps who haunt the garden, danced and yelled—

What do you think of that for a parody?’

But, notwithstanding the laborious care which would thus appear to have been bestowed on the historical characters in ‘*Hypatia*,’ it is on those which are purely fictitious and ideal that the memory most fondly dwells: on *Raphael*, a personification of coolness, impudence, and philosophy, which touches on the verge of absurdity, yet just stops short of it; or on *Victoria*, a sketch only, but a woman, the best, the noblest, the purest woman that the author ever drew.

In the spring of 1854 the delicate health of Mrs. Kingsley necessitated a move to some place having a softer climate than that of North Hampshire. Devonshire was naturally selected; and the greater part of the year was spent at Bideford, amidst the scenery specially described in the opening chapter of ‘*Westward Ho!*’ How far the men and women of that novel—beyond comparison the best of all Kingsley’s works—lived at Bideford in 1854, must be matter of conjecture; but there is about many of them a truth that tells of a very real existence; that is presumptive evidence that *Salvation Yeo*, for instance, might have been met any day lounging on the many-arched old bridge; or that *Lucy Passmore*, ‘the white witch’ to *Welcombe*, used to charm the warts of the Bideford boys, or to show their sweethearts to the Bideford maids, in the middle of the nineteenth century. But the correspondence concerning ‘*Westward Ho!*’ is very limited. To Mr. Maurice he writes in October:—

‘We think of nothing here but the war. So many friends and relations are in it. . . . I am shut up like any *Jeremiah* here, living on the newspapers and my old Elizabethan books. The novel is more than half done, and a most ruthless bloodthirsty book it is—just what the times want, I think. . . . This war would have made me half mad, if I had let it. It seemed so dreadful to hear of those *Alma* heights being taken and not be there. . . . But I can fight with my pen still, . . . not in controversy, but in writing books which will make others fight. . . . I hope to have the MS. in the printer’s hands by Christmas; had I more time I could have made a more finished thing of it; but not perhaps a more popular one, and immediate popularity is what I have aimed at. “*Mercenary*” you will say; but there are reasons, and I have tried to obey the catechism, and even in a hurry speak the truth always and be honest and kind to all.

‘The writing of it has done me much good. I have been living in those Elizabethan books, among such grand, beautiful, silent men, that I am learning to be sure of what I all along suspected, that I am a poor

queazy, hysterical, half-baked sort of a fellow, who would not have been half as good a boy as Alexander Smith, if I had not had ten times his advantages, and so am inclined to sing small, and am by no means hopeful about my book, which seems to me only half as good as I could have written, and only one-hundredth as good as ought to be written on the matter.'

A couple of months later he adds—'I suppose the world 'only talks of the war: I think of little else, to the great 'detriment of my book.' And to Mr. Hughes, about the same time, he writes:—

'The book will be out the middle or end of January, if the printers choose. It is a sanguinary book, but perhaps containing doctrine profitable for these times. . . . Your conception agrees with a picture my father says he has seen of Captain John, as a prim, hard, terrier-faced little fellow with a sharp chin, and a dogged Puritan eye. So perhaps I am wrong: but I don't think that very important, for there must have been sea-dogs of my stamp in plenty too.

'Tuminas! Have you read the story of Abou Zennab, his horse, in Stanley's Sinai? What a myth! What a poem old Wordsworth would have writ thereon! If I didn't cry like a baby over it. What a brick of a horse he must have been, and what a brick of an old head-splitter Abou Zennab must have been, to have his commandments kept unto this day concerning of his horse; and no one to know who he was, nor when, nor how, nor nothing. I wonder if anybody will keep *our* commandments after we be gone, much less say, "Eat, eat, oh horse of "Abou Kingsley"?"

This last sentence is very characteristic. Most of the letters now published have in them nothing particularly striking, except their extraordinary copiousness. For a literary man, Kingsley's readiness to write letters was singular: the kindness of his disposition would seem to have led him into a never-ending correspondence with strangers, who wrote to consult him on the most varied topics; to all of whom he replied, not in a mere perfunctory note of acknowledgment, but in a letter often extending over several pages. Such letters are necessarily more or less professional in their tone: and though interesting, as records of the man and of his habits of thought, they do little more than repeat what he has expressed more fully and more carefully in other places; but when it is considered that those we can now read are only a selection from those that have been recovered, the number of long, serious discourses that he must have written is perfectly appalling. Of his familiar letters, the volumes before us contain comparatively few; and in reading these, it is difficult to avoid a feeling of regret that it should have been judged inexpedient to publish more of them. The hearty homeliness with which he discusses

the topics of the day, or his personal occupations or amusements, is as marked a feature of these friendly letters as the length or copiousness is of the others. The one set are the letters of the man; the other, of the priest; and though probably no priest ever lived who was less distinctively so than Kingsley, it is the careless letters addressed to intimate friends that best explain his more studied writings. Thus, for instance, he writes to Mr. Hughes about 'Tom Brown':—

'Now isn't it a comfort to your old bones to have written such a book, and a comfort to see that fellows are in a humour to take it in? So far from finding men of our rank in a bad vein, or sighing over the times and prospects of the rising generation, I can't help thinking they are very teachable, humble, honest fellows, who want to know what's right, and if they don't go and do it, still think the worse of themselves therefore. I remark now, that with hounds, and in fast company, I never hear an oath, and that, too, is a sign of self-restraint. More-over drinking is gone out, and, good God, what a blessing! I have good hopes and better of our class, than of the class below. They are effeminate, and that makes them sensual. Pietists of all ages never made a greater mistake than in fancying that by keeping down manly *θυμός*, which Plato saith is the root of all virtue, they could keep down sensuality. They were dear good old fools.'

After which comes—

'Sell your last coat and buy a spoon. I have a spoon of huge size (Farlow his make). I killed forty pounds weight of pike, &c., on it the other day, to the astonishment and delight of —, who cut small jokes on "a spoon at each end," &c., but altered his note when he saw the melancholies coming ashore, one every ten minutes. . . . I am going again to the Speaker's, for he wants his jack killed down, and has hurt his leg, so that he can't do it, wherefore he has sent for me. Ain't I a slaved party; ill used by aristocrats, and compelled to fish in waters where his last was eleven pounds, and where he has had them out of twenty-four and eighteen?'

A great part of these friendly letters is taken up with fishing projects or experiences; and the language in which they are written seems dependent on the merest whim of the moment: prose or verse comes equally to hand; or if there is a difference, it is in favour of the verse, which betrays remarkable facility: the rhymes must have run off his pen almost unsought. Here, for an example, is the beginning of a letter to Mr. Hughes, written in the summer of 1856:—

'Come away with me, Tom, term and talk is done;  
My poor lads are reaping, busy every one.  
Curates mind the parish, sweepers mind the Court,  
We'll away to Snowdon for our ten days' sport,  
Fish the August evening till the eve is past,  
Whoop like boys at pounders fairly played and grassed.'

And so it goes on for two pages. The plan of the expedition is detailed in another rhyming letter: they are to go to Pen-y-gwrydd, difficult to pronounce, the only 'inn in Snowdon which 'is not awful dear': and he continues:—

'Now to this Pen-y-gwrydd inn I purposeth to write,  
And to engage a room or two, for let us say a week,  
For fear of gents, and Manichees, and reading parties meek,  
And there to live like fighting cocks at almost a bob a day,  
And arterwards toward the sea make tracks and cut away,  
All for to catch the salmon bold in Aberglaslyn pool,  
And work the flats in Traeth-Mawr, and will, or I'm a fool.'

The journey was duly undertaken, and the result was as recorded in the visitors' book at Pen-y-gwrydd.

'I came to Pen-y-gwrydd in frantic hopes of slaying  
Grilse, salmon, 3 lb. red-fleshed trout, and what else there's no  
saying:  
But bitter cold and lashing rain, and black nor'-eastern skies, sir,  
Drove me from fish to botany, a sadder man and wiser.  
But think just of the plants which stuffed our box (old Yarrels'  
gift),  
And of those which might have stuffed it, if the clouds had  
given a lift;  
Of tramping bogs, and climbing cliffs, and shoving down stone  
fences,  
For Spiderwort, Saussurea, and Woodsia ilvensis.'

This visit to Snowdonia suggested some of the most striking scenes in 'Two Years Ago,' though the book itself is clearly due to the same local influences as 'Westward Ho!' Godless Tom Thurnall is but another, a modernised and smaller Amyas Leigh; the little schoolmistress has an unmistakable likeness to Amyas's mother; and Captain Willis used certainly to lounge on Bideford Bridge, in company with Salvation Yeo. 'Two Years Ago' has not, however, obtained the same popularity as its predecessor: as a work of art, it must be considered altogether of a lower class; as a novel it has a too plainly pronounced purpose; like the goody stories which a little friend of ours objected to as having 'a motto.' 'I don't want to hear 'the motto'—she used to lisp; 'I won't hear the motto'; and the general public seems to have the same dislike to it. That Kingsley was himself, to some extent at least, conscious of a difference in this his latest work, appears from a letter to his friend Mr. J. Bullar, shortly after its publication: he says:—

'I feel deeply the change in one's imagination during the last twenty years. As a child I never could distinguish dreams from imaginations, imaginations from waking impressions; and was often thought to be

romancing when I was relating a real impression. Now, I am in general the most prosaic and matter-of-fact of parsons. I cannot dream if I try. I go to my brain as to a store house, or carpenter's shop, from which I take out coolly what I want, and put it into the best shape I can.'

Whether this is to be considered as betokening a feeling that he had written himself out or not, one thing is quite certain; he wrote no more novels: for '*Hereward*,' which came nearly ten years later, in 1866, is rather a wild extravaganza introducing historical names—a tale that may delight blood-thirsty boys just beyond the '*Seven Champions*' stage of civilisation, but can scarcely please any more cultivated or intellectual reader. There may be passages in '*Hereward*' equal to anything he ever wrote; but they are lost, buried as they are in Berserker-like ravings, and do not add anything to his literary fame.

Many years before the publication of '*Hereward*,' before even that of '*Two Years Ago*,' Kingsley had written one very charming book for children, '*The Heroes*,' especially dedicated to his own children, Rose, Maurice, and Mary. Later, in 1863, he wrote, nominally for his youngest son, Grenville, the '*Water Babies*,' a book concerning which, as a work of art, there are almost as many opinions as readers; but agreeing, in the main, we think, on one point, that whatever it may be called, or whatever may have been the author's intention, it is not a child's book. A little child cannot make head or tail of it; a bigger child would consider it altogether beneath the dignity of the teens; and men or women, who are—as we know—but children of a larger growth, would probably think the best parts of it are the delightful illustrations by Nuel Paton or Percival Skelton, with which it is associated. The names of the presiding fairies, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, or Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby are—as meant for children—neat little sermons neatly applied; but 'that croaking boggy, 'Madame Mighthavebeen' of '*Two Years Ago*' is even better. The first chapter, which introduces Tom and Grimes, the squire and his little girl, and describes the chase over the moor, would rank with the best things of the kind; but beyond this, the book is tiresome; and as a fairy tale, whether allegorical or not, it is drawn out to an extreme length.

Meantime Kingsley had been again trying his strength, perhaps more as a matter of amusement, in poetry; and '*Andromeda*' was published in 1858. It has had but little success: a poem in English hexameters is simply a weariness, and no writer has yet been able to make it otherwise; many have



tried, and failed; Kingsley just as badly, or worse than others. For any lengthened poetical effort, the impetuosity of his genius seems to have unfitted him; and though, in the face of some very beautiful lines that he has written in verse, and much that he has written in melodious prose, it is impossible to say that his ear was deficient, there does seem to have been a want of some rhythmical faculty in the man who could offer as hexameters such lines as will catch the reader's eye on almost every page of 'Andromeda;' lines which set music, accent and even sense, equally at defiance.

We think 'Andromeda' the greatest literary mistake which Charles Kingsley made. But some of the little poems that accompany it are very beautiful. 'The Sands of Dee' belongs, in the first instance, to 'Alton Locke;' and the circumstances of its composition, as there told, may probably enough be, so far, autobiographical. He, Alton Locke, had seen, and been much impressed by, a sketch by Copley Fielding—'a wild 'waste of tidal sands, with here and there a line of stake nets 'fluttering in the wind;' he had heard some bystanders telling of the death of the young girl as a true tale; the idea haunted him, and the verses shaped themselves during the silent hours of the night. 'The Three Fishers,' and 'Earl Haldan's 'Daughter,' pretty Rose Salterne's pretty song out of 'Westward Ho! are also both very well known; but of all these small pieces 'The Last Buccaneer' is perhaps the best. It has a fine ballad-like swing that carries one along with it:—

'Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze  
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,  
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar  
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.'

This has the true smack of salt water about it, free from all false sentiment.

'And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where;  
One comfort is this world's so hard, I can't be worse off there:  
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,  
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.'

Of its kind this is only just not perfection; the use of the word 'main' is a slight flaw: the only main which an old Buccaneer knew was the Spanish Main, his translation of *la tierra firme*. As to the music, wrote Kingsley to Mr. Hullah,

'My idea as I wrote it, was a doleful sentimental bawl, as of a wooden-legged sailor. I hardly think a rollicking tune suits the worn-out old man, unless you fancy him a thorough blackguard, which I didn't want. I tried to give a human feeling all through, by a touch

of poetry and sadness in the poor old ruffian. Had I been a composer I should have tried to express this, and yet with a half-comic manner.'

In 1860 the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge became vacant, and Lord Palmerston offered it to Kingsley; he accepted it, rather out of respect to the opinion of his friends than in accordance with his own wishes; for, as he knew, probably better than anyone else, his historical studies, though extensive and varied, had been diffuse rather than exact. That they had been so was, we believe, a necessary consequence of the man's nature, to which exactness was at all times repulsive. It must for ever remain a mystery how, as a young man, with or without any possible amount of reading, he managed to win a First Class in the Classical Tripos—a certain test of exact scholarship; but assuredly that is the only mark of exactness in his whole career. His genius, admirable in many respects, was, in most, slipshod; and there would seem a secret or unconscious sense of humour in his naming his Inaugural Lecture 'The Limits of Exact Science as applied to History.' This was delivered in the Senate House on November 12, and his first course immediately followed it. He was also desired by the Prince Consort to direct the historical studies of the Prince of Wales, then keeping his terms at Cambridge; and the additional work which this engagement entailed on him forced him to remain in residence during the whole of the academical year.

That Kingsley was not fitted either by genius or temper for the stern work of a historian is past all doubt. It is described as having been to himself irksome in the extreme, and the result was certainly not commensurate. At the same time it can scarcely be said to have called for the severe and even bitter criticism which was lavished on it; for though his historical writings have, in truth, but little merit as histories, the earnestness of feeling, which stamps them with their author's individuality, gives them a certain distinctive value; and as, in the first lecture of his first course—that course which was afterwards published under the title of 'The Roman and the Teuton'—the Professor roundly stated that it was not history at all; that he did not consider it his duty to teach history, but to teach his hearers how to teach themselves history; to put together the scaffolding, and leave them to build the house; he had at least a claim to be judged in accordance with that conception of his duty, and not by some other imaginary standard. Such as it was, however, the work of the Professorship was too much for the Professor; his health gave way, and he was repeatedly anxious to resign. So far

back as 1863 he had suffered from a long illness, induced or aggravated by overwork; and his medical adviser had urged on him entire rest and change of air. Early in 1864 his brother-in-law, Mr. Anthony Froude, had occasion to go to Spain on business connected with his history, and it was resolved that Kingsley should accompany him. The two accordingly started on March 23; but Kingsley was unable to stand the fatigue of the journey, and broke down at Biarritz. After some stay there, he travelled by easy stages to Marseilles, and so back by Lyons: and it is to this tour that we owe the prose idyll 'From Ocean to Sea.' Some of his letters home are very characteristic. From Bayonne he writes—

'All the horses in France are white except one, which I see at rare intervals. They have the most exquisite little yellow oxen here, rather bigger than a donkey. They put brown holland pinafores on their backs, and great sheepskin mats on their heads, where the yoke comes, and persuade them, as a great favour, to do a little work. But they seem so fond of them that the oxen have much the best of the bargain.'

At Biarritz he proposes to stop 'for a week or so, to botanise' and breathe sea-champagne, and from Pau he writes:—

'I have taken quite a new turn, and my nerve and strength have come back from three days in the Pyrenees. What I have seen I cannot tell you. Things unspeakable and full of glory. Mountains whose herbage is box, for miles and thousands of feet, then enormous silver firs and beech, up to the eternal snow. . . . We climbed three hundred feet of easy down, and there it was (the Pic du Midi) right in front, nine thousand feet high, with the winter snow at the base—the eternal snow holding on by claws and teeth where it could above. I could have looked for hours. I could not speak. I cannot understand it yet. Right and left were other eternal snow peaks; but very horrible. Great white sheets with black points mingling with the clouds, of a deariness to haunt one's dreams. I don't like snow mountains.'

But neither the 'sea-champagne' nor the mountain air brought any permanent improvement to his health; after his return to Eversley, in writing to Mr. Maurice, he says, 'I am 'come back better, but not well, and unable to take any mental 'exertion.' And nearly a year later, May 1865, he writes to Mr. Hughes:—

'I am getting better after fifteen months of illness, and I hope to be of some use again some day; a sadder and a wiser man, the former at least I grow every year. I catch a trout now and then out of my ponds. I am too weak for a day's fishing, and the doctors have absolutely forbidden me my salmon.'

But a quieter holiday he was obliged to take as the year got older, and settled with his family, for three months, on the coast of Norfolk.

This wretched state of his health must not be forgotten, in relation to the unfortunate dispute with Dr. Newman, in which, about this time, he became involved. Of that controversy, it is needless now to speak; whatever may have been the merits of the case on either side, it certainly became a contest in dialectics; and Kingsley, whose genius was careless, inexact, impulsive, anything rather than logical, was, at his best, no match for the cool temper and trained skill of the ablest controversialist of the day; as it was, broken down by long-protracted sickness, he was altogether powerless in his hands.

It was thus also, that during the years between 1860 and 1870, his literary work made so little show. In addition to two small volumes of lectures, to 'Hereward' and the 'Water Babies,' four volumes of sermons were all that he published; and his reputation, which had indeed grown, had grown simply by itself and out of his older writings. His lectures at Cambridge were, no doubt, popular, amongst the men of that day; but this must be attributed rather to the charm of his manner, and to the earnest way in which he appealed to the better self of the students, than to any particular merit in the lectures themselves; and had they been more intrinsically valuable than, in point of fact, they were, the class to which they were addressed was still much too small to admit of their affecting his literary fame to any great degree. After many hesitations, he definitely resolved in 1869 to resign the professorship. Writing of this determination to the Master of Trinity, on April 1 of that year, he says:—

'My brains, as well as my purse, rendered this step necessary. I worked eight or nine months hard for the course of twelve lectures which I gave last term, and was half-witted by the time they were delivered; and as I have to provide for children growing up, I owe it to them not to waste time (which is money) as well as brain, in doing what others can do better.'

From this time onward, there is much in the literary career of Charles Kingsley that indicates a mind prematurely grown old; and though some of his essays, whether in the 'Prose Idylls' or 'Health and Education,' are admirable and delightful, his later work, as a whole, seems laboured or fantastic. He comes before us, during these last years of his life, rather as a preacher and an example than as a writer, and sanitary science occupied more and more of his time and thought. In his earlier days he was, not indeed without a latent sneer, called by many the Apostle of Muscular Christianity; a term which he himself altogether rejected as an im-

pertinence, and as either unnecessary or untrue and immoral : untrue and immoral, if it implied an identity between strength and godliness ; unnecessary, if it was used merely as an equivalent for the chivalry of the gentle, very perfect knight, loyal to his king and to his God ; the ideal of which—developed in the poems of Tasso or Ariosto—culminated in our own Spenser's ' *Fairy Queen* : ' ' perhaps,' writes Kingsley, ' the most ' admirable poem which has ever been penned by mortal man.' It is, however, very certain that he held greatly to the value of strength ; strength of body no less than of mind. It is not, we can fancy him saying, poor, decrepit, diseased objects that we want as soldiers of God ; we want men who can endure the fatigue and labour of the warfare ; we will not offer to the Lord that which costs us nothing. And this, which has been in all ages the theory, though unfortunately not the practice, of the Catholic Church, Kingsley continued to hold ; and not the less firmly, because, by an extraordinary perversion of judgment—resulting, if not from downright ignorance or incapacity, then from spite and malice—his works were occasionally classed with those of ' *Ouida*,' or the late Mr. Lawrence ; as if there was anything in common between a noble and manly ideal such as Amyas Leigh and a brutal monstrosity such as Guy Livingstone !

But in his later writings he was even more emphatically the apostle of cleanliness. His views on this subject had indeed been almost extreme from the very first ; and his early sermons on the cholera are as outspoken as anything which he afterwards uttered. The difference is that though he had in earlier years associated sanitary reform with political, and though he was, even in 1848, ready to urge on the workmen of London, then agitating for the Charter, the necessity of social improvements and cleanliness of mind and body, as leading to benefits far beyond those which any Charter or Act of Parliament could give, the world at large had paid more attention to his political teaching, and had been more inclined to consider him as a would-be political reformer. In his later years he dropped the political side of the question altogether ; his name was no longer mixed up with political disturbances, and his teaching of the requirements of sanitary science, whether by word of mouth or by pen, assumed greater importance.

The small volume published in 1874, under the title of ' *Health and Education*,' is made up of several scattered essays and lectures on this and kindred subjects ; including more particularly ' *The Science of Health*,' ' *The Two Breaths*,' and ' *Nausicaa in London* ; ' essays which, without bringing forward

any new facts or theories, put what is already known before non-scientific readers in a clear and interesting manner, and are thus likely to be useful. Their leading idea is the keynote of everything that Charles Kingsley has written. To do our duty in this world, towards God and towards man, consistently and steadily, not hysterically, requires the cultivation of all the faculties which God has given us. The mind, in an unhealthy body, is itself unhealthy; care is therefore to be taken to exercise the body, and to keep it in health. Violation of sanitary laws is injurious to health, and acts most of all injuriously on the young; sanitary laws ought therefore to be obeyed by the free will and enlightened judgment of the people; but if they are not so obeyed, then, as far as possible, they ought to be enforced by legislation. It is not without meaning that we have been told that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children; offences against the laws of nature are offences against the laws of God; and the penalty will fall, if not on us, then on those that come after us. From the 'Saint's Tragedy,' 'Yeast,' or 'Alton Locke,' to 'Health and Education,' through a period of nearly thirty years, the same fundamental idea pervades everything that he wrote; his sermons as much as any other of his works. From his point of view, the duty of a Christian, and, above all, of a Christian priest—of a man to whom are superadded his Christianity and his priesthood—was so thoroughly practical and so persistently inculcated, that men of a more theological or polemical type of mind were apt to consider his preaching as savouring too much of the things of this world. Nevertheless, in the more important theological controversies that arose, and concerning which he felt called on to state his opinion, he certainly did not shrink from doing so; and, notwithstanding the stress which he laid on the teaching of natural theology, he has left undoubted proof that, had he lived, he would have been amongst the first to register his protest—though as beyond his line of study, it would have been merely a protest—against such a work as 'Supernatural Religion,' in much the same way as he actually did protest against 'Essays and Reviews,' the publication of which he 'deeply deplored,' or against Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch, which he publicly denounced, in no measured language, as 'dangerous to the hundreds of thousands, 'who, being no scholars, must take on trust the historic truth 'of the Bible;' or again, as 'pandering to the cynicism and 'frivolity of many who were already too cynical and frivolous.'

When Kingsley finally resigned the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, he was just fifty years old; but his

health was very indifferent, and the anxieties and worries of the preceding ten years had told heavily on him. Even before that time, Mrs. Kingsley says, 'he seldom returned from speech or lecture without showing that so much life had actually gone out of him : ' the strain on brain and heart—and his speeches came almost more from the heart than from the brain—was very great ; and now, at the age of fifty, he was an old man. His keen sense of enjoyment, even of the enjoyment of that nature in which he had all his life so revelled, seems to have left him, or to have remained with a certain idea of obligation attached to it. This may appear perhaps a paradoxical remark, coming, as it does, before his voyage to the West Indies, and the publication of his journal, with the self-explaining title of 'At Last ;' but the work itself, almost more than his letters, suggests it. A sense of weariness, quite foreign to Kingsley's character, runs, like an undercurrent, through the volume. The descriptions are, as always, gorgeous and splendid ; perhaps too much so : there is certainly too much of them. As detached papers in 'Good Words' their effect was good ; but, from an artistic point of view, in their collected form, the reader gets surfeited with rapture : the descriptive passages in 'Westward Ho !' though dictated not by eye-knowledge, but by a vivid imagination corrected by close study, are more interesting and in better taste.

And his letters home, during this time, convey the very sad impression of a man weighed down and worn out ; so different in this from those of earlier years, then full of buoyancy and hope : then, even in illness, he wrote of life and happiness and nature's charms ; now, from the West Indies, he writes,—' as I ride, I jog myself, and say, You stupid fellow, wake up. Do you see that ? and that ? Do you know where you are ? and my other self answers, Don't bother. I have seen so much, I can't take in any more, and don't care about it all.'

His absence from Eversley did not, however, extend beyond about three months ; and on his return, in February 1870, he settled steadily down to his parish work until, in the May following, he went into official residence at Chester, where he had been appointed by Mr. Gladstone to a canonry in the previous August. Out of this residence, and the class in physical science which he started for the young men of the town, grew the Chester Natural History Society, which now numbers from 500 to 600 members. To this society, into which the original class speedily developed, the lectures, afterwards published as 'Town Geology,' were first given ; lectures which, in a remarkably clear, popular, and interesting

manner, put forward the truths of geological science. Considered as what it is, a series of first lessons in geology to men of comparatively limited education, the book is one of very great merit; and whilst within a small compass it gives a good deal of sound teaching, it does much more: it marks emphatically the distinction which Kingsley himself so often insisted on: it is a book of education, rather than of instruction; its tendency and meaning throughout is to induce those who read it to go a-field, and work the matter out for themselves; to recognise the presence of God in every one of His creations; and to worship, not by mere form of words, but by understanding and by knowledge.

This feeling which with him was life itself, he has specially emphasized in 'Town Geology:'

'I deny,' he has said, 'the epithet of secular to anything which God has made, even to the tiniest of insects, the most insignificant atom of dust. The grain of dust is a thought of God; God's power made it; God's wisdom gave it whatsoever properties or qualities it may possess; God's providence has put it in the place where it is now, and has ordained that it should be in that place at that moment, by a train of causes and effects which reaches back to the very creation of the universe.'

He was thus led at times to do things which, in other men, would be called eccentric: they were not so in him: the stooping to pick up a wounded butterfly, which lay in his way one Sunday morning as he passed from the altar to the pulpit, was to him as much a religious act as the preaching the sermon which followed. How thoroughly this feeling and opinion pervaded his every thought, and influenced his every action, may be traced throughout all that he has written; and nowhere more clearly than in the last volume which was published during his life, the 'Westminster Sermons.' The Preface to this is, in the main, a reprint of a lecture on Natural Theology, delivered at Sion's College in 1871; it is perhaps the most exact and forcible statement of his opinion that the world is God's world, not the devil's; and that the ideal of a devotional hymn is not one with such a key-note as, 'Change and decay 'in all around I see;' but rather, 'O all ye works of the Lord, 'bless Him, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.'

During the summer of 1870 he withdrew from a connexion he had formed with the extreme agitators in favour of so-called 'Woman's Rights.' But the extent of that connexion was much exaggerated by popular report: nothing that he ever wrote, or publicly taught, is consonant with the idea of his holding their views on this subject; much is very positively



opposed to it. In one of his latest essays, 'Thrift,' he has most distinctly said—

'I beg you to put out of your minds, at the outset, any fancy that I wish for a social revolution in the position of women: whatever defects there may have been in the past education of British women, it has been most certainly a splendid moral success: it has made British women the best wives, mothers, daughters, aunts, sisters, that the world, as far as I can discover, has yet seen.'

Whatever crotchets he may once have entertained, at this time he certainly limited himself to upholding the necessity for a great improvement in the education of women. He held that, as at present conducted, the education of women too often results in gross ignorance of all that a woman, as the possible future mother of a family and head of a household, ought to know; and leads 'to an oriental waste of money, 'and waste of time; to a fondness for mere finery; to the mistaken fancy that it is the mark of a lady to sit idle, and let 'servants do everything for her.' He advocates, in the plainest manner, the instruction of women in all the homely details of domestic management; cooking, household-work, dress-making; and trusts he may reassure those who fear that by an improved education women will be withdrawn from their existing sphere of interest and activity; though it is not, he says, 'surprising 'that they should entertain such a fear, after the extravagant 'opinions and schemes which have been lately broached in 'various quarters.' Nothing can be more utterly opposed to these extravagant opinions and schemes than teachings such as his. One opinion, however, Kingsley did hold very strongly; and, during his later years at least, seldom lost an opportunity of advocating it. That as women had the entire management and control of children, they ought, even more than men, to be scientifically instructed in the laws of health; and that to give this instruction there ought to be fully qualified female instructors. That of these, some might, amongst their own sex, practise as physicians, would be almost a natural sequence, and as such he doubtless accepted it; but we do not remember that he ever distinctly advocated it.

Early in 1873 he was appointed, and again by Mr. Gladstone, from Chester to a vacant stall in Westminster Abbey; and his mother, then in her eighty-sixth year, just lived to know of it: she died on April 16. His new duties called on him to preach frequently in the Abbey; and he thus became better and more widely known to the great crowds of London. There has, perhaps, never been a preacher who could in any sense be called popular, who had less of the popular manner.

His voice, more especially when raised in the occasional services in the nave, was harsh; and the effort to overcome a certain inclination to stammer, made it seem, at times, almost affected. But the earnestness which he threw into the subject before him, captivated all his hearers, and gave a dignity to his homely and familiar language, which reached to their hearts as well as to their understandings. And one abiding effect there is; that whilst popular sermons—which so often owe their popularity to the mere fluency or manner of the preacher—are commonly the most wearisome of reading, Kingsley's sermons, of which there are many volumes, are only less delightful when read than when first heard.

That his promotion to Westminster might prove but the stepping-stone to a higher post, was the natural conclusion of his friends, and was freely spoken of by them in their letters of congratulation. Kingsley himself had no such ambition. He would, no doubt, have accepted further promotion if it had come to him; he would have considered it as a call to a higher responsibility which he could not decline; but it is plain that, meantime, he honestly meant what he said, when he wrote:—

‘What better fate than to spend one's old age under the shadow of that Abbey, and close to the highest mental activities of England, with leisure to cultivate myself, and write, if I will, deliberately, but not for daily bread. A deanery or bishopric would never give me that power.’

But however much he was inclined to content himself with the prospect of rest, he could not but be surprised, as well as flattered, by the extraordinary outburst of congratulation, not only from friends, but from strangers. Mrs. Kingsley speaks of it as sympathy, and as ‘a triumph which wiped out many ‘bitter passages in the past.’ It may have been so, to some extent; but Mrs. Kingsley, in her anxious and devoted affection, has perhaps a rather exaggerated sense of the difficulties against which her husband had to contend. Much severe and even hostile criticism he had, no doubt, had to endure; but who that emerges from the dull crowd has not a similar experience? That Kingsley's nervous and sensitive temperament had felt it very bitterly, is likely enough; but for years back there had been nothing to disturb the peace of any man at all accustomed to public life. It would seem more probable that petty worries of domestic economy, and anxious cares for the future, things impossible for his wife to write about, had even seriously affected his health; that these were the most real grounds for sympathy; that the release from all money cares was the most real cause for congratulation.

That his health was indeed in a very precarious state appears constantly. His eldest son, Maurice, who had been employed on a railway-survey in Mexico, came home on a visit about the time of his father's appointment to Westminster, and was 'so much struck with his broken appearance that he urged 'upon him rest and change, and a sea-voyage, before he entered 'on a position of fresh responsibility.' His medical advisers also strongly recommended the change; but it was the following year before he could be persuaded to go for a time to America. He sailed for New York on January 29, 1874, accompanied by his eldest daughter, who had before been with him in the West Indies.

The Americans of all classes received him with open arms and much hospitality; and in freedom from work and worry, perhaps, too, in pleasant excitement, his health seems to have much improved. He himself took—or, perhaps, with the wish to lessen his wife's anxiety, pretended to take—a most favourable view of it. On March 8 he writes: 'I have not been so 'well for years; my digestion is perfect, and I am in high 'spirits;' and again, on March 23: 'I do not tire the least, 'sleep at night, and rise in the morning as fresh as a lark to 'eat a good breakfast.'

Of his travels in America it would be needless to speak. He was taken everywhere and shown everything, from Niagara and the Yosemite Valley to San Francisco. When the Americans wish to display hospitality, no people on the face of the earth can do it better; when they wish to lionise a stranger, there are few people who can gather larger and more frequent crowds; and Kingsley, in renewed health and spirits, seems to have very thoroughly enjoyed both the hospitality and the lionising, in the course of which he delivered the lecture-room trifles which have been, with rather doubtful judgment, published since his death.

The end of all this was, however, very sad. The climate of San Francisco, with a hot sun and a chilling wind, is excessively trying: and Kingsley caught a severe cold. The doctors there ordered him to leave the city as quickly as possible; and though still very ill, he managed to reach Denver and to get on to Colorado Springs, where he was laid up for some weeks with a severe attack of pleurisy. From this he recovered; but when he returned home in August, was certainly not the stronger for his expedition. A severe attack of congestion of the liver followed in September, just as he went into residence at Westminster, and his health continued ex-

tremely feeble, rendered more so by the anxiety caused by the dangerous illness of his wife.

On Advent Sunday, November 29, 1874, he preached his last sermon in Westminster Abbey. It was the winding up of his work in the Abbey; it was, in fact, the winding up of his work on earth. A great storm was raging, and the fierce gale, which seemed almost to shake the vast pile, gave a point to his discourse, the subject of which was suggested by the day. He spoke at great length, with a fervour and beauty which he himself had never surpassed, of the many different ways in which Christ may make known His coming; in joy, in sorrow, in prosperity, in failure; in the repose of Nature, or 'He may come, as He may come this very night to many a gallant soul; not in the repose of Nature, but in her rage; in howling storm, and blinding foam, and ruthless rocks, and whelming surge; and whisper to them even so, as the sea swallows all of them which it can take, of calm beyond which this world cannot give and cannot take away.' 'But,' he concluded, 'in whatsoever way Thou comest, even so come, Lord Jesus.' They were the last words he spoke in public.

On December 3, in company with his wife, he went to Eversley; but the journey over-taxed Mrs. Kingsley's strength; her illness again took a serious form, and she was considered to be in most imminent danger. In attending on her, and careless of his own health, Kingsley, who had been far from well, caught a fresh cold. This resulted in pneumonia, and after lingering for a few weeks, more or less under the influence of opiates, he died quietly on January 23, 1875.

It had been wished by some that the late Canon of Westminster should be buried within the Abbey; his family, however, guided by his own wishes, happily determined that he should rest in the churchyard of the parish of which he had been so long the Rector, and with which his name will ever be associated. The churchyard is separated by a low wall from the garden which it had been the Rector's joy and delight to adorn; this, from the wilderness which it was in 1844, had become, even in the eyes of the professional gardener, one of the beauty-spots of the South of England; not in modern fashion, a mere blaze of gaudy bedding-out plants, but arranged by the taste and feeling of the historian, the poet, the artist, and the naturalist. The Rectory itself, though as a dwelling incommodious and damp, or even wet, is from an outside point of view exceedingly pretty. It is described as literally covered with vegetation; a mass of magnolias, Japanese honeysuckle, wistarias, ceanothus, roses, and ivy. In front of it stand three

magnificent Scotch firs, which throw their shade over the neighbouring wall, and over the grave where now lies all that remains of Charles Kingsley.

It has often been said that Kingsley's temper and frame of mind were those of the age of chivalry rather than of the nineteenth century. We think, on the contrary, that he was emphatically a man of his own time. To a good and earnest man, his own age—the age in which he has to work—is actually the age of chivalry; his own work makes it so; and Kingsley's work, in the minutest detail, belonged to the present. The vices he warred against, the science of which he was the popular exponent, were all things of the present. Whatever illustrations he might adopt from history, it was to the present that he applied them. Whether he wrote of the old wars between Roman and Teuton, or of the foul and courtly 'har-lotocracy' of France in the eighteenth century; of the old struggle between Pagan philosophy and Christianity, as in 'Hypatia,' or between tyranny and freedom, between superstition and religion, as in 'Westward Ho!' the present was as much before him as when he wrote of cleanliness and whitewash in 'Two Years Ago,' or of the abominations of tight-lacing and high heels, and 'the nasty mass of false hair' in 'Nausicaa.'

He wrote of the present, and for the present; his writing, meant for present effect, was careless in the extreme. As it first flowed from his pen it went before the public, and so remains. Mrs. Kingsley seems to consider this rapidity a mark of his genius; in one sense it doubtless was so. His work came so directly from the heart, rather than from the head, that its effect on readers of the present time was almost magical. It stirred up many and vehement enemies, whose hostility he in great measure lived down; it kindled, on the other hand, much love and admiration, and won for him many friends, known or unknown, to whom the very name of Kingsley still sounds as the synonym of goodness and virtue. But work so hastily reeled off is seldom of a character to last; and we cannot think that Kingsley's will prove an exception. It is not merely that his writing is exceedingly careless, that there is hardly a page on which the critical eye may not detect some sin against grammatical rule or canon of taste; it is rather that most of what he wrote is in its very essence ephemeral. The present generation knows, admires, and reveres in him, not so much the popular writer, as the good man and the earnest teacher; fifty years hence he may be remembered only as the writer of a few volumes of manly and sympathetic sermons, or of two or three high-minded but old-fashioned novels.

ART. VI.—1. *Further Correspondence relative to the Affairs of South Africa.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command, February 1877.

2. *The South African Conference. The Views of the Cape Ministry and their Supporters on Earl Carnarvon's South African Policy as set forth by their Speeches in the Cape Parliament.* With an Introduction by an Old Colonist. London: 1876.

THE January number of the 'Quarterly Review' contains an article on 'English Policy in South Africa,' intended to put the case of the Dutch population of the Cape of Good Hope before England as it appears to themselves and to the writer, to whom it certainly appears black enough. He adopts the opinion of Sir G. Clerk that the Dutch farmers have been alienated by our neglect and habitual disdain. From the past history of the Colony he extracts with industry and weaves together with skill all that can illustrate our blundering ignorance and prejudice. He criticises contemptuously the proceedings of the last Ministry—the annexation of the Basutos' land, the establishment of responsible government, and finally the appropriation of the Diamond Fields, which last he denounces as 'perhaps the most discreditable incident in British Colonial History'—a proceeding which 'taught our Dutch fellow-subjects to regard us as a people whom neither equity nor treaties could bind.' He overwhelms us with an unbroken succession of indictments, ancient and modern, embracing fifty years of error and injustice, and unvaried by a single gleam of sense or consideration. We are allowed to perceive that even Lord Carnarvon's well-known proposal of a South African Conference was, in form at least, a miscalculation, as it provoked an unnecessary resistance from the Colonial Parliament. This however was a concluding mistake. Here at length half a century of misgovernment came to an end, and a new era began. After thirty-eight pages of unflagging exposure the three last burst upon us like the rising of the sun.

'The response from the people of the Colony was more appreciative [than that of the Parliament]. They asked for explanations, and Mr. Froude, who had gone out to represent the Imperial Government at the intended Conference, took upon himself to give these explanations. He was accused of trespassing, in doing so, upon official etiquette. He may have felt that to allow the gloss which had been put upon the proposal of a Conference to pass unchallenged would not only have been unfair to Lord Carnarvon, but would have seriously

aggravated the existing difficulties. He may have thought also that it was indispensable to call out colonial opinion in some shape or other to guide Lord Carnarvon's action. The result at any rate was that the proposal of the Colonial Office received a general welcome. Addresses of thanks were forwarded from the interior towns. The Dutch of the Western Province, little given to demonstrative forms of expression, showed in crowded meetings their satisfaction that an English Minister had at last remembered their existence. The suspicions of the leading politicians have since been removed, and there is now every prospect that the Colonial Office and the Cape Parliament will be able to work in harmony. The dispute with the Orange Free State has already been happily arranged. 'The Diamond Fields remain British Territory. The Free State receives a compensation' [of 90,000*l.*] 'with which the President has declared himself satisfied; and the news that the quarrel is arranged has given universal pleasure. Griqua Land West can now be annexed to the Colony, as Lord Kimberley originally intended. Natal, it is hoped, may soon be united to the Colony also, if we give assurances, as we are bound to do, that a force adequate to maintain peace shall, for the present, be maintained there; and the Confederation of the British Provinces will thus be an accomplished fact.'

*Venit, vidit, vicit.* If Lord Carnarvon was not himself a perfect manipulator, he had at least a fine tact in the choice of a representative. Sometimes 'the world knows nothing of 'its greatest men.' But, here at least, the whole truth comes out; and impartial history records with pleasure, in the pages of our contemporary, how the well-meaning imprudence of the chief was retrieved by the rapid insight, the dexterous courage, and the quick adoption of responsibility of the subordinate.

Having thus done justice to Mr. Froude, the reviewer proceeds. 'The Transvaal Republic,' he tells us, 'presents 'greater difficulties'—arising principally from a formidable native war, in which our influence has just sufficed to save the Boers from destruction, not without great peril to the lives of our colonists and our own character, if we are induced to make common cause with them. But

'To steer wisely through these conflicting dangers may be a delicate, but it is not really a difficult, task. The South African Dutch and English are an excellent people—a little vain perhaps, but not disposed to quarrel with Great Britain, if they are treated with consideration. They are well aware of the value of the connexion to them, and with a little patience, South Africa may be made one of the most attached, as it is already one of the most valuable, of all our colonial possessions. But we have made mistakes enough. Lord Carnarvon, we will hope, has turned the leaf and begun a new chapter.

'Of the soundness of his judgment, Lord Carnarvon has given admirable evidence in the selection of Sir Bartle Frere as the new

Governor of the Cape Colony. . . . The moment is a critical one. The name of the person on whom the choice of the Colonial Office would fall has been looked for with more than usual interest. The wide experience of Sir Bartle Frere, his tried ability as an administrator, his high culture and still higher character, with the special distinction which he has already earned in connexion with African native races, combined at home to point to him as the fittest person for the office, if he could be prevailed upon to undertake it. The same instinct has led the Cape Colonists of all parties to the same conclusion, and for the last twelve months a unanimous wish has been expressed from every part of South Africa that Sir Bartle Frere might be Sir Henry Barkly's successor. So general a recognition of peculiar fitness is signally honourable to him, and is a happy augury for the success of his government.'

Viewed in the highly respectable aspect of a party statement, this glowing prospectus seems to us ill advised. If Lord Carnarvon were on the point of leaving office, a sunny picture of what he left behind him would detract from the credit of a following Secretary of State if he were successful, or enhance his discredit if he got into difficulties. But in the present case Lord Carnarvon will probably have to give effect to his own plans, and to stand the recoil of prophecy. If he should obtain the results which his ability, courage, and public spirit deserve, and which we unfeignedly desire for him in his own interest as well as that of the public—if Sir Bartle Frere's administration should correspond with the eulogy passed upon him—in which we heartily concur—this premature note of triumph will have discounted success. In the contrary contingency it will show the inability of the Secretary of State to follow up the success which Mr. Froude had achieved. In either case it would have been wiser to wait till facts spoke for themselves.

The next observation is of a more general kind. An exposure of our country is only excusable when it is inevitable. An Englishman is scarcely called upon to construct a withering *résumé* of his country's iniquities for the last fifty years unless he has some object in view beyond historical exactitude. And in the present case what objects remain to be accomplished? Difficulties (on the reviewer's showing) are overcome, grievances removed, malcontents satisfied; nothing is needed but common justice and a delicate touch—say another 'compensation' of 90,000*l*. And how can these be wanting when the direction of affairs is in the hands of our present Secretary of State, and the execution in those of our coming Governor? What more have we to do than to congratulate Lord Carnarvon and Sir Bartle Frere and Mr. Froude, and the colonists and the country, and then to 'rest and be thankful'? It does not



seem impossible—rather it seems highly politic—to let bygones be bygones, and to allow the flagrant misconduct of all preceding Governments to be silently effaced by the superior methods now about to be introduced. Suppose all that is past as bad as it is represented to be, yet in the critical moment of reconciliation, when the ‘leaf is turned and the new chapter ‘begun’—what public motive remains for invective? Why should the most just of men give himself the pain of placing before Dutch and English a careful compilation of all the quarrels which have ever arisen between them, artistically arranged to the disadvantage of his own country, and conducting to the conclusion that if the Dutch have anything to hope from the honesty or justice of England, it is due, not to the established character of the nation, but to the happy accident that they are in the hands of a Secretary of State who has ‘at last ‘remembered their existence’? It makes matters worse that the charges against Great Britain are such that while it is impossible to sit down under them, it is equally impossible to answer them without an unpleasant examination into the habits of the Dutch settlers. It will make matters worse still if it should turn out that the most disgraceful of the imputations brought against British statesmen are not merely gratuitous but untenable.

One more observation before plunging into the merits of this case. As between independent countries, it is, we believe, well understood that Governments treat only with each other. Of course an ambassador may properly accept hospitality from persons of all parties, and express his opinions in private. But if the Russian ambassador had, a month ago, ‘starred it’ at anti-Turkish meetings, and made speeches to his English audiences against the Ministerial policy, he would soon have ceased to reside in London. Now Colonies possessing responsible governments expect—and their comparative weakness increases their right to expect—the same kind of dealing. They have a right to expect that the Parliament and Ministry which they have chosen to conduct their affairs shall, by the Government of the Mother Country, be taken to represent them; and that British Ministers—who can always make their sentiments fully known by publication in England, or by communication with the Colonial Government—shall not attempt to outflank or undercut that Government by direct appeals to the people of the Colony.

It is clear what mischief would follow if a Secretary of State thought himself at liberty to send out accredited agents to ally themselves with this or that Colonial party, and to prevail

on them to support this or that Imperial object in opposition to their own chosen authorities. A momentary advantage might be gained by thus organising what used to be called a 'British party.' But such a detestable success—as detestable we are sure to Lord Carnarvon as to ourselves—would be gained at the expense of all that is wholesome or cordial in the relation between the Home and Colonial Governments, and, in particular, by the loss of the confidence now felt, that controversies will be carried on by direct means, and according to settled laws of warfare.

Now this understanding it is which Mr. Froude is accused of violating, and in fact did violate. He went out to the Colony to represent the Crown at the proposed Conference. He put himself forward as the accredited exponent of the views of the British Government. He styled himself,\* we are told, 'the unworthy representative of Lord Carnarvon,' and in this capacity thanked a public meeting for 'the splendid support which it had rendered to Her Majesty's Secretary of State.'† Occupying both from the nature of the case and in his own opinion this representative position, he recommended Lord Carnarvon's policy, not by a written exposition of his views, addressed once for all to whom it might concern, but by the process rudely described as 'stumping'—that is, by a series of speeches made in different parts of the country, and, in the opinion of his accusers, by speeches calculated to revive certain sectional animosities between Dutch and English, East and West (we are trying 'to look at their story as they see it 'themselves') which, since the establishment of Responsible Government, local legislation was in a way to efface. To represent all this as a 'trespass on official etiquette' does not at all convey the real nature of the charge. What the Imperial representative seems really to have done was to violate publicly and perseveringly a constitutional obligation, which the Colonists have a right to view as one of the essential safeguards of constitutional right.

It might have proved rather unfortunate that about this time Lord Carnarvon recommended the Governor to dissolve the Parliament if he had reason to think that it did not represent the wishes of the people. If this had been done on the back of Mr. Froude's agitation (which it was not), a rhetorical reviewer of different politics might plausibly have denounced it hereafter as a dissolution, unconstitutionally dictated by the

\* The South African Conference, p. 14.

† Ibid. p. 15.

Secretary of State, in the crisis of an excitement unconstitutionally got up by his agents, and, in that view, 'perhaps the 'most discreditable' violation of the guaranteed rights of a free Colony which is recorded in British Colonial History.

Proceedings of this kind are sometimes done, disavowed, and rewarded. Lord Carnarvon \* did not disavow; he did all that he could do, and indeed more than he ought to have done, to shield his 'representative.' He eulogised his character, ability, and earnestness—he justified his giving explanations, 'such explanations as might appear to him to be necessary at 'a very critical moment;' he also, most unnecessarily, approved his ceasing to give them; he gently indicated his own position by pointing out that Mr. Froude was 'unfettered in the exercise of his own discretion as to the events of the moment,' but expressed himself fully satisfied that no unconstitutional agitation had been carried on. Then he 'turned over a new leaf and began a new chapter' by transferring the question from the dust of the Colony to the serener skies of Downing Street. There it might have rested, if Mr. Froude's apologist had not given so violent a stir to the subject.

Thus much for merely incidental matters. We now proceed to the main subject of this article—the discussion of British policy. And we have first to deal with a general presumption of neglect, disdain, or something worse, founded in the fact that many of our Dutch subjects broke up their homes and fled into the interior of the colony, to settle themselves, rifle in hand, among hostile tribes, rather than submit to a dominion so odious as ours had become to them.

In most matters quarrels between the Home Government and the Colonists are unnecessary. All that is required is good government, and if this is given everybody is pleased. But there are questions on which the principles or interests of the Mother Country conflict with those of the Colony, and on which no wisdom can prevent antagonism. These points of unpleasant contact during the last half century have principally related to the abolition of slavery, the management of aborigines, the terms of giving military protection, the location of convicts, and the distribution of political power. The Cape has been affected by all these. We only intend to deal with those which affect our dealings with the natives, in the front of which stands Slavery.

The suppression of the slave trade and emancipation of the

\* Parl. Papers, Correspondence respecting the proposed Conference of Delegates on the Affairs of South Africa. Feb. 1876; pp. 87-91.

slaves were accompanied by measures keenly and continuously but unavoidably irritating to the slave owners, and on the whole more annoying, though probably less ruinous, to the Dutch Boer than to the West Indian proprietor. By the suppression of the maritime slave trade the Cape Colonists were untouched. To send slaves by sea to the Cape would have been to send coals to Newcastle. In either case there was a 'black country' close at hand which rendered importation absurd. However they got their slaves, they were neither directly nor indirectly chargeable with the horrors of the 'middle passage.' Moreover, the slavery was not in its nature virtually manufacturing like that of the sugar-producing colonies, but domestic, agricultural, or pastoral. Instead of the grinding labour of the sugar-mill or the coal-field, when the gang could work almost under the whip of the overseer, the slave's lot was cast in the farm or the vineyard, or the pastoral valley, under the eye of an owner who was satisfied with comfort without engaging in a race for wealth. The evils therefore which had to be redressed were possibly less than those which existed elsewhere. But their removal was even more sharply felt. The slavery of the Cape, though in some degree patriarchal, was still slavery. And the British Government had to see that, when it was abolished in law, it was abolished in fact. This itself involved a more inquisitorial method where the slaves formed parts of scattered families, than where gangs were collected in great workshops; and it also involved the substitution, for this purpose, of magistrates imported from England for the Landdrosts or other Dutch functionaries, who could not be expected to understand the propriety of treating black servants as freemen.

All this was inevitably odious; and the sense of injury was heightened by what certainly seems to have been a piece of mismanagement. The mode of paying the 1,200,000*l.* due to the Colonists as compensation for their slaves was ill understood by the Boers, who, it is said, not knowing how to get their money, and not feeling very certain that they would get it at all, were induced to dispose of their certificates at a loss to sharp-set English speculators. When it appeared that the certificates were really worth their nominal value, the Dutchmen felt that they had been not only oppressed by the English Government but taken in by their English neighbours; and their anger was not probably less because their losses were due to their own want of penetration and misplaced suspiciousness.

Again, there was another important difference between the Dutch Boer and the West Indian proprietor. The latter was

usually a man of fortune, residing in England, and chiefly interested in the Colony as a source of income. By the abolition of slavery a large body of Englishmen became poorer. They were of course very angry. Who could be otherwise? But they remained English. They adjusted their expenses to their changed circumstances. Their children entered professions instead of leading lives of leisure, and in a short time they became a body of gentlemen, protecting their interests by the usual methods, and subject to no annoyance except that of remembering that they had been better off than they were. The Dutch settler was in a different case. It was not that the remittances from his attorney were reduced in amount. The revolution had invaded his home. His every-day relations to those around him were altered for the worse. His familiar modes of discipline were prohibited. His servants were at liberty to rebel. He was called on to treat them with a consideration to which neither he nor they were used—a disturbance of relations, degrading to his self-respect, and not without a certain demoralising effect on them. If slavery was to be really abolished, all this was unavoidable. But he saw no reason why slavery should be abolished; and it was plain that at least a generation must pass away before the new state of things could be recognised as endurable. Before that time fresh causes of quarrel had arisen in connexion with the management of the natives.

The question of native policy, as it is called, is one on which, in the early stages of a colony, it is almost impossible for the Central Government and the settlers to agree. Very broadly speaking, there are two modes of dealing with natives—the way of patience and the way of extermination. The way of extermination is the readiest, the most complete, and the most usual, and is constantly supposed to be that of ‘manifest destiny.’

A settler takes possession of the country in his way, and the natives whom he dispossesses resent his intrusion in theirs. He creates property in his way, they steal it in theirs. It is not to be expected in the infancy of a colony, and especially in a country of large and scattered cattle farms, that either the local or Imperial Government can at once equip a body of armed police sufficient to ensure to a few enterprising farmers all they could desire for the secure development of their property. They, therefore, have to defend their own interests in their own ways, and those ways are mainly two. First they collect in armed bands, called in the Cape Colony ‘commandos,’ and scour the country, taking such steps as they think

fit to avenge what is past, to prevent danger in the future, and to recoup their losses, on their own valuation. Of course in this case irritated and irresponsible men are likely to kill what they see, and take what they can lay hold of. Next they proceed to punish native offences by successive appropriations of native territory as long as there is any valuable territory to be appropriated. The natives, slaughtered, impoverished, and confined to what is valueless, will of course resist and resent the loss of lives, cattle, and country. On either side excessive retaliation begets excessive retaliation till the weaker perishes; and the weaker is the savage. Either superior arms, organisation and steadiness of purpose prevail over numbers, or, if this should not be the case, the mother country is expected in the last extremity to save her children, and, without much inquiry into antecedents, it is held necessary to crush the native power, 'once for all,' as the phrase is, by an overwhelming employment of military force.

This is often assumed to be inevitable, and it is certainly frequent. Yet the way of patience, though difficult, is not quite so impracticable, and the way of extermination, though simple, is not quite so unavoidable as is generally assumed. The savage is capable of understanding justice and consideration. On the west coast of America he clearly embraces the difference between the British methods and those of the United States—those of the 'King George men' and those of 'the Boston men' as he still, we believe, calls them. Till lately—and perhaps even now—Americans have been astonished at the easy security with which known Englishmen can travel where known Americans can only move about in well-armed bands, every man, as Bernal Diaz has it, 'with his beard on his shoulder.' And a strange illustration of this contrast occurred some time ago, when in a school kept by a missionary on the United States frontier, every child of American origin was, on some wild misapprehension, cruelly massacred, while two or three, who belonged to a Hudson Bay trader, were carefully distinguished, spared, and sent back to their parents. On the west coast of Africa our proceedings in the cause of humanity have given us an influence over the natives so exceptional that the attempt to transfer some of them from our jurisdiction to that of Holland caused a resistance, which virtually expelled the Dutch from the coast. In Natal hundreds of thousands of natives are contented under our rule. The state of things in the Cape Colony is thus described by an 'Old Colonist,' author of the pamphlet the name of which we prefix to this article:—

‘The policy of Cape Colony towards the natives has been gradually developed by long and anxious deliberation, as well as by practical experience. It is thoroughly English and generous; it imposes no disability, nor concedes any privilege, on account of race. Under it many of the natives are gradually acquiring property, and are becoming, both in a commercial and social point of view, an important element in the settled population. Its beneficial influence on the native temper, and on the preservation of peace, is practically testified by the fact to which we have already adverted, that for a quarter of a century the colony has known no Kaffir war.’ (P. 19.)

Both in Natal and in the Cape our difficulty is to repel the native tribes which desire our protection. It is by our purely moral influence with our Zulu neighbour Cetywayo that we have to all appearance been able to save the Transvaal Republic from annihilation. The manifest destiny doctrine, then, in regard to the extinction of savages need not be blindly submitted to by a Government anxious to rule all its subjects beneficially. And if a Government believes that by justice and consideration black and white races may be brought to live side by side, it is bound to make the attempt, and is not to be judged ungenerously, in case it is found impossible at once to make just allowances for the habits of the original inhabitants, and to protect the civilised intruder from all the evils of the neighbourhood which he has chosen for himself.

It is in the light of these considerations that the story of the Cape Colony is to be read. It was the common story. The Dutch—or rather it is said German—settlers pushed the natives backwards. The natives resented it. The settlers established farms. The natives stole their cattle. The settlers indemnified themselves by commandos, which, if we may accept evidence which was accepted by the House of Commons in 1836–7, were, till they were taken in hand by England, chargeable with very great atrocities indeed. For these the English Government endeavoured to substitute military patrols, which, while they could not do all that the farmer now required from a Government which professed to protect him, were obliged often to act blindly, and therefore unjustly, against the natives. Then came more territorial disputes. Still the natives were driven farther and farther back, till, at last, mutual injuries, and the expulsion of the Kaffirs from a district which they had occupied, brought the storm down. A pathetic account of this expulsion was given to the House of Commons Committee. But the revenge, when it came, was heavy. In the year 1834 the savages poured into the country destroying all before them. A vast amount of property and

many lives were lost. More than fifty persons were killed in cold blood. The Governor drove them back, destroyed, he said, several thousands of them, with little loss, and appropriated definitively a large tract of land. The Secretary of State praised Sir B. D'Urban's energy, condemned his severity, and having convinced himself that the savages, however barbarous their proceedings, had justice on their side, ordered the lands to be given back. The House of Commons, after inquiry, approved in general what Lord Glenelg had done.

It need hardly be said that the colonists were furious. The English called for inquiry. The Dutch saw at once that no inquiry would suit their purpose, and determined on a sterner course. To them it was clear enough that the principles adopted by the British Government could not possibly be reconciled with those old 'rough and ready' methods which alone, as settlers and slaveholders, they thoroughly understood, and to which they were immovably attached. The conclusion adopted by the more resolute among them is thus described by the reviewer:—'Despairing now of protection, finding themselves, as they supposed, plundered and insulted by alien invaders' (what else were they themselves?), *'and believing that in their own way they could establish more wholesome relations with the native tribes than under the uncertain dominion of Great Britain . . . they determined to seek a new home on the plains of the interior.'* Thither they went, and before long fought their way to the coast, where they were met and defeated by British troops sent to assert the rights of the British Crown against fugitive British subjects. A few of them remained to form, with an influx of British settlers, the Colony of Natal. The more determined majority receded into what is now called the Orange River Territory.

Meantime they had left a curse behind them. The policy of lenity, it must be admitted, had, in its first application, been far from successful. A concession of land had not sufficed to remove a hatred of long standing and a bitter resentment for the punishment which the Kaffirs had just received. A second Cape War had broken out, and this time, it is said, without provocation. It was suppressed by Sir P. Maitland and Sir H. Smith. And when this was done, the latter, a good officer but a weak man, proceeded to the Orange River, and allowed himself to be misled into proclaiming British sovereignty as well over the fugitive farmers as (for the first time) over the neighbouring native chiefs. In particular he brought under British rule a powerful chief of the Basutos named Moshesh, long our ally (according to his own account),



but not till now a British subject. Then he departed. His handiwork did not last long. As soon as his back was turned the Orange River people rose behind him, sent off his officers 'bag and baggage,' as we now say, and resumed their independence. Sir H. Smith returned with his troops, and they were again defeated. Part retreated and founded the Transvaal, now South African, Republic. The others remained in the Orange River district, then again reduced under British rule, and received, willingly or not, a large infusion of English land-buyers. But there was no peace yet. The English Commissioner, Major Warden, was himself\* a farmer, connected with the Dutch by marriage; and 'in order to court 'favour with the Boers,' his government soon got into a conflict with our new subject Moshesh, in which he could get little assistance from those whom he hoped to please. Meantime a third Kaffir war had broken out. Sir H. Smith was recalled, and Sir Geo. Cathcart sent out in his place. This very able officer, after finally subduing the Kaffirs, crossed the Orange River and defeated Moshesh. But, convinced that the Basutos had been badly treated, and respecting the gallantry with which they had defended themselves, he contented himself with seizing a few thousand cattle, leaving the Chief's power and territory unimpaired. Then he wrote home that the authority of the Queen was established, and that the British Government might keep or abandon the Orange River territory as it liked.

The decision of Lord Grey on this question constitutes a point of departure in the history of the Cape frontier.

The newly-arrived English immigrants, whose farms would be largely increased in value by a British guarantee, were keen for retaining this new acquisition. So were a number of officials and others who were deep in land speculation. So were the Cape merchants who lent their money and sold their goods to the immigrants, and to whom nothing could be more profitable than any fresh war in which British power was put forth at British expense to defend and increase Colonial territory. So, no doubt, were the Cape farmers, to whom a war which increased the price of corn and cattle held out similar attractions, and who naturally desired the frontier to move continually forward and leave them in increased safety behind it. So possibly were the Dutch of the Colony, whose political strength might be increased if the refugees again became

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\* Parl. Papers relative to the Orange River Territory, April 10, 1854, pp. 3, 40, 47.

British subjects. So according to Sir George Cathcart and Sir George Clerk were \* not the refugees themselves who constituted seven-eighths of the population, who could have had no fresh reason for submitting again to the yoke which they had once found intolerable—who doubtless still thought that, if let alone, they could deal satisfactorily with the natives in their own way, and many of whom declared in fact their desire to be quit of us.

But the Imperial Government appears to have held itself at liberty to consider the question with some view to Imperial duties and burdens. To them the ineradicable difference between themselves and the Dutch in respect to native policy was sufficiently clear. It was established by the fact that the Boers had been running up and down Africa, with England at their heels, to find a place where they could establish 'more wholesome relations' with the native tribes. To secure this they had fled from district to district; and had fought battle after battle. The Transvaal refugees, it was plain, would continue to slip through our fingers if they went to the Equator for it. The Orange River Dutch had tried hard to shake us off, and, though tired of 'trekking,' had as yet evinced little friendliness to the English, or disposition to abandon their 'rough and ready' methods. To allow such methods to British subjects was impossible. To impose patience on the Boers was impossible. The attempt to establish such security of life and property as is demanded by settlers and due to aborigines was an attempt which in the last few years had cost us infinite expense and disaster—for which nobody thanked us, and which we were not bound to make whenever fugitive Dutchmen chose to settle among native thieves. Sir George Cathcart had told us † that it could not be done with a force of less than 2,000 men, and would end in our having to exterminate our native neighbours.

Considerations of this kind prevailed with the Government. British authority was withdrawn from the country north of the Orange River, and those who inhabited that country were left to settle their own quarrels among themselves for the future.

Non-intervention was thus made the cardinal principle of British policy. In one respect it has certainly been justified. The native wars of the twenty preceding years had cost Eng-

\* Parl. Papers relative to the Orange River Territory, April 10, 1854, pp. 1, 24, 40.

† Parl. Papers, Orange River, May 31, 1853, p. 74.

land some millions of money, and humanity many thousands of lives. In the twenty-four following years they cost us nothing. But neither the principle of non-intervention, nor any other political principle, will stand an infinite strain. And a very great strain was soon to be put upon it.

Before proceeding to this act in the drama, we will stop for a moment to survey the new state of things thus established in South Africa. It was now divided into four bodies politic. In two of them British authority prevailed. And in these the British Government was pledged, in one way or other, to carry into effect its own notions of native policy. In the other two the Boers were left to try the 'more wholesome' methods for which they had done and suffered so much. The history of the last quarter of a century has been in a great degree that of the two great experiments.

The two bodies politic in which the British experiment has been tried are Natal and the Cape of Good Hope. Natal has, from various reasons, been a troublesome colony. But on the native question there has been no serious quarrelling. The Home Government, acting through an officer of remarkable aptitude and ability—now Sir Theophilus Shepstone—and furnishing the military defence of the settlers, has dictated the treatment of the Zulu immigrants. The colony has been occupied and is peaceably inhabited by some thousands of Europeans, and some hundred thousand natives. The native question is indeed not solved, nor can it be so till the native has reached his highest attainable point of civilisation, and a *modus vivendi* has been established which will reconcile his growing self-respect with the indestructible superiority of the whites. But wonderful results have been obtained without disaster. Till within the last year or two no serious quarrel had arisen between the races. The one which has arisen has been at once composed in a manner infinitely creditable to Lord Carnarvon's self-reliant uprightness. The Zulus within the colony place unbounded confidence in the Government. Neighbouring tribes acknowledge its influence; more distant tribes seek its friendship or protection; and if the whites have grumbled, it has not been because they have feared the disaffection of the natives, but because they have felt them to be obstacles to improvement—a state of things inseparable from a policy of patience.

In the Cape Colony the three great Kaffir wars were followed by a great Kaffir famine. A false prophet had persuaded the unhappy people to kill the cattle which furnished their only means of subsistence. To their surprise, they found

that when they had destroyed all their food they had nothing left to eat, and they were reduced to despair. The Cape Colony, under the wise government of Sir George Grey, prepared itself to meet them with force if they came as invaders, with relief if they came as mendicants. As mendicants they came, and were received with kindness and help. The crisis was tided over; and since that time, or rather since the conclusion of the previous war, the Cape has been engaged, not in fighting, but in maintaining order within its own territory by a well-disciplined police force, and enjoying the fruits of tranquillity.

In each of these two colonies the mode of government is doubtless still imperfect, and its success incomplete; but they exhibit fairly the result of British modes of thought enforced by a British Government through a British Governor, and a legislature in which the British spirit prevails.

The history of the Dutch republics shows otherwise. In the Orange Free State, which is conterminous with the Cape Colony, and offers attractions to British enterprise, the Dutch element has of course always been dominant, though latterly its characteristics have been less prominently shown. In the Transvaal Republic, which has resolutely thrust itself forward into the midst of the natives, that element (except at the newly-discovered gold fields) is unadulterated and all-powerful. Both are recognised as representative by the old Dutch settlers of the Western Province. 'The two Republics,' we are told, 'were their special glory, their crowning achievement, 'the surviving and thriving remnant of their once paramount 'South African dominion.' But it is in the Transvaal or South African Republic that pure Boerdóm—the orthodox Dutch commonwealth—is to be found. And it is in the history of that Republic that we are to collect a clear conception of the character and policy of the Boer, as they exist in a community absolutely disengaged from British influences, and allowed to work out its own will in its own way.

We begin by extracting our contemporary's account of the ideal Dutch farmer:—

'The Dutch farmer or Boer of the interior of the Cape Colony may be described in a few words. In every community there are bad exceptions; and the exceptions being all that we hear of at a distance, the South African Boer has till lately been regarded in England as little better than a savage. We must learn to know his fairer side. The type is unchanging. As he was in 1806 in the Colony, so he is in 1876 in the republics of the interior. He is uncultivated. He is unprogressive; but he possesses qualities which even here will be regarded as not without value.

‘He is domestic, but not gregarious. When he settles he procures from six to twenty thousand acres of undulating grass plain. He takes possession in his waggon with his wife and children, his scanty furniture, his family Bible, which is all his literature, and his sheep and cattle. He selects a spring of water as a site for his house; ten miles, perhaps, from his nearest neighbour. His house consists of a central hall, with a kitchen behind it, and three, four, or five bedrooms opening out of it, all on one floor. He builds kraals for his cattle. He fences in a garden which he carefully irrigates. And so rapid is the growth in that soil and climate, that in four or five years it will be stocked with oranges, lemons, citrons, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears, and grape-vines. He encloses fifty or a hundred acres, which he ploughs and sows with wheat or Indian corn. His herds and flocks multiply with little effort. If he is ambitious, he adds a few ostriches, whose feathers he sells at Port Elizabeth. Thus he lives in rude abundance. His boys grow up and marry; his daughters find husbands, and when the land is good they remain at his side. For each new family a house is built a few gunshots from the first. A few more acres are brought under the plough. A second generation is born. The old people become the patriarchs of the family hamlet. The younger gather round them at the evening meal, which is preceded by a long, solemn grace, as the day’s work in the morning is commenced with a Psalm. The authority of age is absolute. The old lady sits in a chair in the hall, extending her hand to a guest, but never rising to receive him. The young generation, trained to obedience, fetch and carry at her command.

*“Sabellis docta ligonibus*

*Versare glebas et severæ*

*Matris ad arbitrium recisos*

*Portare fustes.”*

‘The estate produces almost every thing which the family consumes. There is no haste to get rich. There is no desire of change. The Boer has few wants but those which he can himself supply, and he asks nothing but to be let alone. The obedience which he expects from his children he expects equally from his servants. He is a strict Calvinist. The stream of time, which has carried most of us so far and fast, has left him anchored on the old ground. The only knowledge which he values is contained in his Bible. His notions of things in heaven and earth are very much what would have been found in Scotland in the days of the Covenant. He is constitutionally republican, yet of liberty in the modern sense he has no idea. He considers work the first duty of man, and habits of work the only fitting education. Native questions and all other questions he regards from this point of view. Without tenderness, without enthusiasm, and with the narrowest intellectual horizon, he has a stubborn practicality well suited for the work which he has chosen as the pioneer of African civilisation.’

It is a pretty picture—a thorough Dutch idyll. We have heard, indeed, from those who have come in contact with Boers that they are faithless and untruthful. But statements

of this kind we readily dismiss. We are ready to accept the reviewer's picture as it stands, not adding, nor yet taking away, but only developing. The Boers are, says their historian, 'without tenderness'—an innocent little phrase which suggests a venial deficiency, not incompatible with a high religious philanthropy, perhaps even with a manly and substantial consideration for the feelings of those around us. We shall see, however, what it really covers.

The quarrel between the English Government and the Dutch farmers arose, we have said, out of their different modes of dealing with natives. We have seen what the policy of the English Government professes to be in the south of Africa, and what it has done. We now proceed to illustrate the method of the Boers.

In January 1852 a convention was signed between English Commissioners and the Transvaal refugees, under their hero and leader Pretorius, a man of great capacity and resolution, which acknowledged their independence, but bound them not to permit slavery. Already in 1848, rumours had reached the Foreign Office that they had begun to kidnap children, and the convention was scarcely concluded when positive evidence came to light. Before the year was out the well-known David Livingston wrote to the Colonial Office that the Boers had launched a commando against a chief named Secheli, for no better reason than that he let Englishmen pass through his country. They plundered Livingston's property, destroyed Secheli's town, killed sixty of his people, and carried off 200 women and children. Many of the women, said Livingston, would probably escape—the children 'are reduced to a state of 'hopeless slavery.' About the same time, two missionaries complained to the Transvaal authorities of the capture perhaps of these very children, and were expelled at once from the country. One of them gives a graphic report of his trial. In the course of it he alleged that the law of the commando had been 'to shoot down all Kaffirs armed or unarmed, old or 'young men.' On this

'P. Scholtz got up, not in his usual cold manner, and said, the law was given, after they would not accept of peace, to shoot down all the men. He said that he acted upon that law with a good conscience; that the Divine Law (Goedlyke wet) that was given to Joshua was given to him to offer peace, and, if peace was not accepted, to destroy all before him. Mr. Pretorius got up and said, "I gave that law," and that he had acted upon that principle in the case of Lambok (?); and all who opposed him he would destroy (verdelgen) and all the Kaffirs under him—I suppose he meant those who are now at peace—he

would divide among the Boers;—that they did nothing in the large towns but roguery (schelmstuk). . . . That they (the Boers) did not think it was cruel thus to act, but it was goodness and mercy to bring the children out from their wretched heathen parents that they may live among Christians.\*

It must not be supposed that these God-fearing warriors, while thus shooting down the parents and adopting the orphans they had made, supposed themselves to be violating their covenant with Great Britain, any more than the injunctions of their family Bible. These young people were not, as might be supposed, reduced to slavery, but apprenticed or 'inboeked' in solitary farms, 'the girls till twenty years of age, the boys till 'twenty-five years.' Only this was done under circumstances which, as a knowing old Boer remarked, made it unlikely they would ever find out that they were free.

Although therefore by laws, proclamations, and other pieces of paper, slavery was prohibited most logically and grammatically, it continued to be a matter of remark that there were in the Republic a large number of inboeked orphans. And, though Mr. Pretorius thought it good for them to be brought to live among people whom he called Christians, yet a person who has not the 'stubborn practicality' of the Dutchman can hardly read with comfort how when an infant was taken from the breast, 'one Boer drove away the mother, saying "you 'will fly with your children. I shall feed this infant on goat's 'milk.'" This picture of a mother whipped off like a poor disconsolate beast following her young, recurs, it will be seen, in South African history.

It does not appear what was done about all this. But in 1866 a curious case cropped up at the Cape. In the Transvaal as elsewhere there are men accessible to the instincts of humanity, and to these instincts they seem to add a full allowance of Dutch boldness and tenacity. A knot of such persons arose who determined to make a stand against these atrocities. Those who appear in the following narrative—besides Mr. Jeffreys, a Wesleyan minister, are a Mr. Ludorf, a Congregational missionary—Mr. Steyn, 'one of the oldest residents in 'the Republic and formerly Landdrost of Potchefstroom,'† a man who had himself served on 'commandos' and knew what they were, and Mr. Munnik, who, strange to say, seems to have attained to the office of *Staats Procureur* at Potchefstroom.

On the 1st of December, 1866, Mr. Ludorf learnt that two

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\* Parl. Papers, Orange River Territory, May 31, 1853, p. 121-122.

† Parl. Papers on Kidnapping of young Africans, p. 44.

waggons of Kaffir children had arrived for sale at that place, and went, with Mr. Jeffreys, to carry the news to Mr. Munnik.\* This officer was already on the alert and went with them to find the waggons and their owner, one Carel Smit, alias Fischer. This man showed them a number of documents called *inboeksele*s—printed forms signed by the Landdrost of Zoutpansberg (the district in which the Boers were carrying on their slave hunts), and constituting his legal authority for the part he was acting. The man would tell them no more. They found nineteen of the children varying in age from seven to eleven years.

‘They were naturally very shy. But two of them, in answer to questions put by Mr. Ludorf, who spoke to them in their own language, gave us to understand that their fathers had been shot down at their own kraals, whether by white or coloured people I did not learn, and that they had been forcibly torn away from their mothers.’

The Kaffir children, fifty-six in number, were sold in virtue of these ‘*inboeksele*s’ at from 15*l.* to 22*l.* 10*s.* a head. But some steps were also taken towards the prosecution of Carel Smit—not so much, it is alleged, for slave-dealing, as for the more unpopular offence of supplying the Kaffirs with ammunition. What became of this prosecution does not appear. What does appear is that on January 29, one Martinus Gouws brought † Carel Smit before a magistrate to compel delivery of a Kaffir sold to him; and that Mr. Munnik did not long retain his government office, being described in 1868 as ‘*formerly* State’s attorney.’

But the most characteristic incidents of the story are those which affect Mr. Steyn. That gentleman, forming his own estimate of a Government prosecution for slave-dealing, wrote at once an account of the matter (not in the best English) to Sir P. Wodehouse:—

‘Your Excellency may be a stranger to the fact that we are at present and are almost every year at war with several small native tribes near Zoutpansberg. I hesitate not in saying that these annual wars are solely caused by several of our frontier Boers making unprovoked commandos on some Kaffir kraals, shoot the men, and in some instances the women, and capture the children, which they soon turn over to the profitable account of slavery. The following are as near as possible the words spoken to me a few days ago by one of the young Kaffirs who has just been sold, a boy of about 12 years old. “The Boers “shot my father, I was busy milking a buck when one of them took

\* Parl. Papers on Kidnapping of young Africans, p. 5.

† This is evidently the meaning of the words, ‘summoned for delivery,’ p. 2.



"me away. My mother wept bitterly to have a parting look at me, "but she was driven away by one of the Boers with a whip." This is only one of the many instances I could illustrate to prove to your Excellency that, whatever the Boers may term it, it is the most unmitigated slavery that is carried on here, and loudly calls for some interference on the part of your Excellency.

'Should your Excellency deem it necessary I will willingly forward to you to Cape Town, free of all expense, one of these Kaffir slaves, so that your Excellency can hear his sorrowful tale from his own lips. I feel convinced that I have placed myself open to have some severe punishment inflicted on me by our Government for having thus candidly given your Excellency an outline of the fast increasing slave trade carried on here, but I will willingly undergo any punishment for having done my duty to humanity.

'Your Excellency is therefore at full liberty to inform our Government with every word I have written should you feel disposed to do so.' (*Parl. Papers on Kidnapping*, p. 2.)

Sir P. Wodehouse took him at his word, and on February 5 Mr. Steyn had to write as follows:—

'Since my last to your Excellency I have been arrested, and had to give bail for a large amount to appear before the ensuing Circuit Court and answer to a charge of "high treason," preferred against me by the Attorney-General on the special instructions of President Pretorius. The charge is founded on the copy of my letter which your Excellency forwarded to President Pretorius, and for which I beg to tender your Excellency my humble thanks. It has been officially offered me to withdraw the charge against me if I would retract what I have written to your Excellency, and give you to understand that I have been misinformed. I have, however, treated the offer with the contempt it so richly merited.

'I have also been given to understand that the crime I am charged with is punishable with death, and that if I am found guilty it is more than likely that I will have to pay for it with my life. Be that as it may, I will look even their sentence of death with contempt in the face, and shall not be persuaded to flinch from what I conscientiously believe to be the undeniable truth.

'Your Excellency is at full liberty to forward a copy of all my communications addressed to your Excellency to President Pretorius, as I have all along been particularly cautious not to make a single statement that I cannot verify. Trusting your Excellency will not consider my writings unworthy of some investigation, I have, &c. (Signed) G. J. STEYN.' (P. 3.)

A later letter is in the same tone; nor is this mere braggadocio, for in April, Sir P. Wodehouse wrote again to President Pretorius, requesting to be informed whether 'the Government of the S. African Republic propose to try Mr. Steyn 'for high treason, on the ground that he has communicated to 'me the occurrences which have formed the subject of our

‘late correspondence.’ To which, on September 4, President Pretorius replied as follows:—

‘With reference to your request to be informed whether it is the intention of the Government of the South African Republic to prosecute Gideon Steyn, I have to state that it will be complied with.

‘The Government of the South African Republic would further request that in future your Excellency, in corresponding with regard to similar matter, should address yourself directly to Government and not to individuals like G. Steyn, who has been imprisoned and even in chains for offences committed both in this Republic and in the Orange Free State. More especially since, in my letter No. 1413, of the 6th February last, I informed your Excellency that the matter had been placed in the hands of the competent authorities for prosecution, when it was reported to your Excellency by G. Steyn, and also because G. Steyn, since his correspondence with your Excellency, assumes a bearing towards us, supported by your Excellency, *which must eventually bring him to ruin and entail upon him a severe punishment.*’

From these extracts it will be pretty clear that the informants of Government in this matter are justified in the fears for their personal safety which they generally express; and the following statement made by Mr. Ludorf to the States attorney, Mr. Kleyn, is not exactly to be dismissed as if it had been produced in the safety of Exeter Hall:—

‘I the undersigned do hereby solemnly declare, that some time ago the burgher Jan van der Berg, resident at the “Hooge Veld” (table land), South African Republic, declared to me in presence of a witness at Potchefstroom during a visit to that place on business, that he, the said Jan van der Berg, whilst at Zoutpansberg, “had obtained the most “deplorable proofs of many atrocities that had been perpetrated by some “of the white inhabitants of the said district against the native tribes; “among other things, as happened but too often, that certain parties, “for purposes well known, attacked native petty kraals, and not being “able at the time to remove the younger Kaffir children kidnapped by “them, but being at the same time loth to leave them behind, had “carried the children together in a heap, covered them over with grass, “and burnt them alive—an act that cried to Heaven.” J. LUDORF, V.D.M.’ (P. 46.)

Fortified by the knowledge thus acquired from the Transvaal itself respecting the habits of Mr. Pretorius and his countrymen, we are prepared to believe the Legislative Council of Natal,\* who in 1868 declared that the South African Republic had since 1848

‘carried on a system of slavery under the guise of child apprenticeship, such children being the result of raids carried on against native

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\* Parl. Papers respecting the recognition of the Basutos as British subjects, July 1869, p. 127.

tribes, whose men are slaughtered, but whose children and property are seized, the one being enslaved and sold as apprentices, the other being appropriated.'

Nor need we doubt the representations taken down by Sir Theophilus Shepstone—no visionary, but a most practical ruler of savages—from the mouths of certain Africans—messengers from a chief called Langa in the interior. This is what the people of Langa say for themselves \* :—

'The country . . . (they say) contains every thing necessary to make its inhabitants happy, and it is besides very healthy, but our chief says, "What are all these if peace cannot be had, and if the people are "not sure their children will be left to them?"'

'His people live four days' walk west of Zoutpansberg; the Boers are their neighbours, but not close, and they are always finding some excuse for exacting tribute and carrying off their children into slavery. They shoot the parents and take the children, and the children are never heard of again.

'The fear of the Boers has caused all the people to abandon the level country and live in the mountains, but they must cultivate for their subsistence portions of the level country, and it is a common practice of the Boers to make raids during the planting season, and carry off all the children they find with their parents in the fields, shooting all those who are too old to forget their homes. They have several times tried to get possession of the person of our chief to put him to death, as they have other chiefs, or to extort ransom from his people. Langa is afraid of them and will not meet them. He was once in their power, and was not released until his people gave them 100 guns, 30 elephants' tusks, and a large number of cattle, and this was justified by no manner of charge against him. They invited him to go and see them, and on his complying, this was the treatment he received. They have also encouraged one of his sons, named Masibi, to rebel against his father, and hope by means of this young man to destroy him and scatter his people as dogs among them to work for them.'

In sending these statements home Lieutenant-Governor Keate† furnishes a few additional features.

'Captives taken in war, children or adults, are valuable property. The slave ships take the adults, because when carried beyond the seas they cannot by absconding return to their homes. The subjects of the Transvaal take the children, because their infancy renders their ever reaching their homes hopeless. This slavery in the Transvaal territory, on the native soil of the slave, gives rise to the most atrocious crimes. It requires and leads to the extermination of the parents and friends, whenever possible, of the captured children, who otherwise might be sought for and inveigled away. It makes desirable too, for its purposes, the annihilation of the very common instincts of human

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\* Parl. Papers respecting the recognition of the Basutos as British subjects, p. 129.

† Ibid. p. 126.

nature. Incredible as it may appear, the Secretary for Native Affairs informs me that he has conversed with persons who have assured him that they had actually seen young slave boys emasculated by their white masters to prevent their running away with slave girls when grown up.

‘The Transvaal Government professes to forbid slavery, but its weakness as a government is such as to render the prohibition practically inoperative. It exists under the name of apprenticeship, and sales of these apprentices habitually take place under the description in mercantile books of “black ivory.”’

When these doings were communicated to Sir P. Wodehouse by Mr. Keate, he replied that he would gladly put a stop to them if he knew how. But what could he do? ‘There can scarcely be a doubt that the President, if referred to, would strenuously deny the existence of such a traffic. A *bonâ-fide* inquiry would be almost impracticable, and moreover it would be beyond the power of the Transvaal Republic, even admitting it to have the inclination, to put down a trade which the Boers must find to be very tempting and profitable.’ Meantime he sent home two letters (which could not be published with safety to the writers) ‘describing the cruelties practised by the people of the State on the native tribes in their neighbourhood, and the systematic reduction of their members to a state of slavery.’ ‘There is nothing new in these representations,’ he adds, ‘and no doubt has ever been entertained of their general truth.’

Certainly it is no exaggeration to say that all this shows a want of tenderness in slave hunters, slave dealers, slave owners; in landdrosts and in Presidents, in the government and in the people. It is disposed of by our contemporary as follows:—

‘On the frontier of the Transvaal, where miscellaneous ruffians of all nations had collected, an infamous trade sprang up in native children—black ivory as they were called—who were carried into the Dutch settlement and disposed of for money as apprentices. The Orange Free State soon put a stop to these villanies. They lingered longer in the Transvaal; but at length were suppressed there also. Every instance, however, was made the worst of by persons who wished to force the British Government to resume its half-abandoned duty of protecting the native population.’

Have these practices been suppressed? It may be so. President Pretorius has been succeeded in the Presidency by the Rev. Mr. Burgers, who is said to be a better sort of man; and the discovery of gold fields has introduced a number of English settlers, whose views as to black ivory may differ from those of the Dutch borderer. But what substantial reason have we to think it so?

In 1865 a Transvaal newspaper, said to be edited by a government official, and printed by the government printer at the government press, and therefore not interested in making the worst of things, but the contrary, after admitting that the slave trade was becoming a lucrative branch of commerce, and that whole waggon-loads of slaves were continually hawked about the country, proceeded to describe the want of household labour to be so great that they could not expect to see the trade altogether relinquished. In 1868 it was, in the judgment of the Natal Government and Sir P. Wodehouse, notoriously alive; and as all the evidence of its existence has to force its way through intimidation and persecution, we require some better evidence than silence and an off-hand allegation to show that it has really ceased to exist. That slavery is at an end would hardly, we imagine, be contended. Indeed, complaints of it are still coming home.

All these atrocities appear in what we suppose to be the most public and authentic account of the matter which exists—the Parliamentary Papers respecting African kidnapping. They stare the reviewer in the face; and we must do him the justice to say, that he, at least, has not ‘made the worst of them.’

But soon the question arose, not whether we should protect the natives from the Boers, but whether we should protect the Boers from the natives. On April 29, 1868, the President published a proclamation, which is described by a German geographer as ‘a curiously worded document . . . unfortunately difficult to understand, as many of the rivers and ‘mountains mentioned in it are not to be found in the map.’ One thing, however, is clear, that it appropriated an immense territory—of course in the occupation of natives—at the N.W. angle of which is the Lake Ngami, and which on the east makes its way, after some fashion or other, to the sea. As might be expected, the expansive policy which this proclamation illustrates has involved the republic in native wars, which, as might also be expected, are carried on ‘without tenderness.’ What was not to be expected is, that the Boers are also charged with cowardice. It is said that, keeping themselves in the background, they pushed to the front their native allies, the Swazies; who were so disgusted that they retired home and left them to take care of themselves. Johannes, a Christian chief, who fell lately in battle against them, is reported as dying with taunts against their cowardice in his mouth. Englishmen speak of them disrespectfully; and now at last, when, without the assistance of their native friends, they have come into contact with a chief called Secocoeni, they appear

beyond doubt to have been beaten thoroughly and discreditably. The President was so disgusted that he asked his men, without effect, to shoot him. He did not address the same request to any Kaffir, and remained to be eventually superseded by a more fighting man, one Paul Kruger, in conducting the affairs of his country. Thus beaten, having lost the respect of their allies, and having become an object of natural hatred to their neighbours, it is scarcely to be doubted that the powerful chief of the Zulus, Cetywayo—who, with a force of well-armed men, estimated at some uncertain number between 30,000 and 100,000 men, was already threatening war—would have set upon and put an end to them, but for the influence of the British Government. Isolated by the effect of this influence, the chief Secocoeni appears to have been frightened by his own success, and to have made a submission which probably will not defer his destruction very long.

Our own position is at present this. The Transvaal natives profess entire reliance on our good faith; and, though it is often impossible to restrain the lawlessness of war, they appear sincerely desirous of sparing the English while they punish the Dutch. They complain, indeed, that by allowing our subjects to join in the Dutch commandos, we take part against them. And this is natural; for though British subjects are forbidden to enlist in these commandos, yet it is pretty clear that the President has been in the habit of requiring English residents to join in his expeditions, and of enticing English volunteers by promises of money and land. Such proceedings, it is plain, are calculated to destroy that influence with the natives which is now peaceably saving him, and to effect what would more completely answer his purpose—to entangle us in a native war, by which, at the possible cost of another million or two, we might be forced to extinguish the adjacent native powers, and leave him with his hands free to quarrel with us about boundary lines. To this account of the situation it is to be added that the English residents in the Republic, whether at the gold fields or elsewhere, seem to desire English interference in the shape of confederation, and the Boers stoutly to repudiate it.

And now, having indicated roughly the course of Dutch native policy along one of the streams into which it has divided itself, we turn to the other—from the South African Republic to the Orange River Free State. It is an instructive change—like looking at an embryo native war in different stages of its development.

We have already said, that upon the withdrawal of the

British from the Orange River Territory, the Basuto chief Moshesh had rebelled, been beaten, and made his submission. His own view of that transaction is given in a letter received from him in 1861, and evidently written in part by the French missionaries, under whose advice he had always cultivated friendly relations with the British Government. 'The offence,' he says, 'for which I grieve to this day was the struggling of children against a father's chastisement. I begged forgiveness that very same day, and it was granted me with a pleased heart, and the child remained his father's child still.'\* The British Government by no means acknowledged this parental relation, having had for its object to wash its hands of the quarrels which were sure to spring up between the Boers and Basutos. But Moshesh had early occasion to show that he really placed a high value on British good will. Disputes respecting boundaries at once arose between him and the Free State. A harassing war followed, in which the Basutos proved the strongest, and in the spring of 1858, President Boshof, reduced (like President Burgers a few months back) to great extremities, wrote as follows to Sir G. Grey:—

'Our difficulties seem to increase every day. In the meantime the losses and sufferings of the majority of the people of this State may become irretrievable unless some other powerful intercessor' (other than that of the Transvaal Republic) 'may procure us a favourable change, or put a stop to all the bloodshed and spoliation which has already taken place. Anything which your Excellency may be able to do in this respect would be thankfully acknowledged as a humane and Christian act.'†

Sir G. Grey at once intervened. Moshesh consented to suspend his successful hostilities, accepted British arbitration, and ultimately agreed to a boundary line highly advantageous to the Free State.

But troubles soon began again, and in 1861 Moshesh was writing the letter we have already quoted. Probably he was beginning to find that both his own subjects and the Boers were getting too strong for him. And—what greatly exercised his mind—the English would not let him have ammunition. He pleads his conduct on occasion of Sir G. Grey's mediation.

'I then, at Sir G. Grey's desire, offered a boundary line. He said it was fair and liberal. The Free State asked more. Through Sir G. Grey's mediation I gave it, and ever [q. even] after the line was defined, in the treaty of peace, alterations were made which gave them still more, and I submitted to it.'

\* Parl. Papers respecting the recognition of the Basuto Tribe, July, 1869, p. 3.

† Ibid. p. 38.

Then again he prays to be received, not forgetting the matter of gunpowder.

‘And now we say can the Queen suffer her children to be attacked again with their hands bound, while those who attack us are furnished with cannon and guns and ammunition by the Government? I have always said we were forgotten but for a moment. I still trust in her justice and humanity; therefore I now ask to be recognised as her subject, and that my subjects the Basutos may, on account of and through my chieftainship, be her subjects too.

‘I am not, perhaps, altogether unable to defend my own country. But this I am unable to do—to keep from it the constant expectation of being attacked. This does my people no good. Such security Government alone can give me. It is therefore that I ask to be received, that my people may never again be disturbed by thoughts of war, and may build and cultivate and grow in civilisation.’

Taking the man’s statements in connexion with acknowledged facts, there seems to be real sincerity in his desire for British protection—and also for gunpowder.

‘Though I desire peace above all things, yet, after it I do desire also that powder and supplies should be allowed to reach us in such measure as our conduct shows us to be deserving of confidence.’

The natives, he said, were beginning to infer from this one-sided conduct that the British Government was determined to leave them without the power of self-protection. Sir G. Grey had declared such a policy unjust—an opinion, we add, in which Sir P. Wodehouse and the Duke of Buckingham afterwards fully concurred. Powder was wanted even for the purpose of procuring food.

He was not attended to, and matters took their course. Thefts were frequent on both sides, and a joint commission was appointed to investigate them. In one district it reported that ‘the thefts of stock *from* the Basutos had very far exceeded those which they had committed on the subjects of ‘the Free State.’\* This was, of course, not what was wanted, ‘and the inquiry was not extended to the other districts.’ Thenceforth the evidence of the misdeeds of the natives was left to rest on notoriety or Dutch assertion. The Basutos were charged with killing a Boer—the Boers with shooting down nine Basutos. No redress could be got on either side, and war recommenced. Moshesh, however, seems to have shown himself ‘not altogether unable to defend his own country,’ for in 1864 the Free State again begged for British intervention.

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\* Basuto Papers, p. 65.



‘I sincerely hope and trust,’ wrote President Brandt, ‘that your Excellency may be pleased to send a favourable reply, which I earnestly implore.’

Sir P. Wodehouse at once (‘in a week from the date of that letter’) acceded to the request, and again an award was given highly favourable to the Free State, to which again Moshesh agreed. But Sir P. Wodehouse, on going over the ground, was convinced that the disposition of the whites and blacks was such that there was little prospect of permanent peace. He was right. The usual occasions of quarrel arose. Again war broke out, carried on on the part of the Boers with great obstinacy and success, but with circumstances which the British authorities could not neglect. It was a war without mercy. The Free State accused the Basutos of the grossest treachery. The Basutos charged the Free State with slaughtering women and children. It became, perhaps inevitably, a war of starvation—a war in which crops were destroyed to create famine, of which the helpless and the harmless were the necessary victims. It was a war carried on in a great measure by British subjects who served in the Free State commandos. It was a war in which, without reference to the merits of the case, we had bound ourselves to allow the passage of arms and ammunition to one party and not to the other. Our interests were also concerned. The fighting Basutos invaded the territory of Natal to revenge themselves on Boers who had farms there. The starving Basutos spread themselves among our contented Zulus, sowing disaffection by stories of the white man’s atrocities. Moshesh complained that we, to whom he had yielded so much, not only abandoned him, but intercepted his means of defence, and kept on begging (as he had done before) to be received as a British subject. Sir P. Wodehouse urged on the Home Government that the Basutos should not be allowed to perish by the hands of those whom their chief had spared at our request, and whom we had thus armed against him. But the Colonial Office was long inflexible, possibly in some degree incredulous. At last the danger to the Basutos was too great, and that to ourselves too visible, to be neglected. The now victorious Boers had compelled Moshesh to sign a treaty which gave up to them all his useful land and confined his people within limits insufficient for their support. This was the way, not to cure them of stealing, but to make them steal. It was quite evident that the remnant of the tribe, cooped up among the rocks, to which they were now to be confined, must of necessity become a nest of robbers, and would remain so—a pest to all around,

and a provocation to discontent among our native population—till they were shot down as vermin. But the treaty extorted by starvation was hardly observed for a moment. Again war broke out. Again the dreary weapon of starvation was resorted to, crops were destroyed, districts ‘cleared,’ as the phrase is; and the tribe was forced into a district where they were to be starved at once if they did not agree to the terms offered them, and eventually if they did. Again Moshesh cried for deliverance, and this time not in vain. He was accepted as a British subject: and Great Britain thus becoming a party to the contest, a boundary line was insisted on which gave the Basutos more than was left them by the abortive treaty, but less than they possessed before the war, and which was accordingly complained of by the friends of the Basutos as spoliation, and by the Free State as depriving them of the rewards of victory.

But the result has been that there have been no more wars, that the settlers and natives alike enjoy the fruits of their labours, and that a Basuto, who visits neighbouring districts, returns home to his own thriving country, surprised that we should allow him to retain lands so superior to that with which in parts of the colony our own settlers are obliged to be content.

Looking to the claims of the native chief—a man who had been our friend as steadily as his nature permitted, who had spared his enemies at our request, who had been denied the means of defending himself, who had constantly asked the privilege of becoming our subject, and whose tribe was about to perish by immediate or protracted starvation; looking to our own interests, which forbade us to allow the establishment on our borders of a focus of those infectious diseases—robbery and disaffection; looking to the position of the Free State which had revolted from us because they were wedded to the ‘rough and ready’ methods, which we, from motives of interest and humanity, had struggled to put down, whom we had once or twice saved from the consequences of their ‘wholesome’ methods, and who notwithstanding were pursuing them unremittingly to our embarrassment; looking lastly to the result, which has, as yet, been more than all that could be expected in the way of general peace and prosperity, we do not think that any man who has either sense to see what is wise, or humanity to feel what is righteous, will find fault with what was done.

It is indeed alleged by our contemporary that the acceptance of Moshesh and his Basutos as subjects was a dishonest violation

of the Convention of 1854. As, however, this objection applies also to the acceptance of Waterboer and his Diamond Fields, we shall deal with it later on.

To the history of these Diamond Fields we now proceed. And here we must first dispose of the delusion that their government is a thing to be coveted. There seems to be a floating supposition that the rulers of the country pocket its precious stones. The reviewer supposes that 'the temptation of securing to the British Crown the richest diamond fields in the world was too strong for the Colonial Office.' Nothing is more unlike the truth. Under the English system the stones belong, under certain regulations, to those who can pick them up and carry them off. Dutch, English, or native African can alike come and go in this manner, not enriching the country by farming it, but carrying off the very *corpus* of what is valuable. The Government has only the thankless task of governing and of levying taxes sufficient to pay the cost of doing so. And all this was perfectly understood in Downing Street and at Cape Town. The Home Government positively refused to acquire the district unless the Cape Parliament would promise to take it off their hands. And when the promise was made, Lord Carnarvon found it difficult to get it performed. If the Government was tempted, it was not by cupidity, but by the wish that what the common interest required should be done—even with a high hand.

A temptation of this kind no doubt existed. Everybody knows what a gold field is, and what a diamond field must be—a rough and miscellaneous multitude of stout-hearted, strong-handed adventurers, little disposed to stick at trifles and bent on enriching themselves, some by hard work, some by fraud or violence, as fast as possible. At the Cape Diamond Fields such a multitude collected, to the number, soon of 8,000 or 10,000; eventually of 40,000 or 50,000. The sovereignty of the land was in dispute between the Free State and Griqua Chief. Neither was able to compel obedience, and to neither, it was pretty clear, would these 8,000 or 10,000 or 40,000 or 50,000 men submit.

What was to be done? Sir P. Wodehouse, who was then in England, thought the establishment of British authority inevitable; but he thought it should not be hurried. He thought that, for the present, things should be 'left to take their course.' Sir P. Wodehouse's authority on a matter of this kind is very great. But we feel a profound conviction that if he had been writing, not from the well-earned comfort of the domestic arm-chair, but from the thick of colonial responsi-

bilities, his zeal, courage, penetration, and activity would have given a different colour to his advice. '*Principiis obsta*' would then have been the burden of his song. He would have told us that to let things take their course was to allow the growth of complications and animosities which would speedily become unmanageable. He would have bid us imagine the task of a Government called in to punish criminals, suppress insurgent natives, compose national feuds, and adjust *de jure* and *de facto* claims, after a mixed multitude, without law, judge, or police, had been allowed for months to acquire what they considered vested rights, how and where they chose, in a country partly private, partly public property, partly inhabited by natives, partly by cattle-farmers, claimed in sovereignty by a native chief, and claimed also by a Dutch Republic, so that every man for himself might defy one authority under cover of acknowledging another. All this was what the Cape Government could not but foresee and had to prevent, and these were the circumstances under which they had to choose their course.\*

Certain lands north of the Orange River and extending beyond its tributary the Vaal were indisputably assigned by a treaty of 1838 to one Andreas Waterboer. In part of that territory, and therefore under Waterboer's jurisdiction, one Cornelius Kok had settled himself. In the course of time this Kok had assumed to himself more or less of the position of a chief—and being ready to sell land, which Waterboer was not, had procured an inchoate recognition from a British officer, while Major Warden and the landed interest were dominant, and had effected sales of land to farmers, which were readily registered at Bloemfontein. On his death, his relative Adam Kok is alleged to have sold through an English agent all his (Cornelius') rights to the Free State.

In virtue of these purchases (for we neglect arguments which are too transparently bad for discussion), the Free State claimed sovereignty over the lands held by Cornelius. Nicholas Waterboer, the son of Andreas, denied both that Cornelius had ever acquired sovereign rights over the territory, and that such rights had passed to the Free State, either by the particular purchases of farms from Cornelius—which did not carry sovereignty, or by the general purchase from Adam's agent who was not authorised to sell Cornelius' lands. The quarrel was referred after much wrangling to the arbitration of Sir P. Wodehouse; but he left the Colony without disposing of it. And then, in the disputed territory, diamonds were found.

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\* Parl. Papers on Diamond Fields, *passim*.

To attempt to convince our readers that one or the other party was clearly right would, we think, be merely to throw dust in their eyes and to become unreadable. The dispute is one which can only be settled by a careful sifting of native customs, and of the conflicting, confused testimony of half-savage and interested witnesses. What is certain and to the purpose is, it was not got up for the occasion, but had existed long and notoriously. That it was a fit subject to be referred to arbitration was evident, as it had been so referred. And we take on us to allege that it was also a question on which the Cape Government, as the case presented itself to them, might without dishonesty hold Waterboer to be probably in the right.

This was the state of things on which the Government had to decide, and to decide at once, whether they should deal with the difficulty as if the land were Waterboer's or as if it belonged to the Free State. They adopted, but only provisionally, the former opinion, and treating the Diamond Fields as native territory, sent out a magistrate to exercise jurisdiction over British subjects in pursuance of an Imperial statute, with such further authority over natives and others as he could get from the Chief Waterboer, who was only too desirous for our help, and prayed to be accepted as a British subject.

On this the Free State proclaimed their own jurisdiction, and moved forwards a burgher force to support it. The diggers prepared to resist them, and the Governor of the Cape announced that he would support the British magistrate—still offering arbitration on condition that British authority was meantime to remain in force. The Free State proving impracticable, the Governor obtained authority from home to receive Waterboer as a subject—still leaving the Diamond Field question (which only concerned part of his territory) open to arbitration. Negotiations with this view were resumed (the British always remaining in possession), but there was no coming to terms on details; till at last, Lord Carnarvon invited President Brandt to a personal interview, and the matter was settled by a payment of 90,000*l*.

It appears to us that whether all these transactions were or were not in all stages of the dispute the most judicious possible, which we neither assert nor deny, there is nothing at all in them to which the epithet 'discreditable' can be justifiably applied, or which betrays in the British Government or its officers that want of intelligence, honesty, or public spirit which our contemporary imputes to them.

We have, however, still to deal with the climax of the

reviewer's criticisms—the charge of shameful and repeated breach of faith. This is the charge to which we have already referred as applying both to the annexation of Basuto Land and to that of the Diamond Fields. It is brought in the following terms:—

‘The delegates (of the Orange River) refused pointedly to be parties to the treaty’ (the convention of 1854) ‘unless the British Government would bind itself not to interfere between them and the natives, and not to enter into any treaties with the natives by which their interests would be prejudiced; and to this Clerk consented. By the first article of the treaty the Boers of the territory were declared to be “to all intents and purposes free and independent people, and their Government a free and independent Government.” The second article affirms that “the British Government has no alliance whatever with any chiefs or tribes to the north of the Orange River, with the exception of Adam Kok, and Her Majesty’s Government have no wish or intention to enter hereafter into any treaties which might be injurious or prejudicial to the interests of the Orange River Government.”

‘The words “wish or intention” are accepted in good faith. The correspondence proves beyond a doubt that the British Government had wished finally and definitely to withdraw behind the Orange River. They did not anticipate that a British Governor at the first temptation would construe the words to mean that there was no such wish or intention at the time when the treaty was signed, but that the British Government retained its right to form and act upon such a wish or intention should it be convenient to do so in future. If the ambiguity was intentional it was a fraud; if it was accidental, Englishmen, sensitive for the honour of their country will regret that it should have been taken advantage of.’

To us this charge appears, on its very face, wholly unjustifiable. There is no ambiguity whatever in the article of the Treaty. It is quite plain that Sir G. Clerk did *not* consent to the demands of the Boers. If he had, there would have been no difficulty in employing words which would have expressed that consent. The article would have run thus: ‘The British Government *engage* not to enter, &c.’ Instead of this the article quite unequivocally confines itself to the disclaimer of a ‘wish or intention,’ and as unequivocally leaves the Government at liberty thereafter to act as circumstances may render advisable.

What is the alleged course of the negotiation? The Transvaal Boers were British subjects whose conquests, according to recognised British law, we claimed as made for the British Crown, and over whose persons we claimed the rights of sove-

reignty. We offered to relinquish these rights, which we had the power to enforce, if they would pledge themselves not to establish slavery on our borders. They professed themselves ready, as our contemporary tells us, to accept these conditions if we would promise not to interfere between them and the natives, or to make treaties by which their interests would be prejudiced.

No sensible negotiator would entangle his country in such a bond. Indian princes, indeed, are placed under an obligation to make no alliances except with Great Britain. But this is in effect an acknowledgment of suzerainty—a concession to superior strength which if not conciliated will find means of making itself felt disagreeably. Great Britain, however, could not have been expected to write itself down vassal to the Boers of the Orange River, or to involve itself, Natal, and the Cape Colony in engagements of which it was impossible to foresee the working. What *pourparlers* took place we do not know. The result, however, is before us. Every word or phrase which could be construed as involving a prospective promise is excluded from the treaty, and instead of this the article declares that ‘H. M. G. have *no wish or intention* to enter hereafter ‘into any treaties which may be injurious or prejudicial to the ‘interests of the Orange River Government.’

‘No wish or intention.’ The very rhythm of the sentence suggests a coming qualification. ‘I have no wish or intention ‘to do anything disagreeable, *but* I advise you as a friend to ‘take care what you are about.’ And the limited character of the expectation held out would be peculiarly evident from the pointed contrast between what was asked and what was given. It is impossible that men of sense, who had asked for a prospective promise, should suppose they had got what they asked when they only received a disclaimer of present wish or intention.

If it be said that Sir G. Clerk and the Boers had agreed to impose on the treaty a construction not warranted by the words, the case assumes the aspect of something like a fraud upon the Home Government. For what is it that they do? They send home for the ratification of the Secretary of State an agreement carefully and unequivocally worded and in its natural meaning sensible, harmless, and unobjectionable—a general indication of the course which the British Government wished, intended, and expected to be able to pursue. But this they do with an understanding between themselves that as soon as it has been approved at home, as meaning what it says, it shall be construed to mean something which it avoids saying, a hard pledge of which the future application cannot

be foreseen, and which may be fraught with all sort of embarrassment to the Government which Sir G. Clerk represented. It will next be said that a disconsolate widower, tenant for life, who declares, in the presence of his next in settlement, that he has 'no wish or intention to marry again,' will, if he change his mind, be liable to an action for breach of promise not to marry.

Our contemporary does not seem to be aware that the words of a treaty are supposed to be carefully weighed, and though after all they may sometimes be loose or inadequate, yet that it is clearly understood that they are never to be construed as carrying a meaning which they pointedly and unequivocally exclude.

The question of Responsible Government is one in which, in the Cape Colony, the questions of native management and military protection converge. To make it intelligible a short explanation is necessary. The terms 'Crown Colony' and 'Responsible Government' indicate the outside forms of Colonial Constitutions. In the first the Executive is entirely under the control of the Governor, all public officers being appointed, instructed, promoted, and removed by him. The Legislature is so composed that he can always command a majority in it; and though he is instructed to show great consideration for the opinions of its official and unofficial members, yet his will, and through him the will of the Home Government, is, when exerted, irresistible in the passing of laws as in the conduct of the administration.

Under Responsible Government, on the contrary, the Governor is bound in all matters of local interest to act on the advice of a Ministry possessing the confidence of a Representative Legislature. All public officers are appointed, instructed, and removed by or by the advice of this Ministry. The representatives of the Colonists are therefore all-powerful, directly in passing laws and imposing taxes, and indirectly through the Ministry in conducting affairs.

Between these two forms of government, and serving often as a transition from one to the other, are many varieties of constitution, of which the common characteristic is this, that while laws are passed and taxes imposed by a wholly or partially representative body, the administration is conducted by a body of permanent officials, responsible in all things through the Governor to the Home Government.

The propriety of adopting one or other of these forms of government is materially affected by the existence or non-existence of a native, or coloured, or subject population. A



homogeneous society may, from the nature of the case, be trusted to take care of its own interests, if only it is sufficiently intelligent. And there is no good reason why it should not be so trusted. But a few men of superior intelligence, with an Anglo-Saxon desire to make fortunes, cannot, from the nature of the case, be trusted to take care of the often conflicting interests of an inferior race. There is therefore a strong *primâ facie* reason why the Home Government should reserve that duty to itself. In possessions where Englishmen cannot settle and multiply, this state of things becomes normal; and in the tropics, accordingly, Crown Colonies are the rule.

The same reasons which exist permanently in the tropics exist in a somewhat different shape and for a time in temperate climates. The first settler is at once flung among natives from whom he has to be defended. We have described the alternative which arises. If he has to defend himself the temptation to resort to murderous methods is almost irresistible. He has therefore to be defended by Great Britain, which, as it accepts the duty of punishing savages, is bound to see as far as possible that they are not ill treated, and for that purpose to retain in its own hands the administration of the colony.

It is plain, however, that an English colony like Canada or Victoria cannot be kept in leading strings for ever, and the question is, how soon it is desirable—with reference to this particular question—to make it defend and govern itself. It cannot be called on to defend itself until it is strong enough (whatever that may amount to), and, it may be said, it ought not to be allowed to govern itself till there is a reasonable prospect of its governing with justice. When is the latter condition fulfilled? Our rough answer is this—when it has so increased that the opinions and interests of the border settlers have ceased to be the opinions and interests of the colony. One advantage of a great nation is that, in any question between particular interests, the great body, when appealed to by the Press or in Parliament, arbitrates as a neutral. And so when the principal districts of a colony have been for years inhabited and cultivated without native troubles or the fear of them; when busy centres of population are established; when multiform interests have sprung up, and when among certain professions habits of impartial thought have been acquired; the quarrels between settlers and natives assume the character of a question between particular interests, and the whole body, not affected by any frantic *esprit de corps*, can consider with reasonable coolness what is right and what is for the best

interest of the whole. And this is still more the case if the increase of population, which creates an impartial majority, is accompanied by arrangements with the mother country which throw on that majority the penalties of native mismanagement. Thus the same condition of things justifies the Home Government at once in calling on the colonists to defend themselves, and in trusting them to manage native affairs—that is, in withdrawing troops and in establishing Responsible Government.

But we have said that between these two modes of government lie various others in which the people have the power of legislation and of the purse, while the Crown has the executive administration, and with it the duty of governing and controlling the natives. In relation to our present purpose this state of things (which existed till recently at the Cape of Good Hope) is liable to two inconveniences.

One is that those who make laws and vote money can practically hamper or paralyse the Government; and consequently that the Local Government may find itself forced into a bad policy by the want of proper laws and adequate funds, and then obliged to call on Great Britain to support that policy by force of arms. This is now a familiar dilemma.

The other is this. Great Britain acknowledges no obligation to defend its colonies against internal troubles or frontier tribes, except only when they cannot do it for themselves. The military contributions, as they were called, of different dependencies were regulated not by considerations of justice but of mercy. Each was called upon to pay what it was supposed capable of paying without material inconvenience; subject to the duty of paying full price when it was rich enough.

But what follows? That if the colonial finance is well managed the Home Government strikes in between the colony and the fruits of its good management. If there is a surplus revenue, it is rightly and necessarily urged by the Home Government as justifying an enlarged military contribution. It was thus by careful financial management that Ceylon was first enabled and then required to defray the whole of her military expenditure. But Ceylon was a Crown Colony, and it is not to be expected that a Representative Assembly should deny itself the satisfaction of lavish expenditure or inadequate taxation in order to be thus mulcted. These considerations are level to the most ordinary capacities, and appeal to the simplest apprehension of public and private interest. How far they prevailed in the Cape we cannot say—probably a good deal, if the Cape colonists are made of the same stuff as their

fellow-creatures. The fact was, however, that from various causes, among which this may well be one, it was found impossible to get the Cape finances into order. Year after year the expenditure exceeded the revenue. Sir P. Wodehouse complained that he had no real hold on the Legislature, and could do no good. The Home Government found that it could not get from the Cape the pecuniary contribution to which it was entitled; while it must have seen that a suspended claim to that contribution involved that penalty on economy which we have described. As financial disorder is the root of every kind of disaster, we were likely to drift into some great calamity unless the undivided responsibility for the finance of the colony were imposed on one single authority capable of supporting it.

The question of defence was, as we have seen, involved in that of finance. Experience and Sir George Cathcart had taught us, that the true force for the control of a native frontier is in a well-trained police force. Settlers, if called on to perform this duty, become barbarous. Soldiers have not the flexibility for it, and (we believe) are demoralised by it. An armed police force alone can be educated into doing what it ought to do, and prevented from doing more. But the change from soldiers to police could not be effected at once. The sudden withdrawal of British soldiers from the Cape would of course have excited the whole native population, and left the colonists without means of protection. What was to be desired was a gradual diminution of the British troops, a simultaneous increase of the armed police, and such an alteration of the political constitution as would place the management of native affairs in the hands of persons who represented the intelligence of the colony, subject to this sobering condition that, if they rushed into a native quarrel, they themselves would have to bear the consequences, or at least a very serious part of them, instead of making it an occasion (as the last war had been) of enriching themselves at the cost of the Imperial Government.

Whether these reflections were present to the minds of Ministers on every successive occasion when they took a decision on this matter, we do not pretend to guess. But the course which they took was such as these reflections would suggest.

There were two points to be carried. First, the withdrawal of military assistance—if not total, at any rate to such an extent as to impose on the colony primarily the burden of self-defence; next, the grant of political power. The connexion

of the two was as obvious to the colonists as to the Home Government. It must have been plain that they would never willingly accept Responsible Government if it meant the withdrawal of British troops. From a Governor it was almost certain that one or the other proposal would meet with all the opposition which was consistent with loyalty. Nobody who is worth much is without

‘That last infirmity of noble minds,’

*esprit de corps*. And no Governor who feels himself capable of governing will readily abandon, for himself and his successors—representatives in the Colony of the Queen and country of Great Britain—his source of power and his source of splendour—the control of the civil service and the disposal of British troops. Therefore, that the Home policy had to be forced on the Governor and Colony with a certain amount of peremptory decision (of course the less the better), was an unavoidable condition of action at all. The matter was one of the points of unpleasant contact to which we have already referred, and had to be dealt with as such.

The first step, which was taken by Lord Carnarvon, was to announce a reduction in the number of troops stationed in the Colony and the prospective imposition of a rate of payment, on such a scale as would furnish an inducement to the Colony to enlarge their already efficient police force rather than to retain British soldiers. He added, that unless the payment was made the troops would be withdrawn. The Assembly said they could not pay, and Lord Granville said that the troops would be withdrawn, except such as might be required for Imperial purposes at Simon’s Bay. To this decision Lord Kimberley adhered.

Meantime Sir P. Wodehouse had reported that the existing constitution was unworkable. We need not go into his reasons—we are not aware that they are matters of dispute. But he still considered that the grant of Responsible Government was premature, and Lord Granville deferred to his high authority. That is to say, Sir Philip was authorised to place before the Local Legislature this option—‘Give us a constitution under which we can govern—or govern for yourselves.’ Before leaving his Government he put his own side of the alternative in the shape of a new constitution increasing the powers of the Executive. The Assembly rejected his proposal. Then his time of service being more than complete, he left the Colony; and Sir H. Barkly, experienced in every form of colonial constitution, was sent out under instructions to press the introduction of Responsible Government, which he did with success.

The propriety of these proceedings rests on the assumption that an increasing white population of 200,000 persons is ripe for self-government—and so far ripe for self-defence that it should be required to bear the first brunt of native troubles, only falling back on British troops when the exigency has become too great for its strength, and even then bearing a deterrent amount of the cost of war. If this is so, it readily follows that the bulk of the British troops should be steadily withdrawn. The withdrawal has, of course, to be tempered so as to suit the genuine exigencies of the Cape, and, while this is being done, there ought to be no difficulty in making with respect to Simon's Bay arrangements analogous to those which subsist between Canada and ourselves respecting Halifax. If this policy is right, it is clear that all that has passed places Her Majesty's Government in the best possible position for effecting it. Only it has to be remembered that unless it is really believed in the Colony that the troops are to go, there is no hope of securing an adequate police force. For ourselves we are disposed to believe that even a temporary Imperial subsidy towards the enlargement of such a force would be less mischievous than the continued employment of regular troops. And on this point we remark that the talk of 'more men from 'England' is already leading some Colonial politicians to oppose the increase of that mounted police which is the backbone of the Colonial native policy.

And now what is the sum of all that we have said? The management of the natives is in the Cape Colony the cardinal question of government. We have endeavoured to show that in this respect the policy of England has been—not perfect of course—in a matter of such difficulty it would be absurd to claim or expect perfection—but on the whole honourable, wise, and successful. We have not followed the assailant of the late Administration into the convict question, we have not noticed accusations of detail, nor gone out of our way to parry attacks made by innuendo or juxtaposition, or to correct deceptive colouring. But we have endeavoured, first, to dispose of the general presumption of mismanagement which arises from the secession of the Boers who emigrated and the alleged discontent of those who remained in the Colony; and next, to exhibit fairly the conduct of the British Government in the four comparatively recent transactions in which it has been arraigned—the abandonment of the Orange River territory, the annexation of Basuto Land and the Diamond Fields, and the establishment of Responsible Government.

In doing all this it has been necessary for us to show that

the ideal picture of the Dutch Boers which is now presented to the world is almost as misleading as *suppressio veri* can make it, and that our inability to keep terms with them is due to a fundamental difference of principle in matters of humanity which is not to their advantage.

This article is a retrospective one, and longer than we could wish. But we cannot conclude it without a single caution, on the subject of Confederation. This is of course an object which Government will never lose sight of. But its dangers are great. It may be easy to confederate, but it is not so easy to confederate safely. A radical alteration in a system of native management which has kept the peace so long at Natal seems to be the very *raison d'être* of confederation between that colony and the Cape. Such an alteration may be called for by the progress of events; but it is a serious matter, and if it fails, will fail terribly. With regard to the Boers, it seems almost impossible to hope that they will ever loyally conform to our system of frontier management; while the alternative danger is that we may be dragged into theirs with all its discredit and disaster. To this the reviewer appears to reconcile himself without difficulty. It is inconceivable that Lord Carnarvon should do so. The courage, decision, and humanity which he showed in the case of Langalibeli make it impossible to suppose that for a momentary appearance of advantage he would run the risk of such a calamity. He will not allow any terms which will make us guarantors of iniquity; and we fear that the Boer farmers must be greatly reduced by native victories, or greatly outnumbered by English immigration, before they agree in earnest to any other.

ART. VII.—1. *La Sicilia nel 1876*. Per LEOPOLDO FRANCHETTI e SIDNEY SONNINO. 2 volumes. Florence: 1876.

2. *Relazione della Giunta per l'Inchiesta sulle condizioni della Sicilia nominata secondo il disposto dell' Articolo 2 della Legge 3 Luglio 1875*.

A BOOK remarkable for its spirit as well as for its substance has recently been published in Florence. Disinterested public spirit is the more welcome in Italian citizens that instances of it are rare in Italian history; and practical patriotism, acting outside the boundaries of its native province, has

hitherto been not so much uncommon as unheard-of in the peninsula. Two Tuscan gentlemen of position and fortune, whose joint work we have placed at the head of this article, have devoted themselves to the difficult and ungrateful task of examining personally into the condition of Sicily, and have had the courage to publish fully and candidly the result of their investigations. They write without party bias as without provincial prejudice, and their words carry with them the sober conviction of truth. The picture which they draw is profoundly discouraging; but the fact that Italians have been found bold enough to declare the worst, and to warn Italy of the responsibility she assumed in the annexation of the Southern Provinces, is a ray of hope for the future.

When we use the word brigandage to describe the present state of anarchy in Sicily, we include in the same term many forms of the universal spirit of lawlessness and oppression, of which the outrages of organised bands of miscreants, acting under recognised leaders, are the most striking and terrible, but the least deep-seated and incurable symptoms. These, because less intangible, can be more easily met than the vague and shifting elements of disorder and violence of which they are but the natural growth and development. A radical cure is wanted; for, while the very conception of social relations rests, not upon public law, but upon private violence, the pursuit in detail of separate bands of brigands is as ineffectual as the attempt to extirpate some noxious weed by cutting off its shoots and suckers while leaving its fibres to ramify underground, strangling all other vegetation in their poisonous network. Five or six notorious chiefs, commanding each a band of from twenty to forty followers, represent what may be called the standing army of Sicilian brigandage; while behind them is massed an inexhaustible reserve, in which the whole population is linked together in various gradations of defiance to constituted authority. Thus, the numbers and zeal of the volunteers compensate—as England hopes that, in case of need, her citizen-soldiers will do—for the paucity of the regular forces. The rule of the brigands and their adherents—enforced by threats, by violence, by assassination, and, worse still, sanctioned by public opinion—is the *de facto* government of the island, against which the few officials whose consciences are as yet untainted by the general atmosphere of corruption are powerless to assert the dominion of the law. These are, however, the exceptions; in general, the authority of the executive is only perceptible when it has become an additional instrument of oppression in the hands of a dominant faction,

who wield its power triumphantly to crush their opponents, executing private vengeance under the forms of justice, enriching their adherents out of the public funds, and so completely masters of all local administration as to secure exemption from duty for the goods of their partisans, while adjusting the municipal balance by a double tax on those of their enemies. The subtle genius for intrigue which the Sicilian inherits from his Greek ancestors—the lightning-quickness of emotion and perception which flashes through his veins with his Saracen blood—make him more than a match for the bewildered continental *employé*, who in the midst of the universal chaos is driven to catch at the first offer of local assistance, and believes himself, perhaps, to be on the road to furthering the ends of justice, while he is in reality the blind tool of an unscrupulous party.

The hereditary hatreds and long *vendettas* of the Middle Ages are here still active, and a library might be filled with the record of tragedies daily occurring amongst these modern Montecchi and Capuletti—these Sicilian Black and White Cancellieri of the nineteenth century. Not long since, the murder of a member of one of the rival families contending for supremacy in a town in the province of Palermo gave the signal for a communal civil war, carried on by means of assassination. The casualties of this sanguinary feud in a small country town furnished a list of no fewer than thirty-five homicides in the course of one year. Nothing can be imagined more warping to public morality, or more destructive to public security, than these local rivalries, even when they masquerade, as they commonly do, in legal costume, and affect to limit their contentions to the electoral college and the municipal council. Behind the ballot-box invariably lurks the *Mafia*; for the really effective strength of each faction consists in the number of hired assassins it can command. Impunity for crime committed on their own account is the recognised pay of these licensed miscreants, and the relations of patron and client are faithfully maintained between the local magnates and the local murderers. Thus every village has its Don Rodrigo with his train of bravos, and power practically unlimited except by the presence of a rival of his own stamp.

These things in the nineteenth century, in the Garden of Italy, under the shadow of the Italian tricolor, in the presence of all the paraphernalia of justice! They sound incredible, but we can only refer anyone who desires to convince himself of their truth to the confessedly impartial pages of the book before us, as well as to the debates in the Italian Parliament, and the official reports of the legal authorities at Palermo.



Signor Franchetti opens his part of the work—that on the political and administrative condition of Sicily—with a striking picture of the contrast between the material and moral aspects of the island,

‘Where all save the spirit of man is divine;’

and imagines the impressions of a traveller newly arrived, as he visits the lovely environs of Palermo, and admires the fertility and luxuriance of the rich champaign of the Golden Shell, sloping in a vast amphitheatre from the mountains to the sea. Looking on the fair landscape, where Nature has lavished the wild luxuriance of semi-tropical vegetation, and Man has cultivated every inch of the teeming soil to the highest point of fecundity—where golden fruit glows unchanging among unchanging foliage as in the fabled Garden of the Hesperides, and sky and sea roof and frame the scene in vying depths of azure—he is half-disposed to believe all evil reports of Palermo and its district to be so many envious calumnies, and the much-vexed Sicilian question an invention or exaggeration of factious party-spirit. But when entering into conversation with a casual passer-by or fellow-traveller better versed in local knowledge, he hears—as things of common notoriety, as matter of familiar discourse—tales of violence and outrage committed here in the smiling garden, under the broad golden blaze of the southern sun, the landscape begins to assume a sombre tint in his eyes, and the fragrance of the orange-blossom comes to him on the breeze faint as the breath of a charnel-house.

For here under the trees, he is told, a poor bailiff was murdered for no other crime than having been preferred by his employer to the nominee of one of those formidable associations, or *camorras*, to transgress whose lightest decree is death; at yonder turn of the road a proprietor guilty of a similar offence received intimation, from a bullet fired over his head, of what he must expect if he persisted in contumacy; a little farther on, he hears, a young man, who had been prominent in forwarding works of public beneficence in Palermo, was shot dead in the highway, because his growing popularity threatened to make him a dangerous rival to the miscreants in authority.

The bewildered stranger, listening to the calm narration of such atrocities, can scarcely believe himself in a country nominally forming part of civilised Europe; until his eye catches the waving plumes of the Bersaglieri among the pastoral surroundings of a farm-house, or his ear the clank of sabres as the

Carabinieri advance through the orange groves ; and thus reminded that he is indeed on the soil of United Italy, he asks his informant half indignantly, if there be no redress for such outrages, or justice capable of reaching their perpetrators. And the answer in the negative will probably be given—for here is the most disheartening part of Signor Franchetti's revelations—either with a fatalist acquiescence in the *régime* of violence as inevitable, or with an openly avowed satisfaction in its triumph.

The complicity of the bulk of the population in the existing order of things—the moral, not less than the material supremacy of organised iniquity—the sanction by the popular voice of rapine, extortion, and assassination—are what make the re-establishment of public order almost hopeless, and the position of the legal authorities in the island as desperate as that of a handful of invaders encamped in a hostile country. The utmost they can do is to hold their position, and the limit of their ambition is to save appearances by an occasional raid on some comparatively harmless stragglers from the main body of crime.

Many causes combine to make Palermo and its neighbourhood the principal focus of disturbance. The predominance of the Arab and African race in the north-western corner of Sicily has no doubt contributed to the absence in its inhabitants of all repugnance to the shedding of blood. Also the descendants of the numerous bravos whom the nobles resident at Palermo formerly kept in their train, preserve the family traditions of violence ; while the numbers of that floating population without regular means of subsistence, to be found in every capital, were enormously increased at the Revolution of 1860, both by the removal of government offices and the closing of the convents—formerly a source of employment, as well as a fountain-head of alms. A metropolis is a sort of personification, in an intensified form, of the country whose tendencies it concentrates, and the spirit of the whole of Sicily is but too faithfully represented by the *Mafia*, the most characteristic institution of Palermo.

This term, of such formidable significance, deserves a few words of explanation.

The *Mafia* is the spontaneous organisation of those whose trade is crime, not a sect or secret society any more than the highwaymen of Hounslow in former days, or the pickpockets of St. Giles' and Whitechapel in our own. Every one of the 360 communes of Sicily has its own *Mafia*, of which the character varies according to local tendencies and interests. In

one place its energies are devoted to the conduct of the elections and the manipulation of the ballot-box; in another, to directing, by means of a *camorra*, the sale of church and crown lands; in a third, to the apportionment of contracts for public works. Where the legitimate authorities are amenable, as they commonly are, these objects are effected without scandal or violence; but the *ultima ratio* of bullets is well understood to be ready in the background. The *Mafia* of Palermo is, however, pre-eminent in numbers as well as in power. Those belonging to, or in immediate relations with it—the *mafiosi* as they are called—may be distinguished from the less dangerous part of the population by the swagger of their gait, the curt jargon of their speech, the rakish set of the hat, and the long lock of hair, which, after the manner of the old-fashioned bravo, they wear hanging over the left eye. Of them, with still more forcible truth than of the ‘poor Egyptian’—Cleopatra’s messenger—Cæsar might say,

‘The business of these men looks out of them.’

By a singular anomaly, the middle class—that very class, of which the absence is deplored in the rest of Sicily as the absence of an element of order—forms in Palermo the chief strength of the *Mafia*. Its proverbial virtues of prudence, industry, and foresight are here exercised in the calling of crime. The so-called *Capi-mafia* are men of substance and education. To them is due the consummate ability with which the affairs of their association are managed—the unity of direction, precision of purpose, and fatality of stroke. They determine with unerring tact all the nice points of their profession; in what cases life must be taken, and in what others the end in view can be attained by mere destruction of property; when an important capture is to be effected, when a threatening letter sent, or a ‘shot of persuasion’ fired; when it is advisable to suspend operations, and when to inspire terror by increased ferocity. By them relations are maintained with government offices through agents in Rome, whose intrigues are generally successful in obtaining the dismissal or removal of obnoxious officials; so that complicity with crime is an almost necessary condition of permanence in any responsible position.

Although not itself a sect, the *Mafia* contains within its elastic bosom an indefinite number of illegal societies, in the strictest acceptation of the term—societies, criminal in aim, with regular constitutions, rules of admission, and penal statutes. Among those whose organisation has recently been

brought to light and attacked are those of the *Mulini* and of the *Posa*. The first is an association of millers, ostensibly for the legal purpose of collecting the grist-tax, but, in point of fact, with the illegal object of keeping the price of flour at an artificially high standard by means of a monopoly acquired and retained by violence. Strange to say, this society, which aims so directly at the vital interests of the people, is not unpopular in Palermo; and that populace, which had so often in times past risen in clamorous sedition because of the high price of bread, left the authorities unsupported in their recent efforts to reduce it to its natural level. The society of the *Posa* is closely connected with that of the *Mulini*, and has the ostensible form of an association for mutual assistance of the workmen employed in mills, and the carters occupied in transporting corn. Its real objects are manifold, and its members are the ready tools of the *Capi-mafia*. By means of a tax levied on master millers and corn brokers a regular income is secured to the society, which thus has its hands free to meddle in the affairs of others. It prescribes tenants for the olive and almond groves of the Golden Shell, and the vineyards on the last slopes of the mountains of Neptune; it stands behind the auctioneer at public sales to fix the price and the purchaser of each lot; nay, it acts the grotesque part of peace-maker, composing differences in families, and procuring pensions for neglected scions and poor relations of rich houses. The recalcitrant well know what to expect. Thus, open crime is but an occasional manifestation of the tenebrous intrigues which riddle the whole substance of society, and all the relations of life are modified by the ever-ready threat of bloodshed, at the unscrupulous pleasure of assassins.

No institution is really formidable, unless backed by some kind of moral force, and the *Mafia* is guaranteed by the *omertà*. This *omertà* (a local corruption of the word *umiltà*) is a code of honour which condemns as infamous all recourse to public justice, and is recognised as binding, under the sanction of fire-arms, by all classes of the population. In obedience to this principle, many a poor workman of Palermo cures his wounds or perishes of them secretly, rather than reveal the circumstances of the fray in which he suffered; or, if taken to a hospital, dies in Spartan silence and obstinate complicity with his murderer. A typical case is that of a rich Sicilian noble, who, as he was driving one day in the environs of Palermo, received from behind a wall a volley of twelve or fourteen musket-shots, and, with unparalleled good fortune, escaped unhurt. No one of the would-be assassins was discovered or brought to justice,

but all are believed to have perished within a few months. This code of private justice has all the force lent by a universal sentiment. Public opinion recognises but one crime, that of appealing to the law for protection or redress—public feeling condemns but one form of retaliation, that of carrying a wrong before a regularly constituted tribunal. Self-defence is justifiable, but it must be by private violence; vengeance praiseworthy, but only if executed by the hands of hired assassins; and a Sicilian proprietor would think himself as much dishonoured by denouncing to public justice the brigand who writes him a threatening letter, as an English gentleman would have felt, fifty years ago, by denouncing a challenge to the police. No Sicilian (unless by a rare exception) will give information to lead to the capture of a delinquent; juries can with difficulty be got to convict, witnesses can hardly be induced to testify; the assassin seems the next instant a harmless wayfarer, the brigands are transformed in a moment into peaceable peasants, the weapons reeking with the blood of the victim are buried or hidden away as soon as the authorities appear upon the scene, and no human being will acknowledge to having seen or heard what passed within a few paces.

The difficulty of Ireland fifty years ago, only with a hundred aggravating circumstances, is the difficulty of Sicily to-day; for the differences which seem to make the case of Sicily less complex, serve in reality to render it more hopeless. Here are no distinctions of language, religion, or race; no line of demarcation can be drawn between the descendants of Roman and Carthaginian, Greek and Arab, Norman and Spaniard. Class wrongs and class hatreds there are indeed, in abundance; but all classes are unanimous in looking to a force outside the law—the proprietor for the enforcement of his tyranny, the peasant for relief from oppression, and vengeance for many a burning wrong.

No more striking contrast can be imagined than that between the interior of Sicily and the maritime zone stretching from Palermo to Messina. From a region of admirable cultivation, where a lemon-grove of an acre and a half will yield a yearly profit of a hundred pounds sterling; where Indian figs, cool as a mouthful of snow in July, hang like berries on the hedge-rows; where the black twigs of the almond-trees whiten, in January, into blossoming sprays, like St. Joseph's rod in the Sanctuary; and the olive, in the words of Lorenzo de' Medici,

‘In qualche dolce piaggia aprica,

Secondo il vento, par', or' verde, or bianca—'

from blue glimpses of a shining sea, caught through the shining

foliage which shelters the perennial sweetness of the orange-blossom, we pass to a vast solitude, unvaried by a single tree, unbroken for leagues by one isolated homestead. Not even the broken arch of an aqueduct tells at least of man's former presence; only here and there a straw hut, more like a kennel or a pig-stye than a human habitation, serves to shelter at night the peasant who comes from afar to till the soil. His system of agriculture is primitive enough to have been in use among his Siculan ancestors. Pasture, grain, and tillage form the simple rotation of crops; the sun is the only fertilizer; a rude plough which scrapes through a palm's depth of soil is the principal implement; and thus the land of Ceres—the granary of the Roman Empire—now scantily nourishes its own population.

The whole of the interior of Sicily is divided into vast domains—the *latifondi*, or empty lands, held by the Barons or great proprietors, representatives of the ancient feudatories. Under them is a class of middle-men, called *gabellotti*, from the Arab word *kabâla* or *gabâla*, a promise or engagement, used in the sense of tax or impost; and these intermediaries parcel out their large holdings in minute lots amongst peasants—serfs in all but name, of the soil they cultivate. Life presents itself to these poor people under a very sombre aspect. The law seems to exist but to wrong them; taxes are levied only to oppress them; their landlords' sole care for them is to exact the last farthing from their necessities; and usury—the canker of Sicilian society—commonly represented by the landlord himself, lies in wait for their misery with a loan at 100 per cent. One characteristic instance of the spirit of the rich towards the poor is worth pages of declamation on the subject. At Modica, in the district of Syracuse, an old custom prescribed the payment of labourers' wages in corn. But when, owing to a scarcity, the price of grain rose, three years ago, to an exorbitant height, the proprietors, by tacit or express agreement, arbitrarily changed the old system, and paid a money equivalent calculated at the former low value of corn. At the same time they drained the markets of which they practically monopolised the supply, by mercilessly closing their granaries until prices had risen to a still more extravagant standard. (Vol. ii. p. 177.)

What wonder if the brigand finds everywhere in the island adherents and allies? Social obligations cannot be expected to weigh heavily with the Sicilian peasant, who, himself sober, industrious, and relatively moral, is confronted by society in the guise of a rapacious master, and an exacting tax-gatherer,

under the cockade of the officer of the conscription and in the uniform of the carabinieri. His priest pities him, and consoles him with the hope of justice to come; but the brigand, in his character of avenger of the poor, appeals to his southern imagination as the personification of more immediate retribution, as a tangible protest against social oppression, as a fierce assertion of his outraged individual dignity and trampled human rights.

Space forbids us to enter into the details of the infinite variety of agricultural contracts so ably and patiently explained by Signor Sonnino in the second volume of this valuable work. They vary with every patch of ground, and are renewed on different terms every three or four years, the peasants shifting their holdings with the rotation of crops, and transferred like the cattle according to the changing necessities of cultivation. Speaking generally, the landlord gets two-thirds of the produce, carefully selected of the best quality, while the refuse of the harvest is left to the peasant as the recompense of his labour. In the total absence of rural dwellings the whole population is necessarily concentrated in the towns, where a chaotic accumulation of sordid and filthy hovels constitutes the quarter of the poor. Here, in one miserable room immediately under the tiles, without pavement, window, or fire-place, perhaps divided—from an instinct of decency—by means of rag partitions, the peasant leaves his family, as well as his pig, poultry, and mule, if he be fortunate enough to possess one; while he repairs to his work, at a distance varying from five to ten miles, for the most part remaining out from Monday to Saturday, and either sleeping under the open sky, fortunately not here an inclement one, or crouching at night in a rude lair of branches or straw. What hopes comfort him in his laborious solitude? What thoughts visit him during his patient intercourse and dumb communings with Nature?

Let us not ask, but rather turn to Signor Franchetti for practical information as to the state of public safety in the interior of Sicily.

‘In the infinite solitude of the Campagna of Sicily,’ he writes (vol. i. p. 38), ‘brigandage is the only constituted authority, and malefactors are the real masters. The vast herds of cattle which pasture in summer high up among the mountains, in winter on the low hills and plains of the sea-coast, are at their mercy; the ripe harvests, the vineyards and almond-groves, the few houses and villas lost in the desert, exist only at their discretion. Any one of them, with a lighted match in his hand, has power to destroy the riches contained in an olive plantation of secular growth. The life and property of every isolated traveller

who ventures to traverse those paths and highways, belong to them. Mounted on horses which are not theirs, armed with muskets and revolvers which they never purchased, they lord it over mountain and valley, hill and plain. If they stop at a farm-house or a manor, all the doors open to them; stewards, tenants, workmen, all hasten round them; the cellar, the larder, and the stable are at their disposal. In the districts frequented by them, they know everybody, and are known to all, while every landowner who interests himself in his property must have dealings with them. Do they want arms or ammunition? they have only to demand them. A valuable rifle, which had been openly bought in one of the cities of the island by a rich proprietor, was found not long after lying beside the corpse of a slain brigand. The finest horses are at their disposal. Signor G——, landholder, when riding in the country, chances upon a brigand, who salutes him respectfully, and politely demands the horse on which he is mounted. On its being pointed out that the return on foot of Signor G—— to the neighbouring town would be construed as an insult by his relations and adherents, and would expose the brigand to their vengeance, he allows himself to be persuaded, and it is agreed that he is to have the horse later. The brigand then invites the proprietor to an adjacent villa, where he finds the principal robber-chiefs of the country-side at table. He is received by them with every manner of courtesy; they drink and talk together, and finally, as a mark of confidence, he removes the revolver from his side, and presents it to one of them. A few days afterwards the horse is turned out on grass and disappears! Are they in want of money? They write a letter to some person of substance, and few indeed are bold enough to refuse their demand. Wherever they wish, they find friends, allies, receivers, spies. Nobody ambitions the perilous glory of rejecting their profitable alliance; malefactors who know how to inspire fear have only to choose their friends. Landowners, tenants, stewards, and all farm *employés* are, by the force of circumstances, their accomplices. Nor indeed are they dependent for information on any persons extraneous to their own body. The proprietors know that the best means of at least partially securing their farms from pillage, is to entrust them to the guardianship of certain armed retainers called *campieri*—men who have themselves led somewhat of a brigand life, and have at any rate some homicides upon their consciences—who form part of that great league, which without rules, statutes, or preventive organisation, nevertheless unites, in case of need, all the dangerous classes in a spontaneous combination.

If, as Cicero defines it, '*Peccare est tamquam transire lineas,*' then it follows, that where no line can be drawn, no guilt can be imputed. Who in Sicily is wholly innocent, and who altogether guilty? By what criterion can we distinguish criminal complicity from necessary toleration? Morality retires before the problem with a vertigo, and casuistry itself has no answer at hand. A Florentine lady (this case comes within our personal knowledge), the wife of a captain in the



Italian army, recently stationed with his detachment in the interior of the island, describes her relations with the brigands, while residing there with her husband, as no less constant than friendly. Food and shelter were ready for them in her house, whenever they chose to claim the one or the other; their requests were law; the entire household was at their service. In return, they secured to her property immunity from pillage, and to her husband immunity from assassination. His own soldiers were powerless to protect him, and without the guarantee of the brigands his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase. Who will venture to condemn the lady for conforming her conduct to circumstances so stringent? But if she were innocent, what becomes of the guilt of nine-tenths of the so-called *manutengoli*? Not even between those who favour but do not profit by crime, and those who fatten on its spoils, can a distinction easily be maintained. Many a man enjoys the prestige conferred by reputed alliance with the *Mafia* who has never positively sanctioned any open outrage upon life or property. The mere knowledge that he is without scruple—that he has blood-hounds in the leash, whom, should the occasion arise, he will not shrink from letting slip—suffices to secure him universal deference, and to give to his wishes the force of law.

The brigands in Sicily exercise a twofold empire over the minds of their fellow-citizens. They rule by exciting sympathy, and they rule by inspiring terror. The brigand-type has yet retained there the halo of romance which has long departed from it in other countries. A certain heroic courtesy, as well as heroic daring, are ascribed to its representatives by the popular imagination, and this legendary reputation they endeavour to maintain by carrying on their cut-throat trade after a somewhat chivalrous and high-bred fashion. The robber-chief asks pardon of the proprietor from whom he has just exacted a ransom of 130,000 francs, alleging, like the wolf in the fable, 'circumstances over which he has no control,' as the excuse for his rapacity; and his followers kiss the hand of their victim with every expression of regret and devotion. There are not wanting Rob Roys who play the part of protector of the poor and redresser of social wrongs; nor Karl Moors, scions of great houses who win their spurs in melodramatic fashion by highway robbery, make their earliest display of youthful prowess, like Mercury, in cattle-stealing, and sow their wild oats in generous revolt against law and order among the manna-bearing groves of Castelbuono, or on the sulphurous plains of Lercara.

On the other hand, the vengeance of the brigands is known to be swift and sure—an inexorable Nemesis, which strikes ten innocent rather than let one guilty escape. At San Mauro, the robber-chief Rinaldi murdered a landowner on the mere suspicion of his having denounced him; and some time after, entering the town with an armed companion, at the hour of the Ave Maria, amidst the peasants returning from their work, he walked straight to the house where the mother and sister of his victim resided, shot the old lady to the heart; and dragging her daughter down the stairs into the street, despatched her there with his knife. He then went off unmolested. This within a few paces of the barrack of the Carabinieri, and almost within sight of the gay society assembled at the Casino. Instances are innumerable. The brothers Di Lorenzo of Gibellina and the Militellos of Montemaggiore were assassinated for the same offence—that of having shut their doors in the face of the brigands. Signor Mancuso, of Palazzo Adriano, was captured and put to ransom for having refused them some cloaks. In a commune where the authority of the law seemed to threaten to get the upper hand, the local malefactors collected in the street, surrounded the Delegate of Public Safety, and deliberately murdered him as he stood at the door of a shop. No impediment was offered by the passers-by, who were naturally quite unconscious of what was taking place.

In Sicily it is indeed no figure of speech to describe the eyes of Justice as bandaged, since, like the protagonist at Blind Man's Buff, she is compelled to grope helplessly after those she desires to lay her hands on, amidst the mockeries or delusive assistance of the clear-sighted bystanders. While the harassed troops are scouring the country in rain and storm, the miscreant they are in search of passes the winter tranquilly at Palermo, and not always in concealment. Nay, we hear of brigands in the guise of peaceable wayfarers taking advantage of the escort of the Carabinieri, and of a robber-chief spending the evening agreeably at a café in the company of an Officer of Public Safety, and sending him next morning a basket of bonbons as a proof of his regard. Nowhere is the '*summum jus, summa injuria*,' so often true as here. An official, lately arrived from the Continent, and inexperienced in such matters, who witnessed and gave information of a murder, was on the point of being convicted of the crime he had been rash enough to denounce, the real murderer being all the time known to the whole country, and his guilt a matter of public notoriety. Such instances are not rare. Organised calumny and judicial conspiracy are among the recognised weapons of the *Mafia*.

Thus, brigandage is the only trade which really prospers in the island. Honest industry languishes, while robbers become capitalists, and landowners, who no doubt would scorn to give their sons a profession, amass large fortunes by sharing in the profits of cattle-stealing.

With regard to the 'tranquil provinces' of Messina, Catania, and Syracuse, Signor Franchetti's opinion might be summed up in Dante's answer to Guido da Montefeltro, when, from within his sheath of fire, he desired to be informed whether peace or war reigned in the Romagna:—

'Romagna tua non è, e non fu mai,  
Sanza guerra ne' cuor de' suoi tiranni;  
Ma palese nessuna or ven lasciai.'

Since the dispersion, in 1875, of Cucinotta's robber-band, which for many years regulated the affairs of the greater part of the province of Messina, levying taxes, according protection, granting immunities, appeasing discords—as the Incas of Peru imposed peace with the sword—making and prohibiting marriages—in fact, assuming all the offices of the most paternal government, there has been an interruption, in those districts, to the record of crime. Moreover, the inhabitants, perhaps owing to their Greek descent, are by nature less sanguinary and more subtle than in the other parts of the island, while the superior state of the communications gives the authorities a certain advantage in dealing with the dangerous classes. Nevertheless, there as elsewhere society is founded on the same anti-social and self-destructive principles of contempt for public right, and respect only for private force and fraud. There as elsewhere law is recognised only to be evaded, and an unscrupulous oligarchy usurps the rights which belong to the whole community. The poor are oppressed, while the power of protest is taken from them. The funds of charitable institutions are devoured by the harpies and intriguers who rule the local administration. Wrong-doing is more cunningly concealed, but not less triumphant, than in the rest of Sicily. Violence, too, is ready to break out upon provocation; and the recent assassination of the advocate Lombardo near Messina, together with the ransom and murder of Currado Lanza at Syracuse, forms a sinister commentary on the 'tranquillity' of the eastern provinces.

The origin of these evils is far to seek. It might be carried back to the Roman period of rapine, blood, and tears, when the *latifondi*, already formed by assignments and confiscations, were cultivated under the scourging rays of the southern sun, and the still fiercer lash of the overseer's whip, by gangs of

unhappy slaves, whose toil was rewarded by license. In Sicily, from then until now, wages for service have been too often impunity for crime. Still more plausibly, the Mussulman conquest in the ninth century might be alleged as the cause of the social disorders which afflict the island. It is at least a coincidence that brigandage in Italy should follow so surely in the wake of Saracen colonisation, and the wild blood left behind them by the Arab settlements at Amantea and Santa Severina in Calabria, and Agropoli near Salerno, is doubtless not without effect upon the present state of public security in those regions. Moreover, the word *Mafia* is evidently derived from *Ma'âfir*, the name of one of the Arab tribes settled at Palermo, another of which, the *Kodhâ'a*, has given its title to a subdivision of malefactors called the *Ricottaro* (the Arabic *d* becomes *t* in the Aryan tongues); while the distinctive costume and long locks of the *mafiosi* remind us that, by the edict of Omar, promulgated in the same place, the subjugated Christians were compelled to shave their foreheads, and forbidden to imitate the dress of their conquerors.

Signor Franchetti, however, is content to look no farther back than to the events of the present century for an explanation of the chaotic social state of Sicily. In 1812, Lord William Bentinck, who exercised practically absolute power in the island, thought to remedy all its evils by the gift of a Constitution modelled on that of his native country—a panacea the administration of which, like the marriage of the hero and heroine in old-fashioned romances, was supposed to have for its effect that all concerned ‘lived happily together ever after.’ Nevertheless, the ‘simple’ of the British Ambassador failed of its effect; the British machinery of government worked badly on Sicilian soil. The Commons were unmanageable, the Peers subversive—the Lower House could not be induced to consider the Estimates: the Upper House was intent only on recovering the lost privileges of its members, and the model constitution was abrogated after four years’ trial. The experiment had two consequences—the destruction of the ancient liberties of the realm, and the disappearance from the Statute Book of the Feudal Code. In Germany the Feudal system was abolished by emancipation, in France by confiscation; and in both by the action of forces inherent to the stage of civilisation at which they had arrived. In Sicily, on the contrary, its dissolution was accomplished by the exertion of an arbitrary external power, without any corresponding modification of the mutual relations between the members constituting the society upon which the change was prematurely imposed. The rights of

property remained untouched, and the duties of protection no longer existed. Power remained in the same hands, but the moral tie which bound classes together was broken. The poor acquired no new rights, and lost their old dependence. Labour continued bound to the soil, and crime alone was emancipated.

Hence the profound social disturbance which has long vitiated and will long continue to vitiate all the efforts of Governments to restore Sicily to a normal condition. The iron hand of Manescalco, the Bourbon Minister of Police, repressed, but did not extinguish, the elements of disorder, and the emptying of the prisons, and general license which followed the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala, produced an immediate recrudescence of the evil. The Italian Constitution rests its weight upon the middle classes, and delivers the power of the State into their hands. It found in Sicily a nobility and a proletariat. Intermediate interests may be said not to exist, those of the *gabellotti* being identical with those of the great landowners, whose effete energies they tend to reinforce with the superior vitality of new blood. It was hoped that the sale of church and crown lands would have led to the formation of a class of small landholders; but the hope proved delusive. They were parcelled out at the discretion of the local *camorras*, and only went to increase the patrimonies of the great proprietors. Thus political power has fallen exclusively into the hands of the upper classes, who use it unrelentingly for selfish purposes; the public funds are at the disposal of the rich, while the public burdens fall mainly on the poor; the tyranny of capital has no check, and the rights of labour have no guarantee.

In the opinion of the Parliamentary Commission appointed in 1875, the Sicilian difficulty is a question of engineering, and will disappear before the whistle of the steam engine, and with the gradual substitution of macadamised roads for the native mule-paths. Nevertheless, here also, unusual and unlooked-for obstacles are encountered. The original plan for the network of railways, by means of which it was intended to open up communications between all parts of the island and the sea, was devised on a vicious principle. The sulphur industry was then in the ascendant. To the sulphur industry all other interests were sacrificed. The original plan, vicious as it was, was not carried out, and the result is that three trunks of railways which, up to the beginning of 1877,\* it had been found

\* It is hoped, however, that the line connecting Palermo with Girgenti will shortly be opened for traffic.

impossible to connect one with the other, lose themselves helplessly in the desert of the interior.

Even Nature herself is dead against the engineer. In some places the friable soil, loosened by the incessant percolation of water, overwhelms the works with landslips as often as they are undertaken. In others, the frequency of mountain-torrents requires a bridge of monumental construction at every half-mile of railway. Elsewhere, the obstructions of transport and the scarcity of material make labour difficult, or the malarious exhalations which poison the air render it all but impossible. The problem of road-construction is a still more arduous one, because here come into play the petty jealousies and hampering intrigues which are the bane of Sicily. Out of 360 communes, 102 are still inaccessible to wheeled vehicles, and the Commission was unable to visit the important town of Sciacca, owing to the complete impassability in bad weather of the mule-tracks which form the sole means of approaching it. In the midst of such deplorable backwardness, Government roads are permitted to become impracticable through local neglect; Government bridges are rendered inaccessible through local jealousies; dishonest contracts are dishonestly apportioned; the refuse of the sulphur mines is substituted, as building material, for stone or brick; the inspector and the constructor are not unfrequently combined in the same individual, and municipal pockets are filled with the profits of municipal corruption.\*

Nevertheless, the inevitable law of progress will no doubt finally prevail, and the vital arteries of road and rail will eventually stretch their branches even across the morasses of Montedoro, and through the defiles of the Madonie. There remains, however, the grave question whether the immediate interests of the people will be profitably affected by this advance in civilisation. The conditions of production will long remain unchanged by it; the laws of distribution must be extensively modified. It is greatly to be feared that, while competition in the labour market remains undiminished, increased facility in exporting corn will have for its effect a deterioration in quality of the food at the command of the Sicilian peasant, and the consequent degradation of his physical condition, which has hitherto been maintained at a high standard, to the level of that of the *polenta-fed contadino* of the Valley of the Po.

If Sicily is to continue part of the kingdom of Italy, a remedy must be found for the evils which afflict it, and that quickly; but as yet every remedy has proved ineffectual. Arbitrary

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\* Report of Parliamentary Commission, *passim*.

measures have been tried, but only with the result of turning Government into a worthy rival of the *Mafia*, and adding to the sum-total of crime a long list committed in the name of order. Legal measures are acknowledged to be inadequate, although the ordinary law of Italy, in the system of 'admonition' and 'forced domicile,' or practically transportation without trial, places powers in the hands of the authorities which would not be tolerated for a day in England. Even so sober a writer as Signor Franchetti recommends such a drastic mode of cure as the abolition of trial by jury, and the deportation of all suspected persons—a measure which, on his own showing, would make a large gulph in the population of the island; and it is unanimously agreed, that if public order is to be restored, Sicilians, with a very few exceptions, must be excluded from all share in the administration of justice in their country. *Meglio buon rè che buona legge*, says the proverb, which, like all proverbs, contains its modicum of truth—namely, that an equitable Code is vitiated by corrupt administration.

The fact is that the economic condition of the Sicilian peasant underlies all the disorders of Sicily, as the economic condition of the Irish peasant has been the main cause of the evils of Ireland; and all the remedies which leave this untouched have hitherto proved, and will continue to prove, fruitless. The famine of 1847, followed by a saving tide of Western emigration, and crowned by beneficent legislation, has got Ireland over the worst of her troubles; but the cruel cure of hunger is excluded from Sicily by the benignity of her climate and the fertility of her soil, and the idea of seeking a refuge from oppression in voluntary exile has as yet hardly dawned upon the minds of her inhabitants. There remains legislation. But the Sicilian vote, like the Irish vote, has the fate of each Ministry in its hands, and the Sicilian deputies, unlike the Irish members, are unanimous, and vote in a compact body. Far more than deputies, they are delegates sent by the landowners to represent their interests in Rome; and even if all the rest of Italy could be united against them, they would still have the formidable resource of falling back upon a Home Rule policy, which is not without a considerable following in Sicily. It is in vain to open railways, and sink millions in a soil where morasses and landslips offer almost insuperable obstacles to improved communications; it is in vain to endow bankrupt companies with a view to developing the resources of the island, and to strain its weary limbs on the Procrustean bed of a formalist constitutionalism. As long as the power remains to the rich of attaining unjust ends by iniquitous means, and

labour continues to be oppressed under legal forms, brigandage will remain the protest of the poor, and Sicily will still be the danger of Italy and the disgrace of Europe.

The British press has not unfrequently assumed the right of dragging to light the dark and dreadful deeds of tyranny and holding them up to the execration of the world; indeed the British nation has been known to be wrought up to a pitch of excessive sensibility by the wrongs and sufferings of foreign countries. This very kingdom of the Two Sicilies (as it was then called) was the subject of one of Mr. Gladstone's earlier exploits in the cause of humanity. But he who has read the preceding pages has before his eyes a faint sketch of horrors and atrocities not to be surpassed by scenes in the prisons of Naples or in the most afflicted parts of the Ottoman Empire. These facts rest not upon newspaper correspondence or consular reports, but upon evidence taken before the Parliament of Italy: and they disclose a state of things which would justify the intervention of the civilised world, if we were of opinion that misgovernment and crime do justify intervention in foreign states. Great Britain cordially applauded, approved, and in some degree aided, the emancipation of Sicily from the Bourbon yoke. We had old ties and modern interests connecting us with the island. The most flourishing trade in Sicily, the wine trade, is entirely the creation of English houses settled there. Yet it has come to this, that British subjects, the benefactors of the country, have been robbed and murdered, without the possibility of protection or redress: and at this moment the life and property of no man in Sicily, more especially if he be a stranger, are secure. No doubt the respect and regard we feel for the Italian Government and nation have led us to submit to treatment in its dominions which would not be endured for a moment elsewhere. A very different tone has been taken in exacting redress from Turks, Greeks, and even Spaniards. But if these actions are intolerable in one country, are they to be endured in another? Are they more tolerable under the powerful government of enlightened Italy, with an enormous army at command, than they are under the feeble rule and unsettled social conditions of Turkey and Greece? If it be a paramount national duty to reform the government of European Turkey, is it less a duty to establish government in Sicily, where it seems that neither order, security, law or justice exist at all, and the administration is under the absolute control of assassins?\*



ART. VIII.—*Kreuz und Schwert*. Vierte Abtheilung von 'Um Szepter und Krone.' Zeitroman von GREGOR SAMAROW. Vier Bände. Stuttgart: 1875.

FOUR years ago we reviewed the first instalment of this extraordinary series of novels; and we must confess that when we did so we little imagined that Herr Meding, the ex-secretary of the King of Hanover, writing under the *nom de plume* of Gregor Samarow, would find both the will in himself and encouragement from the German public for production in such abundance of a *genre* which he may be said to have created. For never, we imagine, have actors in political history found themselves dealt with so freely in the pages of contemporary romance as they are by Herr Meding. One cannot deny the freedom of his touch, the perfect ease and sometimes the aptness of the political arguments which he puts into the mouths of his heroes and heroines; yet what, in fact, is the value of this kind of writing? It is neither romance nor history. No man living could possibly have sufficient knowledge of all the courts and crowned heads he introduces to us, including the Vatican and the Pope, to enable him to represent them fairly in the pages of romance; and perhaps as much truth may be looked for in the historic novels of a Scott or a Bulwer, dealing with kings and statesmen who lived centuries ago, as in a romance of this nature. Nevertheless, the success of Herr Meding's treatment of his subject is, considering the difficulty attending it, extremely remarkable.

This novel, like its predecessors, consists of two parts of very different merit; one half is political romance, so to speak, and one half unpolitical romance. This latter portion of the work is carried on from the beginning to the end of the volumes by merely intercalating the chapters in which the love-stories of the inferior personages are contained among the other chapters in which emperors and empresses, kings, popes, cardinals, and princes, and the other *Dii Majores* of Europe are made to act and talk with considerable verisimilitude and keeping as to character, and also with considerable artistic merit. The love-romance portion of the novel, however, may be dismissed in a short space. It commences in the autumn of 1869, and is concluded about a year later. The opening of the novel is very much in the style in which the late Mr. G. P. R. James used to commence his oft-told tales:—

'The sinking sun of the autumn of the year 1869 sent its oblique beams over the simple and uniform, but yet luxuriant landscape which

in the neighbourhood of Dusseldorf encloses the broad and quietly flowing stream of the Rhine. On the road which led along the dikes through the meadows and orchards rode two young officers in the green uniform of the Hussars. Neither of them was at the most more than twenty-one or twenty years of age; but in spite of this equality of age their whole appearance was strikingly different. One sat comfortably on his fair grey steed, and his form, in spite of his youth, showed a certain tendency to fullness and corpulence, while his fresh countenance beamed with a careless cheerfulness. . . This young officer, from whose face was reflected the morning beams of a sorrowless happy life, was the Count Xavier von Spangendorf, the son and heir in tail of one of the richest and most considerable proprietors of the neighbourhood, whose family had possessed for almost immemorial ages the park nearly as large as a forest which surrounded the château of Rensenheim. Near him rode his friend and fellow-officer, Lieutenant von Rothenstein, the descendant of an old Silesian family. He sat on a black horse; his form was slight and thin—his face was long and pale—his fine sharply cut mouth, with his dark moustache drooping over his upper lip, seemed seldom likely to be moved with laughter.'

The Herr von Rothenstein, in fact, is the '*caballero de le triste figura*' of the novel. His parents died when he was two years old; his bachelor guardian, a cousin of his father's, had handed him over to be educated by professors; he had grown up among strangers—'a world of ice had ever surrounded him, 'through which he could not break—he was alone, always 'alone!' He had the misfortune, moreover, to fall in love with the Gräfin Gabriele, the sister of Xavier von Spangendorf, who was beautiful as a Madonna of Carlo Dolce, but who looked like a novice of a holy order, and had indeed already secretly devoted herself to conventual retirement.

The family of Spangendorf was Roman Catholic, and had for chaplain a certain Father Dominicus, of eight-and-twenty years of age, of slight yet powerful frame, quiet in his movements, dignified, yet at the same time modest. The priest, whose closely-cut dark hair allowed the small tonsure to appear, and whose broad and high forehead denoted a clear and vigorous intelligence, was in love in more than spiritual fashion with Gabriele, the daughter of the house; and the intrigues, contrivances, and crimes also, with which he endeavours to prevent the happy issue of the love which the sad-featured Rothenstein naturally conceives for Gabriele, the daughter of the house of Spangendorf, form some of the most dramatic incidents of the volume. The priest, indeed, even goes so far as to try to poison his rival when he is at death's door.

Two other love affairs draw their slow lengths along through

the volume; the one that between the young Graf von Spangendorf and his cousin Josephine, and the other that of Franz, a younger brother of Von Spangendorf, for Lorenza, the daughter of an Italian model—Franz von Spangendorf being, like his sister, a Catholic enthusiast, and having enrolled himself as a member of the Pope's Roman Guard. Nothing can be more feeble and mawkish than these details. But they afford easy vehicles for carrying the reader backwards and forwards from Rome to Vienna, Paris, and Berlin, and for conducting him to the battle-fields of France in 1870.

The first volume of the work is the least interesting part of it. The political schemes of the ex-King of Hanover and of the late Emperor of the French and his Empress occupy the greater part of the political action. George V. is introduced to us surrounded by the faithful companions of his defeats and exile, intriguing for the recovery of his lost kingdom, for the repression of Prussia, and for the inauguration of an improved federal system in Germany; and he counts greatly on the financial aid which a certain Vienna bank, in which he is a large shareholder, will render him. We are not aware what foundation Herr Meding has for this episode of the Vienna bank, whose destinies are directed by a certain Doctor Elster. This personage is a sort of Viennese Law, and his speculations meet with the same sort of failure with those of his Scotch prototype, and involve in their ruin the hopes of George V. and his adherents. We know no more what basis of truth there may be for this part of the narrative than we do as to what foundation there may be for the scenes in which Napoleon III. is represented as holding long colloquies on the state of France and of Europe, and on the probability and advantage of the Prince of the Asturias being installed as king on the throne of Spain, from which his mother had lately been driven by revolution.

The beginning of the second volume introduces us to a series of scenes which are stirring enough, although as little here, too, we know what foundation the author may have for his inventions. The chapter which opens this volume describes a midnight meeting of the secret society of the Avengers, held in the recesses of the baths of Caracalla. Pietro Barghili, the model, the father of Lorenza, the beloved of the younger Graf von Spangendorf, and Barbarino Falcone, a ferocious Italian bandit, his rival, have arrived at the entrance of the cavernous hollow where the meeting is held.

‘A deep voice sounded from beneath upwards—“Who seeks admittance to the Society of the Avengers?”’

"Barbarino Falcone," replied the young man, while he bowed down his head over the opening and made a sort of speaking-tube out of both his hands, "and Pietro Barghili."

"What is the watchword?" asked a voice from beneath.

"Death to priests and tyrants," replied Barbarino in the same voice as before.

"The Brothers admit you," was answered again from below upwards.

"Follow me," said Barbarino to Pietro Barghili, "I will direct thy feet."

Pietro Barghili descends the rock-like sides of the hollow under the direction of Barbarino. When they arrived there, the darkness hardly allowed them to see anything. Soon, however, Pietro and Barbarino recognised a number of men, part of whom lay on the earth concealed in their mantles, part of them sat on fallen blocks of stone, and appeared to be, like Barbarino, labourers collected from the neighbourhood of Rome.

A dark form advanced from one side and mounted a lofty square block of stone.

"Are all assembled which were called to take part in this meeting of the chosen chiefs of the Society of the Avengers?"

The dark figure drew a small dark-lantern from under his cloak, opened it suddenly, and then threw its bright flash momentarily around the assembly—which then was seen to be composed of about fifteen men—some wild-looking, bearded, and weather-burnt—some with the soft features of enthusiastic youth, yet with eyes flaming with fanaticism—some with fine-cut, cold, distinguished quiet faces.

"Before I communicate my plans to you," said the voice, "I have to make to you a serious and sad announcement: a traitor has crept amongst our society, which is consecrated to the liberation of our fatherland, to the liberation of all humanity from the fetters of priests and tyrants."

After a short allocution from the dark form on the block of stone, the assembly cries out:—

"We believe the master."

"His word is the truth," cried Barbarino.

"His word is the truth," was echoed round the circle.

"Now, then, my brethren," the master continued, "what punishment does treason against the holy cause of the Freedom of Humanity deserve?"

"Death" cried Barbarino.

"Death" was echoed hoarsely and awfully all around.

The traitor was pointed out to the assembly with the aid of the dark-lantern, and to Barbarino was intrusted the duty of putting him to death, which he did with a bayonet-dagger carried in his stick, to the satisfaction of the whole assembly, who then proceeded to discuss the business for which the

Master had convened them, and which was no less than the elaboration of a Guy Fawkes scheme for the blowing up of the whole assembly then about to meet for deliberation on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

The man whom the accusers had recognised as their master stepped slowly along the walls of the baths of Caracalla and reached the road leading to the Porta San Sebastiano.

'Hidden deep in his mantle he had taken but a few steps on this road when a covered calèche, drawn by two strong horses, drove up slowly on the road towards the town. The coachman, in the fancy livery of a job-master, pulled up his horses. The man in the mantle opened the door lightly and unperceived and disappeared in the interior of the carriage. The coachman drove his horses rapidly and after a short journey drew up his carriage before the Albergo di Europa in the Piazza di Spagna.

'The porter hastened to open the door. Signor Franceschino himself came officiously forward into the entrance lighted cheerily with gas. A man stepped out of the carriage who might be from fifty-six to sixty-years of age. He had a healthy face of white and red, with a straight, sharp-cut nose, and grey moustache drooping over his softly-cut pleasant mouth. The man wore an extremely neat and elegant pepper-and salt costume, a round hat of fine white felt, and from under the brim of this hat looked forth eyes intelligent and observant but at the same time genteely repulsive and coldly phlegmatic.

'He went slowly with a powerful elastic step to his hotel.

'“To-morrow, two hours before dinner,” he said, in a foreign somewhat guttural accent, to the porter, who repeated them to the coachman, and then he stepped into the hotel.

'With a slight nod of the head he greeted Signor Franceschino, who bowed low.

'“Has my lord any commands?” asked the obsequious hotel master in tolerably good English, whilst he accompanied his guest up to the staircase leading to the first floor.

'“*My tea and dry toast as usual,*” answered the latter in the cold sharp tone of the well-bred Englishman.'

He ascended the stairs and entered a door on the first floor, which an old servant, in a black coat and white cravat, who had been waiting for him sitting on a chair in the passage, opened rapidly for him.

The distinguished-looking Englishman, who passes by the name of Mister Brooklane, was, we find later, a disguised Italian—obviously intended for a fancy sketch of the late Giuseppe Mazzini—who had cultivated the art of disguise so thoroughly as to conduct the most abominable conspiracies on a diet of tea and dry toast—a circumstance which reminds us of a passage quoted in our review of Herr Samarow's former novel, '*Um Szepter und Krone,*' in which Bismarck resolved

upon war with France under the inspiration of beer and Beethoven. The diabolical caution and subtlety of Mister Brooklane is, however, wonderfully defective on one occasion when he allows a certain Count Rivero to overhear the whole of the details of his Guy Fawkes conspiracy for blowing up Pope, Cardinals, and all the heads of the Catholic Church: the same Count Rivero having merely to put his head up a chimney in the next room to overhear the conversation of Mister Brooklane with the leading villain of the 'Avengers'—Barbarino Falcone.

Mister Brooklane, however, shows both greater cunning and energy in a scene in which he converts the police agent who was sent to arrest him into one of the most devoted members of the 'Avengers.' A man in simple civil costume knocked one evening at the door of Mister Brooklane in the *Albergo di Europa*, and entered into his apartment at the word 'Come in:' he found the old English gentleman seated, in the neatest and most elegant toilette, before a table covered with books and plans, and lighted by a lamp with a blue shade.

The stranger announced himself as an agent of police, who had come merely to subject Mister Brooklane to the slight formality of having his passport examined. Mr. Brooklane was most willing. From an examination of Mister Brooklane's passport the police official proceeded to an examination of Mister Brooklane's papers, and these not turning out so satisfactory as the official could have wished, he desired Mister Brooklane's company to the office of the head of the police.

"I will not obey your invitation," cried Mister Brooklane vehemently. "I order you to leave my room and to respect the right of a free citizen of a foreign nation."

The official stepped to the window and opened it and whistled lightly.

A carriage was heard approaching, and soon stopped in the street.

"If you refuse," said the police official. "to satisfy my request, you will have yourself to thank for the unpleasant measures which I shall be compelled to take."

While he opened the window he had taken his hand out of the breast pocket of the coat in which he had hitherto kept it.

Mister Brooklane, who had come nearer to him in a few easy steps, now with one spring, powerful and elastic as a tiger's when he seizes his prey, bounded on him. With iron grasp he seized the wrist of his right arm, while with the other hand he grasped his neck so tightly that the man thus suddenly and unexpectedly attacked could only bring forth a low moaning noise, and with shut eyes let his head fall backwards as though he were stunned.

At the same moment Mister Brooklane's hand buried itself in the

breast-coat pocket of the official and drew therefrom a small six-barrelled revolver. Then he thrust the man, deprived of breath and almost of sensation, into a deep arm-chair, while at the same time he cocked the revolver and held it almost close to the face of his captive, who began to draw breath again with a twitching movement.

"You are a dead man," cried Mister Brooklane, in pure Italian, with suppressed voice, "if you utter a sound."

Having got the police officer into this helpless condition, Mister Brooklane, with the additional aid of a pile of gold pieces, which he throws on the table sparkling in the light, and with ready promises of many such piles in the future if his prisoner will become a true member of the 'Avengers,' converts Niccolo Costanzi, such is his name, into a faithful fellow-conspirator, who has of course means of inestimable advantage for aiding the plans of the society.

'He filled a second huge purse with gold and reached it to the official, with the words:—

"Spare nothing, neither gold nor blood, if it must be so. In a week the man who was arrested in the Council Hall must be free."

'Niccolo Costanzi made a bow, but Mister Brooklane lifted up his hand, touched lightly with his fingers the head of Niccolo, and said:—

"Be thou blessed with the blessing of our fatherland, and may this blessing give thee strength to serve the holy cause of freedom."

'He handed to the official his revolver with a gesture full of dignity; he put the weapon in his pocket and left the room with another low bow.

'A few minutes later the noise of a carriage was heard going further and further from the hotel.

'Mister Brooklane put his hat on his head, stepped downstairs with a cheerful and composed mien, and left the hotel as he was accustomed to do for an evening walk through Rome.'

All this is mere trash, and would not deserve to be noticed in these pages, if there were not matters of more real interest behind. We must leave the remainder of the Roman part of the story untold, though it contains some striking pictures of the Pope, Antonelli, and the Catholic Prelates of Western Germany. This is the 'Cross' which figures in the title of the book. The 'Sword' is nothing less than the Franco-German war, and to the incidents of that memorable contest we shall now turn. The chief character of the volumes is really Louis Napoleon, and the chief incidents are those relating to his decline and fall. The uncertain, wavering, political notions of the ruler who was destined to bring upon France a series of defeats and disasters unexampled in the history of modern Europe are elucidated in interesting dialogues; and it is well shown how such vague unstable views in that critical time were

partly the result of a dreamy fatalistic nature, and partly of the distressing state of bodily health into which the unfortunate sovereign fell in his latter years. In the first volume, the long conversations of the Emperor with M. Conti, Laguerronière, Marshal Prim and others, interest us, however, little comparatively with those chapters in the last two volumes which portray the Emperor and his surroundings from the eve of the declaration of war against Prussia to the great disaster of Sedan.

We have already said that the historical foundation on which the author relies for his facts in the greater part of these volumes is doubtful; but we find the Emperor himself in one of the scenes of the third volume, in a conversation with his foster-sister, Madame Cornu, coquetting with the same idea to combat which he declared war against Prussia—the elevation of the Prince von Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain. Little historical basis too, we imagine, could be found for the scene in which the Emperor receives the parting visit of General Fleury before his departure for his post of Ambassador at St. Petersburg. The Emperor, according to Herr Samarow, treated the departing Ambassador to a long political disquisition, which he could not have listened to without a good deal of yawning, if half the stories which are told of him are true, and especially if he pronounced the epitaph upon the fallen Empire which report ascribes to him: ‘*Tout ce que je puis dire est que nous nous sommes joliment amusés pendant dix-huit ans.*’ The instructions, however, of the Emperor to General Fleury will give the reader a fair opportunity of judging of Herr Samarow’s talent for political argument:—

“Russia,” said the Emperor, “after it has recovered from the wounds which I once was obliged to inflict upon it, must needs apply itself more and more to its task in the East, on the accomplishment of which its future destiny and the development of its people depend. I once held back the Emperor Nicholas on this path, not to injure Russia but in order to bring the representative of the principle of legitimacy, which was then hostilely opposed to me, to recognise my empire. That consideration has now no more weight for me, and there is no obstacle in the way of a complete understanding with Russia. There are especially two powers,” he continued, while General Fleury followed his words with deep attention, “which can support Russia in the pursuit of her natural objects—and these are Prussia and France. Austria must naturally be hostile to the policy of Russia in the East. England can never permit Russia to become powerful in the Black Sea, or to get a firm foot in the Dardanelles. France can look on at this quietly, and so can Prussia, and both powers can be useful to Russia. Prussia while it can protect Russia at her back and make it possible for her to concentrate all her forces towards the East. France, however,



can do more. She can ally herself actively with Russia to reconstruct the East; and when France and Russia shall have settled a fixed plan, then will they be in a position to carry it through in spite of all opponents."

"I have already called the attention of your Majesty," said General Fleury, "to the fact that this point of view was perfectly appreciated in Petersburg—so much especially as relates to Prussia. They seem not to believe thoroughly in her friendship, as I have frequently had occasion to remark; it is true in Petersburg they forget——"

"A sensible policy," the Emperor broke in, "must always understand how to forget. And your task, my dear General, will be not only to make the past forgotten, but also to create an opening for the idea of a future understanding on the foundation which I have just laid before you. You will find," continued he, "even as I have just observed, that France can do more for the fulfilment of the natural political aims of Russia than Prussia can, and that above all it desires little—and from Russia especially it desires nothing more than its assistance in the suppression of the threatening and hostile form of a growing German empire in the middle of Europe. I think people will understand this in Russia. And your duty it will be to revive the old schemes which once were discussed between the first Alexander and my great uncle, taking care at the same time to convince them that I on my side will not fall into the mistake which was so fatal to the first Emperor of drawing away from the alliance with Russia. You can add," he continued, "also that North America, which naturally draws towards Russia and must draw towards it, is the old ally of France, and that the misunderstanding which has arisen in our relations to the United States through the Mexican Expedition, can be removed by the intervention of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg."

"Sire," said the general, "there is a question to be touched between France and Russia, and which if there is a new move for the establishing of closer and better relations between Russia and France cannot be passed over in silence. This question, Sire, is the Polish. And I might beg of your Majesty——"

"Poland," said the Emperor, shrugging his shoulders, "what is Poland? Ancient Poland was but a holding ground for France so as not to lose all influence in the East. The Polish revolution is for us to-day a mighty weapon which we can turn also against Prussia and Austria, and which we dare not give out of our hands so long as we have no steadfast security that we and Russia shall pursue together for a long time the same political ends. As soon as the securities are provided, as soon as I have come to an understanding with the Emperor Alexander for the division of the West and East between France and Russia, and for the placing of Europe under the direction of the Latin and Slavonic races—I shall have no interest in holding longer in my hand the double-edged sword which the Polish Question offers to us. You, too, can speak out very decidedly on this point," he added; "and the Emperor can be thoroughly assured that every direct or indirect favouring of Polish aspirations for nationality will cease the very moment when a firm alliance is struck between France and Russia."

"Does your Majesty then command," said the general, "that I should make any definite offers in this direction?"

"Such is my desire," said the Emperor, "and I have marked the points for you, which are convenient for these offers. Poland can offer us no impediment—and this so much the less since poor Walewski is dead—that noble and true heart, which formed a living bond between imperial France and the blood of the Polish nation." . . .

"These are the points of view which I lay before you first of all to guide your diplomatic activity in Petersburg. They are the basis of what I may call a cabinet policy. Should you, however, find that the Emperor Alexander and the Prince Gortschakoff were accessible to greater and wider ideas—that it were possible to draw them out of the narrow bounds of a cabinet policy to a national policy—then, my dear General, you can bring forward new and higher points of view. You can then make them observe that it were more to the interest of Russia and of France perhaps that the national development of life of nations and states in Europe should arrive at a conclusion, and it were better to allow a consolidated Germany to exist than to hold down continually and forcibly the struggling elements of the German nation, and so to maintain the world continually in unquietness and agitation. Perhaps Russia might then succeed in determining the Berlin Cabinet to come to that conclusion with me, which I have so long sought for in vain, and to influence it towards those mutual concessions which I much desire in order to secure the erection of the German Empire. Then could France and Russia step forward at the head of Europe as a mighty Court of Equity and accomplish the great task which the Holy Alliance once proposed to itself—that alliance which necessarily remained ineffective and broke-up, since it excluded France and included Austria, that artificial State without any power of life. The Latin races as far as the Rhine"—he continued, while he opened his eyes wider and wider—"the German races as far as the Vistula and up to the Alps, and the Slaves in all the wider districts of the East. When the world is thus distributed, and when the three great national empires, to which all the rest of the states must attach themselves according to their national affinity are united among themselves, then the world will belong to them, then is peace for ever made secure. Then, too," added he, while a glowing fire lightened out of his eyes, "will the rôle of England in Europe be played out—of this England that has everywhere crossed the path of France, that has chained the Emperor to the rock of Saint Helena—then will the true, the last *revanche* for Waterloo be taken, and then, without war, without the shedding of blood, will the future of my house and that of Europe be secured. Then will the edifice have acquired that crowning-stone to whose upraising I have devoted the labour and power of my life."

Some of the most curious pages of this novel are the last of the twentieth chapter, where the writer sets graphically forth the causes which were the chief ones, in the author's view, of the Franco-Prussian war—namely, the increasing bad health

of the Emperor of the French, and the increasing influence of the Empress.

The critical and nearly fatal attack of illness of Napoleon III. came upon him, according to Herr Samarow, while Pietri, the Préfet de Police, was reading to him a report on the military power of Prussia, on which he remarked that it agreed with Stoffel's, but that he had made a note on Stoffel's last report, which he requested Pietri to read to him as it tranquillised his mind; the note was to this effect: '*the mitrailleuses will restore the balance.*' If the Emperor really said and wrote anything so silly, not even the attack of pain and illness which, according to Herr Samarow, immediately fell upon him, could reduce him to greater imbecility. However, Pietri, in the midst of reading the Emperor's correspondence, suddenly rose up with a cry of horror:—

'Napoleon lay in a heap and as though lifeless in his chair, with his hands clasped up in spasm, and with his head thrown back. His eyes were shut, his face dun-coloured, and out of his open mouth came rattling gasps of breath; without these gasps of breath, which were the only signs of life in his rigid body, one would have thought that he was dead.

"*Mon Dieu! Sire!*" cried Pietri, "what a misfortune! What has happened?"

'He raised up the head of the Emperor. Napoleon opened his eyes for an instant. A dull, almost senseless glance fell on the secretary, then his eyelids fell again, and painful quivering ran through his body. He whispered scarce audibly,

"What pangs I suffer, Pietri! It is all over with me."

'Rigid with horror, Pietri seized the little handbell of the Emperor and rang it hastily. In a few moments the *valet de chambre*, the *aides-de-camp-in-waiting*, and some servants arrived. The Emperor, who gave no sign of life except his pitiful groaning, was undressed and carried into his sleeping apartment. Messengers on horseback flew in haste to fetch Doctor Nélaton and Doctor Conneau.

'After some minutes the Empress hastened in full of anguish.

"*Mon Dieu, Louis!*" she cried, "what has happened? What is the matter?"

'The Emperor made no reply. Pietri narrated to the Empress that a sudden attack had come on, and repeated to her the wish of the Emperor that all should be kept secret. The Doctor Conneau appeared first. Nélaton followed soon after. The Empress left the bedroom, and the physicians remained alone with the Emperor stretched out in a helpless state. The Empress waited half an hour in the cabinet of her husband, at one time crouching down with gloomy features in an arm-chair, then rising and with impetuous steps walking up and down. At length the physicians appeared.

"It is a violent rheumatic attack," said Doctor Conneau, "which

has fallen upon the nerves and the inward parts, and which demands the most careful treatment and the most complete repose."

"And is the danger over?" asked the Empress, with fixed look. "Will it pass by?"

"Rheumatic affections, madame," said Doctor Nélaton, "are incalculable. If the strength of the organism holds out, and there are no untoward accidents, the Emperor will be fully recovered in a few months. The Emperor has desired to see your Majesty, but I beg you not to remain long with him, since the greatest quiet is imperatively necessary."

The Empress hastened into the bedroom of her husband. Napoleon lay on his bed quiet, pale, and exhausted, with clear looks. At its foot stood a deep arm-chair. The Empress approaching quickly, sat down in it, and clasping the hand of her husband as it lay on the covering of the bed,

"My dear Louis," said she, "what is the matter? I am——"

"Hear me, Eugénie," the Emperor answered, while his large open eye was directed with its sharp piercing look on his wife. "I am fatally struck. This attack was in truth a touch of the hand of death on my heart——"

"Grand Dieu, Louis," cried the Empress, "what a thought!"

Napoleon lifted up his hand to stay her further speech, and spoke.

"I know that well, such is one's feeling—living nature shudders at the first approach of destruction: the physicians tell me that in time—and that in no short time—I shall recover from this attack. I believe it may be possible, yet it is certain that this is the beginning of the end."

"I beseech you," said the Empress, in whose looks anguish and apprehension trembled, "do not excite yourself."

"I am quite quiet," said the Emperor, "and even on that account will I think of the end, whose possibility is placed so closely before my eyes by this accident. Eugénie, if I die the government must be placed in hands which possess the confidence of the *Bourgeoisie*—for without them no revolution can be made—and which will accept your guidance. A war for the consolidation of the foundation of our throne is impossible at present."

He looked with a sigh at his pale and shrunken hand which projected beyond his frilled sleeve like the hand of a corpse.

"I can at this moment do nothing," he continued, "and shall be fully employed in bringing this broken machine into order again. You must prepare the way for what is requisite, Eugénie. Ollivier."

"Are you resolved to accept Ollivier?" said the Empress with flashing eyes.

"I am," said the Emperor; "call him here, talk over every thing with him, so that he may be Minister immediately—until I recover, or for your Regency, if I die."

The Empress looked thoughtfully before her, a proud, joyful smile beamed on her lips.

"I give you Pietri to direct you—he is acquainted with everything: you can trust him." Napoleon continued: "perhaps you can arrange things better with Pietri than I could have done. Begin the business

immediately. This man will in case of need be the guardian of the minority of my son.

"And now, Eugénie," he said, breathing with difficulty, "leave me to fight my fight with death. I am in need of quiet—that alone can give me strength—and pray God," he added gently, "that I may be victor in this contest."

'The Empress rose up.

'Once again she pressed the hand of her husband and whispered gently, bending down over him,

"You will soon be strong and well, and then you will be pleased with me."

'The Emperor made a friendly recognition to her with his eyes, as she turned away from him and went to the door, then he closed them and lay back on his pillow in an immobility fixed as death. The Empress hastened through the vestibule and passed by the attendants, who bowed lowly before her, and went to her apartments.

'As she entered into her rooms, she raised herself up proudly, her eyes gleamed, her glowing lips opened themselves, and gently raising her hand, as though she commanded the unseen spirits of the future she spake gently:

"Ollivier, at last—all, at last, bows before my will. I shall be Regent—I shall have my war—he—he will make my war, which fate seemed to be on the point of taking away from me."

'She looked for a time stedfastly before her—more and more proudly was her head raised, and her eyes gleamed with more and more joy. Then she stepped to her table and touched the hand-bell.

"I wish to see M. Pietri," she said to the page in waiting, who hastened quickly away to call the private secretary of the Emperor to her Majesty.'

The next scene in which we find Napoleon III. playing the chief part is laid at Metz, after the declaration of war which so startled Europe by its audacity and celerity, and which we see the author of these volumes ascribes chiefly to the wilfulness of the Empress. The chapter which describes the state of the French army and the deliberations of the Emperor's council at Metz is among the most successful parts of this book. News of the defeats of General Douay at Weissenbourg, and of Marshal MacMahon at Reichshoffen had lately arrived within the limits of the once impregnable city.

'On the 14th of August the cuirassiers were ranged in double posts before the préfecture in Metz, and adjutants and orderly officers hastened in thick crowds through the great door of the large building in which the head-quarters of his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III. had been established. Troops of every arm were seen in a billowy crowd moving in the streets backwards and forwards, mixed with the inhabitants of the place and the country folk of the neighbourhood, who had entered the town, partly to seek for protection, and partly to

hear the news about the operations of this army on which France had placed such great confidence, and from which a sudden tremendous effort was expected which would drive the hostile armies over the boundaries. The poor country people who had come in, with more or less means of subsistence, which were very welcome and well paid for, must needs leave the town in sorrow and with lamentation, since the provisions they had brought might very well be made use of, but the number of consumers could not be increased. Everywhere, therefore, there were scenes, and especially at the gates, of a passionate and vehement character; while the soldiers, true to the commands they had received, drove the villagers of the country again out of the fortress, and must needs employ force, since the most incredible stories, which recalled the legends of the Thirty Years' War, preceded the march of the German army. The whole town and the camp before it offered a picture of disorder, of running hither and thither, and of helplessness, and even among the soldiers on duty that relaxation of discipline was observable which, with the excitable French soldier, is wont to set in so rapidly.

'Around the Préfecture there was no longer that quiet, respectful peace which surrounded the imperial residence when head-quarters were first established there. The troops as well as the inhabitants of the town thronged close together, and stood packed shoulder to shoulder thick into the courtyard since it was expected that here at the central point, to which all tidings flowed, and from which all commands were given, the best and surest news could be found respecting the engagements with the advancing enemy, and the plans decided on to check the further advance of the hosts of Germany.

'The way to the entrance of the Préfecture scarcely remained free for the generals and adjutants, who kept constantly coming and going, and were beset with questions by the curious crowd.' They gave no reply to all these questions, but contented themselves with shrugging their shoulders, and shaking their heads, and hastening away; but even this silence was an answer, for if they had been able to give good news, had they been able to give the so long-wished-for news of victory, they would not have been silent, but would have cried out aloud in words of exultation—in words which would have freed all hearts from the curse of fear and terror which lay upon them.'

The author then describes with great truthfulness and vivacity one of the most characteristic incidents of the war, the arrival of General Changarnier among the disordered crowds of the yet unbesieged city, and the wild gleam of hope which his presence seemed to bring with it for an instant to a discouraged population, and to the fluctuating counsels of the Emperor and his military chiefs. The general took part in a council of war, and gave his opinions on the prospects of the campaign, assisted by a map on which the positions of the troops on either side were marked out with coloured pins.

One point there was on which the general especially insisted,

and that was that the Emperor should leave the army and not interfere with the plans of Bazaine, now commander-in-chief.

After Changarnier had departed, the Emperor was left alone with Bazaine.

"I would gladly," said the Emperor, "send the Prince Imperial away from here. The poor child suffers immensely from these sorrowful occurrences. His health is still beset with those disturbances of the nerves which operate very harmfully upon him; but the Empress adjures me continually to keep him with me, since his appearance in Paris would make the most unfavourable impression. And yet," he continued, looking gloomily to the ground, "I wish to send away from me this child on whom the whole future of France rests. I fear," he said, while directing his look on the Marshal, "that I am now marked for ill-luck, and that my star is beginning to set. I must expose myself to great dangers. I may be made a prisoner of war. I would not bind the future of the Prince to my destiny."

"Your Majesty knows," replied the Marshal, "that I do not think very much of the advice which at this moment is being sent from Paris, where people are hardly in a condition to appreciate our situation rightly. The last advice which M. Ollivier sent you from thence prevented the retreat of the army from Metz—which was then so easy—because," he said, with a bitter smile, "it would make a bad impression on the Chambers; that was the last service which that man rendered to your Majesty—to our country. Now, however," he continued, "her Majesty the Empress is right. What may happen in Paris cannot be foreseen, and I should hold it extremely dangerous to send your only son, the heir of your crown, to Paris, where, perhaps to-morrow, a revolutionary insurrection may overthrow the Regency."

"Do you deem that possible," asked the Emperor, "when, so short a time ago, the whole people of France voted for me with so great a majority?"

"Paris is not France, Sire!" said the Marshal. "Paris is a wild chaotic mass, which at the moment in which the whole force of the empire is engaged with foreign foes, can fall into perilous fermentation. The empire, Sire, the centre of France, is now in the army, and with your armies, in my opinion, the Imperial Prince must remain. I apprehend, however," he continued, as the Emperor with painfully distorted features, sank down in a helpless state, "no ordinary peril in Paris. The movements there will always sink into nothing before an earnest will and a compact military force—they could only gain significance if they were able to make a prisoner of the representative of the future of your dynasty. Let your Majesty keep the Prince near you, and if, contrary to my opinion, the danger should become more serious and menacing, send him either to Belgium or England, in order that the future above all things may be secured. I," he continued in a firm tone, "guarantee one thing to your Majesty, and that is a powerful and intact army. I will attempt to retreat and will fight, if needs be, to make my retreat good. If, however, I am not successful, yet will I preserve this army for your Majesty,

in order that if you are compelled to make peace, you may possess immediately an instrument for annihilating the fermenting elements of insurrection in Paris. Let your Majesty be convinced that the Imperial flag will wave wherever I am; and though Paris and all France turn away from you, yet I, at the head of my army, will win back for you Paris and France."

"The Emperor held out his hand to the Marshal, who seized it, while his features, usually so cold and indifferent, showed a deep emotion.

"I beg you, M. le Maréchal," said he, "to send my equipages to the railway station, and to let my carriages be brought to the door. I will start."

The Emperor then has a long soliloquy, after which he remains silent, with his look directed upwards, and sitting in his chair. Then he raised himself painfully, and rang a little bell for his physicians, as he does with great frequency throughout the story. After a short conversation about his intended journey, he retires with them into his bedchamber, and then for some time through the closed door there were heard 'sorrowful cries, the moaning hard and full of anguish, of the suffering Emperor, whose body was shaken by sickness, while his throne began to totter under him.'

He then, as we know, with his son, escaped hurriedly through the closing hosts of the Germans to Verdun.

'The Emperor Napoleon, accompanied by his *aides-de-camp*-in-waiting, has arrived at Verdun. He had betaken himself for a moment to the *mairie*, in order to say a few words of encouragement to the *maire* of the town. Then he had immediately gone to the railway in order to continue his way to Chalons, for the columns of the Prussian army were already drawn so near that he must needs have fears of being taken prisoner by a bold *coup de main* of the cavalry which swarmed in advance.

'Already at Longueville, where he had slept for some hours, in the dawn of the *fête Napoleon*, which had formerly been celebrated in Paris and in all France with magnificent *fêtes*, the Prussian balls had whistled over the house in which the Emperor and the Imperial Prince had taken up their quarters; and the generals had urged a continuation of his journey in order that they might not be hindered in their operations by the presence of their sovereign.

'The carriages of the Emperor were not yet arrived, and he besought the adjutant on service to follow with them as soon as possible. He drove with the Imperial Prince out of the town to the railway station in a carriage which the *maire* provided for him. There was the greatest disorder and excitement; numerous travellers, some travelling homewards, some escaping from the dangers of war, ever growing more and more immediate, stood on the platform, and waited in turn for means of getting forwards; since the numerous military trains had made such



calls on the locomotives and the resources of the railway, that twenty-four hours had passed without any passenger train being started.

'The Emperor came with his son on the platform without any attendance. The few persons who were collected there soon recognised him. A large circle was formed around him, and all looks were directed to this man, as he passed along so feebly with a sunken down head and with unsteady tottering step, scarcely holding himself upright, yet giving his arm to the trembling and pale boy, who was dropping to the ground with exhaustion, seeing all the hopes for which he had been reared founder together in these fearful days. "My God!" cried various voices. "All is lost! The Emperor is flying! The poor Prince!" was heard here and there.

'The Emperor heard these words; he lifted up his head, let his weary look wander over those who stood near to him, and touched his hat in salute.

"All will be yet recovered," said he with a weary voice, to which he sought in vain to give a deep and sonorous tone; "the army is before the enemy—it will throw him back and make amends for our first attacks of bad fortune."

"Long live the Emperor!" cried a few voices. "Long live the Army! long live France!" others joined in, while at the same time a hissing and grumbling sounded from other groups.

'The Emperor turned himself away and stepped towards the station-master, who had been apprised of his arrival, and who hastened quickly to him in order to salute the Emperor, and to ask after his commands.

"I want a train immediately to Chalons; a locomotive and *coupé* is sufficient for me. In half an hour my carriages will arrive, and I beg you will send them on immediately. And send at once a telegram to Marshal MacMahon in Chalons which shall apprise him of my arrival."

"Sire," said the station-master, "I have still a few locomotives, but nothing more than third-class carriages. I will, however, telegraph to the nearest station, and ask if any *coupés* are still there."

"Never mind, sir, never mind," said the Emperor; "prepare for me a train with a locomotive and a third-class carriage. We are soldiers, and are in war; so long as we get on, and get on quickly, it is indifferent in what way."

'The station-master gave the necessary orders, and conducted the Emperor into his room of service, in which, on account of the mass of business through the continuous movement of troops, there prevailed the most confused disorder.

"I will send a locomotive forward for your Majesty in order to secure a quiet passage as far as Mourmelon. In a few minutes your Majesty's carriage will be ready," said the station-master, as he again, after a short absence, entered into the room, before the door of which the passengers who were waiting for places were collected.

'The Imperial Prince was exhausted and sank down on a stool, and said, while he looked at the station-master, "I am so hungry, sir; would it be possible to get some refreshment?"

“*Mon Dieu*,” said the Emperor, “why did you not say that in the town? There they would have given us something to eat.”

“You were speaking to the *maire*, papa,” answered the Prince, while he looked at his father with an amiable smile. “I did not like to interrupt you in so solemn a moment with my wishes and with my childish desires. I hoped to overcome hunger and exhaustion—our brave soldiers must overcome them too, but I can really not endure it more,” he added; at the same time he laid his hand on his breast by way of asseveration, and looked at the station-master with a glance in which he seemed to pray for pardon that his nature had not been strong enough to obey his will.

“With deep emotion the official looked on the exhausted boy, while the Emperor turned himself away and passed his hand over his eyes.

“I am extremely sorry,” said the station-master, “to be obliged to tell your Imperial Highness that it would be impossible for me, though I should search the whole station through, to find anything more than a yesterday’s roll and a bottle of wine; that is what I have been able to keep back for myself since the troops in passing by have devoured everything that there was; we must send to the town.”

“O no, no,” said the Prince Imperial, “that would keep us waiting, and all the generals have said that papa must get as quickly as possible to Chalons. Have the goodness, will you, Monsieur?” said he with a certain confusion in his tone, “to give me a little of your bread and wine—that will satisfy me.”

The station-master pushed some boxes and packages on one side, opened a cupboard which was in the corner of the room, and took from it a small roll and a flask of red wine already uncorked, and a glass. He was obliged to take his great pocket-knife in order to divide the bread, which had become almost as hard as stone in the heat; then he filled the glass and handed it to the Prince with a slice of bread.

The Prince steeped the bread in the wine, let it soften, ate it, and emptied the glass. His pale cheeks acquired a deeper colour, and his dull eyes had a freer and more cheerful look.

“Would your Majesty also honour me?” said the station-master to the Emperor, who had seen with a happy cheerful look how his son had refreshed himself; “would your Majesty do me the honour to take a little of the mean refreshment which I can offer you?”

The Emperor bowed his head in a friendly way, took the glass which the inspector handed to him, and said, with an amiable smile, “Your good health, Monsieur.”

The sick Emperor and his weary son departed at length for the camp at Chalons, the head-quarters of Marshal MacMahon, where the undisciplined and riotous condition of the troops there assembled is well described. The arrival of the Emperor with the Prince, and his descent from a third-class carriage, had naturally caused a strange movement among the officers who were on the platform when he arrived at the Mourmelon station.

‘The nearest group of officers seemed to mistrust their eyes, and drew slowly nearer as though they would test the reality of this strange appearance; when they no longer could preserve any doubt about its being really the Emperor, they assumed military attitudes and took off their *kepis*.

‘The mob who were there became attentive and stood still, greeting the Emperor, who also took off his *kepi* and bowed his head on all sides.

‘Formerly, when he stepped out at this place from the splendid saloon of the Imperial carriage, crashes of trumpets and cries of exultation had greeted him. To-day he was received with a severe, cold silence, and the looks of all these officers were directed darkly and in part hostilely upon him. The crown of laurels had fallen from the head of the Emperor, the sword had fallen from his hand.

‘Single soldiers now had their attention excited by the movement among the group of officers, and for a moment they looked silently at the Emperor; then there was heard a scornful laugh and a voice cries, “Badinguet! There’s Badinguet—Badinguet! *père et fils*.” The sound spread far and wide among the soldiery, who, excited by the cry, came nearer; louder and louder grew the scornful laugh, and more frequent the cries which repeated the nickname of the Emperor.

‘Shrill whistles pierced the air; groans, hisses, threatening voices were heard on all sides. The excited soldiery pressed nearer and nearer; they were only a few paces distant from the Emperor, and men cried on all sides almost into his ears, “*Badinguet! à bas Badinguet!*”

‘The Emperor became pale as death; he raised himself up from his bent posture; his eyes sent forth flashes against these undisciplined soldiery, who wore his uniform and had sworn fidelity to his eagles. He moved a step back, while he laid his arm on the shoulder of the Prince, who trembling pressed against him as though seeking assistance.

‘A grey-headed officer in a colonel’s uniform stepped out of the nearest group, and placed himself before the Emperor.

‘“Back!” he cried with a firm voice to the soldiers. “Forget not your duty to discipline and to the honour of the army.”

The arrival of Marshal MacMahon at the head of a guard of cuirassiers put an end to this disgraceful scene, and the Emperor was escorted to the pavilion of honour of the camp. On the next day was held the fatal council of war, presided over by the Marshal, consisting of General Castelnau, General Reille, the Prince de la Moskowa, and General Vauberg de Genlis, at which the Emperor and Prince Napoleon also were present. At this council it was resolved, according to the author, that Marshal MacMahon should bring the army of Chalons back to Paris, subject, however, to the approval of the council of the Regent, the Empress. An interview, however, with General Trochu, who had just arrived from Paris and was acquainted with the views of the ministry—shook the concurrence of the Emperor in this resolution, which he had indeed consented to with great unwillingness. Trochu too, accord-

ing to these pages, was the true originator of the idea of the fatal march to Sedan—an assertion which we entirely disbelieve. But Herr Meding asserts that, inflated with conceit of his own capacity for the organisation of the defence and for uniting in harmonious and patriotic action the discordant factions of the capital, he managed to bring the Emperor over to his views and obtain the appointment of Governor of Paris. A despatch from Paris from the Comte Palikao settled the question. ‘The march back to Paris could not be approved of either from strategic or political reasons.’ While the Marshal and the Emperor were discussing the despatch Prince Napoleon joined them.

‘Violently the door was opened, and Prince Napoleon with glaring look, and his visage red with excitement, burst into the room.

“Now,” he cried, hastening close up to the Emperor, “is the answer come from Paris? What say the great strategists of the Regency?”

“They condemn the retreat to Paris as critical,” answered the Emperor calmly, “and desire that the army should march northwards.”

‘The Prince lifted his clenched fist upwards, and shook it in the air, while he directed his look to the ceiling.

“Then is France,” he cried with a voice trembling with scorn, “France and our dynasty given over to the destinies! Thus is all our careful and prudent counsel thrown away. And what will you do?” he asked. “Will you sacrifice your fate, and the fate of all of us—the fate of the country and of the army—to these foolish dreamers in Paris, who move round and round in their narrow circle?”

“My dear cousin,” said the Emperor, with an expression of amiable and mild reproof, “those to whom I have given over the government of France and its responsibility, and who at this moment are in the best position for reviewing the necessities of the whole situation, appear to me at least to have as much right as yourself to hold their judgment as the proper one. If we go against their opinion, and things take a bad turn, there will be a cry of accusation and condemnation raised against us through the whole land.”—“There was no need of asking questions, or of discussion; action was the thing wanted, and we should have acted—acted like our enemies, who press forward continually, while we lose our time in tiresome considerations and questionings and replying. Well,” said the Prince, while he suppressed one of those attacks of nervous quivering to which he was subject, “if you will insist on taking the way which has been recognised as prejudicial, I will not be at least witness of the miserable and shameful catastrophe which will end all. I leave the army! I leave France, and give over to you and to the Marshal the responsibility for all which may happen.”

“I will bear the responsibility,” replied the Marshal coldly; “and if your Imperial Highness will quit the army, you will at least follow the traditions of your military past; since I remember that at another eventful time, which truly was not so serious or dangerous, and which

ended gloriously for our arms, the army was also deprived of your presence."

'The Prince started, his eyes flashed with scornful emotion. He stepped towards the Marshal. His lips opened, but only hissing sounds of breath came from them. He appeared to seek for the word that he would hurl forth.

'The Marshal stood still and immovable. The iron repose of his features did not change for a second, only his clear blue eyes looked at the Prince coldly and haughtily, as he trembled in passionate excitement.'

The Emperor put an end to this scene, and advised his cousin to leave the army since he had no faith in the operations about to be undertaken, and bespoke his good offices in Italy with the King Victor Emmanuel—and the two cousins parted never, we believe, to meet again.

Marshal MacMahon then began that disastrous march, which conducted the army to the north-east frontier of France, left the way open to the enemy to Paris, and gave over the capital, with the Empress and the Government, to the protection of General Trochu and his army, composed of the young *mobiles* and raw inexperienced troops, fresh from the plough and the workshops.

The Emperor during the last days in Chalons had remained sunk for the most part in deep silence. Scarcely a word passed his lips; he remained almost the whole day in his room bent over the maps and endeavouring to get a notion of the position and movements of the enemy by patching together the informations which reached him from scattered bodies of soldiers and from private fugitives.

Certain at last was the intelligence which arrived that Bazaine was beaten, that the line of his retreat cut off, and that he was thrown back on Metz. Nevertheless, since every despatch from Paris urged the necessity of the liberation of Bazaine, of a junction with Bazaine, and since the Emperor refused either to withdraw from the Regency its full powers or to take upon himself the command, Marshal MacMahon, in obedience to orders, began his march northwards. As he went he received almost every hour despatches from Paris in which the Minister of War assured him that his plan was succeeding excellently well. Nevertheless on the 31st of August, the Marshal was aware that hostile hosts were closing him in on every side, and he telegraphed to the Minister that he was compelled to make a stand at Sedan—and this was the last communication which passed between Marshal MacMahon and the Government in Paris.

The Marshal, the Emperor, and the army were thus enveloped in a ring of foes, and the next intelligence of them which reached the capital was, that the Emperor and his whole army had been taken prisoners of war.

The young Prince at the commencement of the march had been despatched with his tutor to Mezières, with directions to pass over to Belgium in case of necessity. The parting between the Emperor and his son was of a most touching character. After it was over, melancholy indeed was his aspect as he stepped into his carriage; in the corner he sat crouching and smoking his cigarette, with a dull passionless look as he passed by the marching troops—few of whom raised the old cry of ‘*Vive l’Empereur*’—and thus in sorrowful wise he reached Sedan.

The description of the eventful day which succeeded the Emperor’s arrival at Sedan provides matter of which Herr Meding has not unsuccessfully availed himself.

‘After an unquiet night, more wearied than refreshed by a half-sleep full of unquiet dreams, which had scarcely let him forget for a moment the anxiety and painfulness of his situation, the Emperor Napoleon arose from his couch on which he had laid himself down half-dressed. Soon after six in the morning General Reille came into his room with the announcement that the French *corps d’armée* at Bazeilles was engaged

‘For nearly an hour the Emperor found himself in the hands of Doctor Conneau and of his surgeon. He appeared to have some sense of alleviation of his sorrows. His looks became a little animated, his sunken features became somewhat fresher and more cheerful; he allowed himself to have his clothes put on, and he prepared his tea carefully on the small silver apparatus, while his servant handed him the blue undress coat of a general’s uniform.

‘The Emperor, with a certain laborious difficulty, drew on his uniform, with the great silver star of the Legion of Honour and the medal for the Italian campaign on his breast.

“The sword of the Swedish Order of the Sword,” he gave orders to his servant, while he lit a small cigarette at the taper which was burning on the table, and blew forth the light clouds with as much pleasure and enjoyment as though he found himself in his cabinet at the Tuileries. It seemed as though this Oriental source of enjoyment restored to his spirit that fatalistic repose of the people of the East, which during his whole life had formed a prominent trait of his character, and had never deserted him in the most difficult and most decisive moments of his career. His attendant entered again with the sword emblem of the Swedish Order, and attached it to the uniform of the Emperor under the star of the Legion of Honour.

‘The Emperor looked contemplatively down on his breast. “I received this military decoration of the warlike nation of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. for the battle of Solferino, which brought

me to my height of power and influence. How short is the time since then, and yet what an abyss lies between this time and that," said he, sighing deeply. "May the sword which followed then upon fortune and victory conduct me back to-day to fortune and victory." He let himself sink down slowly and painfully in his arm-chair, and drank a cup of the tea he had just prepared, whose fragrant aroma filled the room.

"The general adjutants, the Prince de la Moskowa, Reille and Vaubert entered his room.

"Has any news come from the Marshal?" asked the Emperor.

"The battle has commenced at Bazeilles," answered General Reille, "where a Bavarian corps advances against our positions, and the battle begins now to extend itself along the whole line. The Marshal is full of hope, and our troops behave excellently."

The Emperor determined to visit the field of battle.

"I will go out," he said; "the place of the Emperor on a decisive day like the present is in the middle of his troops. Let us try," he added, with a faint smile, "whether the star of my house still hovers over my head, and whether its glowing beam will bring victory to my eagles. Let the horses be brought to the door."

Napoleon buckled on his sword, put on his red gold-laced cap, and with a sorrowful sigh threw a look back on the room in which the painful hours of his long night had been passed; then he laid his arm in that of the Prince de la Moskowa, and stepped slowly down stairs, swaying as he went from side to side. The square in front of the *mairie* was empty. Before the door of the house the Generals Castelnau and Vaubert were waiting, and also the other officers of the staff of the Emperor. Napoleon saluted them lightly with his hand, then stepped to his horse, and carefully examined the saddle, which was provided with a special contrivance in order to lessen its pressure, and to make his being on horseback for a long time together more endurable. Then he set his foot in the stirrup and lifted himself up on his steed with a certain effort, but yet still with a lightness of motion which recalled his early days, and he rode at a walk followed by the officers of his suite, and by a division of the *cent gardes*, through the streets of the town, in which only a few groups of individuals were to be seen in anxious conversation, while terrified faces appeared at the windows, listening with disturbed aspect to the thunder of the cannon and to the roar of the battle, which were continually increasing.

The Emperor, looking down to the ground, over the head of his horse, rode out of the town through the *Porte Balan*.

A view of the battle-field opened itself out over the plain behind the Meuse. The thunders of the cannon sounded nearer and nearer. The positions of the troops were still distant, and the Emperor of war-like France, who bore the name of the victor of Austerlitz and Marengo, whose flags had waved triumphantly above the walls of Sebastopol, and whose arms had broken the might of Austria in Italy, rode almost in solitude along the road, and only at times a train of flying country people, who were endeavouring to take refuge in the

fortress, passed by him shyly and nervously, and often with subdued curses upon their lips.

'Then there appeared suddenly at a corner of the road which had been hidden by projecting bushes, a division of cuirassiers, coming towards the Emperor at a slow pace and riding in the direction of Sedan.

'The Emperor reined in his horse, and stood still in astonishment, looking on this small group, which rode along the deserted road in the midst of the raging conflict as though in the profoundest peace.

'The appearance of these splendid, fine cavaliers in their shining helmets, on their strong dark horses, was sorrowful and dark. When they observed the Emperor, who had halted in the middle of the road and awaited their arrival, the foremost troop opened itself, and in the midst of the small procession there appeared a wooden stretcher borne by soldiers, on which there lay stretched a man, with a gold-laced *kepi* covered with a cloak, with the upper part of his body raised and resting on his arm.

'“My God!” cried the Prince de la Moskowa, in a tone of the greatest horror, “it is Marshal MacMahon—he is wounded—what a misfortune!”

'The Emperor also had recognised the Marshal; his eye directed a look of sorrowful reproof towards heaven—he touched the flanks of his horse with the spurs, and with two bounds of the noble beast he was beside the bier.

'“What a heavy blow!” he cried, bending down to the wounded man, who was supported by the Colonel Marquis d'Abzac, the adjutant of the Marshal, who lay his arm about his shoulder; “what a heavy blow, my dear duke! but by all appearances there is no danger.”

The interview between the wounded Marshal and the broken-down Emperor, who had so often stood side by side in prosperity, amid the splendour and glory of camp and court, was necessarily a painful one to both. They separated with a touching but despairing farewell; the Marshal was borne along on his stretcher to Sedan, while the Emperor turned his horse in the opposite direction towards Balan.

'Napoleon approached nearer and nearer to the troops who were engaged in fighting. He was almost arrived at the village of Balan, when out of the nearest houses of this place the French troops came in flight, with terror on their countenances, the greater part without arms, and rushing along with faces streaming with blood.

'The Prince de la Moskowa leapt forward and reined in his horse with a sudden check before a group of fugitives, so that they were compelled to stop themselves before the hoofs of the rearing steed.

'“Whence came you? What has happened?” cried the General.

'“All is lost,” replied the soldiers, speaking and screeching wildly all together. “Bazeilles is taken—our corps is defeated—the enemy will soon be here—they are too strong in artillery. There is no resisting their cannon, they mow down whole bodies of us at once.”

'The Emperor looked steadily and silently forwards. The noise of



the battle drew continually nearer towards Balan, the clattering of the fire of musketry, and the thud of the heavy cannon.

"Hold!" exclaimed the Prince de la Moskowa; "shall French soldiers abandon victory in hasty, cowardly flight because the enemy has pressed forward for a moment. Halt! back to your corps, it is important to defend this village."

But his words were in vain. The fugitives passed by his horse, through the group of the generals, through the foot guards, on the way towards Sedan with the cry,

"Everyone for himself! All is lost! All is finished! Down with the Emperor—down with the generals who have betrayed us! On, on!"

The *cent gardes* rode up. The generals surrounded the Emperor, who sat bowed down upon his horse, with his hand lightly weighing on the pommel of the saddle, and looking stedfastly with an expressionless stare on the fugitives who shouted curses at him.

We pass over the rest of the details of this unexampled rout: the vain attempts to rally the French soldiers, the interview with General Wimpfen, who now took the command, the return of the Emperor to Sedan, the hoisting of the white flag at his command within the fortress, the Emperor's vain attempt on the next morning by a personal visit to Count Bismarck to obtain better terms of capitulation for his officers and troops, and, as a last example of the dramatic power of the author, give the description of the interview between the Emperor and the King of Prussia.

The interview took place in the modest *maison de campagne* of a manufacturer of the name of Amour, in which the Emperor, now a prisoner of war, had been lodged by the care of Count Bismarck; and here the King of Prussia visited him with his staff.

The Emperor stepped out of the *salon* and advanced towards the King. He wore the blue undress coat of a French general's uniform, the red military forage cap, and, as on yesterday's field of battle, the medal for the Italian campaign and the sword of the Swedish Order of the Sword, by the side of the star of the Legion of Honour.

As soon as the Emperor had reached the King he took off his military cap, the King stretched out his right hand towards him. The Emperor, who held his cap in his right hand, seized the hand of the King with his left, and stood for a moment in agitation and lightly shuddering; then he greeted the Crown Prince, who remained behind in an ante-room, while he went alone with the Emperor into an inner apartment, of which the Crown Prince shut the door.

The two monarchs, the victorious King and the vanquished, captive Emperor, remained for a moment opposite in silence.

"I am sorry, Sire," said the King softly, without any harshness in his voice, "that it has come to this point, that we stand thus face to

face. God has given me the victory in the war which has been declared against me."

"It was not I," interrupted the Emperor, "who desired war; public opinion in France has forced me to begin war."

"I am convinced of it," answered the King. "Your Majesty has declared war in order to give satisfaction to public opinion; but your ministers made this public opinion—artificially produced it."

"The Emperor sighed.

"A little pause succeeded.

"The French army, Sire," said the King, "has fought, I must confess with admiration, with great bravery, and made the victory difficult for us."

"Yes, they are brave soldiers," answered the Emperor sadly; "but their discipline was in a bad state. Your Majesty's troops are astonishing for discipline."

"The Prussian army has always made it a duty," remarked the King, "to adopt all the new and good ideas, and to make use of the experiences of other nations."

"Your artillery, Sire," said the Emperor, in a livelier tone than he had yet spoken, "is the best in the world—it won the battle. I am personally defeated by your artillery."

"The King made a bow.

"The artillery especially has also devoted itself to learn of the experiences of other nations," he replied.

"And your cavalry, too, has moved me with much admiration. They surrounded your army as with a veil, which made it impossible to find out their movements."

"Prince Frederick Carl," he continued, "decided the fate of yesterday—his army broke through our most important positions."

"Prince Frederick Carl?" asked the King in astonishment. "Your Majesty deceives yourself; the army of my son was before Sedan, and contributed essentially to the gaining of the battle."

"And where is Prince Frederick Carl?" asked the Emperor in surprise.

"He stands with his *corps d'armée* before Metz," repeated the King.

The almost grey face of the Emperor became still paler, his eyes closed themselves as he grasped spasmodically the arms of his chair.

"I thought the army of the Prince had also followed our march," he said, as he recovered himself again with difficulty.

After the King and the Crown Prince had taken leave of the Emperor, the latter gave orders for his journey to Wilhelms-höhe, the place which had been assigned to him for a residence, as though nothing unusual had happened.

The remainder of the political scenes pass in Paris. The effects of the news of the terrible reverse at Sedan on the government and the people, the aspects of the streets, the plottings of the future leaders of the Commune—Delecluze, Varlin, Cluseret, Raoul Rigault, at the back of the Café de Madrid,

the disturbed counsels of the Empress, and her flight, form the leading incidents of the last pages. Here we are able to test the fidelity of the writer's narrative in some measure by personal experience, and the result has not been such as to lead us to prize very highly the author's accuracy in his descriptions, either of popular scenes or of the actions of individuals. Those who were present during this period in Paris can assert that the news of the disaster of Sedan was disseminated in the capital in quite a different way, and that its effect upon the population was very different from that which is here related.

In the first place, the popularity of Trochu, whom he here describes as all-powerful even before Sedan, did not commence till after that event. Palikao was then the leading figure in the political arena, and he certainly played his part in throwing dust in the eyes of the Parisians with the art of a consummate comic actor, now inventing wondrous tales of whole *corps d'armée* of the hostile forces being driven headlong into the Carrières de Jaumont; now informing the Legislative Assembly that if military reasons did not oblige him to maintain silence as to the facts he knew, all Paris would be illuminated; and now escaping from the inconvenient necessity of answering importunate questions by pleading incapacity of speech, on account of the ball which an old soldier had lodged in his breast '*depuis vingt-cinq ans*.'

The news, too, of the defeat of Sedan reached the metropolis in quite a different shape. For days, it is true, there had been, in spite of the assurances of Palikao, vague suspicions that a great disaster was impending, and groups were formed in the streets in which the news of the day was discussed, but that in the quietest fashion; and it is by no means true that curses were pronounced on all sides against the Emperor; on the contrary, people had ceased to occupy themselves about the Imperial family at all. Their talk was of Bazaine and MacMahon, and the communications of the Comte Palikao. The Bonapartist faction was so invisible that it seemed to be utterly extinguished. The streets and the quays and the Champs Elysées could not, when the news of the defeat at Sedan was promulgated, have sounded with men crying, 'Down with the Empire! long live the Republic!' for the reason that the Government had taken care that the news of the greatest defeat the French nation ever suffered should only be proclaimed at midnight, when the working classes were asleep. It is true that a crowd of people congregated on the Place de la Concorde; but they were in a great part composed of persons in evening costume, who had come there at that late hour

and chiefly from evening parties and theatres to hear news which it was understood would be given out that evening at the Corps Législatif. Rumours of disaster rapidly spread through this large crowd; but they were discussed calmly among well-dressed groups, and not a cry or shout of any kind was to be heard. It was then reported that the Government despatch which had brought news of the defeat would be read out at the different *mairies* in the capital, and the assemblage separated. Many went to hear the despatch proclaimed at the *mairies* in their neighbourhood; we ourselves went to one of them; we heard the despatch read out in solemn silence to the crowd. One man alone uttered a cry of exultation at the words, 'The Emperor was taken prisoner;' and he was reproved quietly by the bystanders; not on account of any sympathy with the Emperor, but because it was thought such a manifestation was unseemly towards one who had been so recently the head of the French nation. The account, too, of the escape of the Empress from Paris is mixed up with a number of romantic details which we believe not to have the slightest foundation. It was reported at the time, and we believe the fact to be true, that she went off quietly and without any difficulty at all in the brougham of a well-known American dentist. The imperfect impression which the pages of Herr Meding convey of scenes of which we were eyewitnesses would lead us therefore not to give much historical value to his work, except in those parts in which he may have had exceptional opportunities for making acquaintance with the chief actors in the events with which he deals, as may, doubtless, have been the case with certain of the personages whom he puts upon the scene.

It must, however, be allowed on all sides that he has made a very original and audacious attempt to present history under the guise of fiction, or, it may be, fiction under the guise of history. The extraordinary character of the events he relates and the portraits of living persons, well-known in the society of the present day, give a peculiar interest to these novels; and we do not doubt that to many readers they will seem to convey an accurate picture of the occurrences and the actors whom they describe.

- ART. IX.—1. *Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* Edited by his Son the Duke of WELLINGTON, K.G. (in continuation of the former series). Volume the Sixth (July 1829 to April 1830). 8vo. London: 1877.
2. *Depêches inédites du Chevalier de Gentz aux Hospodars de Valachie, pour servir à l'histoire de la politique Européenne* (1813–1828). Publiés par le Comte PROKESCH-OSTEN fils. Trois tomes. 8vo. Paris: 1876.

IN the course of last autumn we had occasion to point out the striking similarity which exists between the political and diplomatic transactions that preceded and led to the war between Russia and Turkey in 1828 and the occurrences of the present day. Since the publication of those remarks, much more copious and authentic information has been supplied to us, especially by the interesting publications that stand at the head of this article, on the relations of the Great Powers to the Ottoman Empire and to each other at the earlier period referred to. We are enabled to follow day by day every step in the negotiations of 1826 and 1827; and it is not without astonishment that we trace in these parallel passages of history, at an interval of half a century, a resemblance amounting to identity—the same efforts on the part of the Christian Powers to obtain from the Porte the recognition of the rights of its Christian subjects—the same claims to interference on their behalf—the same indignant remonstrances against acts of cruelty and oppression—the same attempt to combine the action of Russia and England on the basis of a common Protocol—and on the side of Turkey the same unbending resistance, expressed in the same language, and defended with the same diplomatic ingenuity and resolute indifference to the most formidable consequences. These volumes, therefore, afford us an excellent and instructive commentary on the present state of affairs, the more valuable as they place before us the views of statesmen of a very high order—Mr. Canning, Prince Metternich, Count Nesselrode, Lord Aberdeen, and above all the Duke of Wellington, whose correspondence is the bond connecting them together. The dangers which now threaten, or have recently threatened, the peace of Europe are the very same which they sought to avoid. Although the immediate cause of the disturbance is different, for then it was Greek and now it is Slavonic, yet the main features of the Eastern Question are unchanged, for they consist in the growing weakness

and misrule of Turkey and the invariable objects of Russian policy. We can only hope that the efforts of the present generation to avert the catastrophe of war will be more successful than they were under the reign of Nicholas. Even the Duke of Wellington exclaimed after the Treaty of Adrianople, that the Ottoman Empire was at an end; and that it might become necessary to consider what was to be put in its place. Fifty years have elapsed, and the Sick Man is still alive—not indeed in vigorous health, but possibly not much nearer the term of his existence than he seemed to be half a century ago.

Eastern affairs, however, occupy but a small portion of his Grace's most interesting correspondence. It embraces all the subjects which came in rapid succession under the eye of the Prime Minister—the state of Ireland, at the period immediately succeeding the great measure of Catholic Emancipation—the cabal of the Duke of Cumberland and the intrigues of the Russian Embassy in London, openly allied to overthrow the King's Government—the captious and semi-hostile attitude of George IV. towards a Minister whom he feared and yet feared to part with—the portentous change effected by Charles X. in the government of France, and the signs of approaching revolution in that country—the unsettled state of Spain and Portugal—the distress prevailing in England and the growing weakness of the administration. All these topics are laid bare, in the vivid language of contemporary correspondence; we seem to live over again in the political life of a past generation. And through them all we mark the grand sagacity, courage, and common sense of the Duke of Wellington. There have been many statesmen more subtle, more accomplished, more eloquent, more liberal, more enlightened: but in honesty, patriotism, plain-dealing and plain-speaking he stands without a rival.

By way of contrast to this manly volume, we have placed beside it the curious collection of the Reports on the current affairs of Europe from 1813 to 1828, which were addressed to the Hospodars of Wallachia by Chevalier Gentz, during that period, with the knowledge and consent of the Austrian Government, in whose service he occupied a high and most confidential position. He was at the same time the paid agent of these Hospodars, and he appears to have communicated to them all he knew. We have on former occasions done justice to M. Gentz, as the man who during the domination of Napoleon I. did not despair of the independence of Europe. At the Congress of Vienna he took an active part. We now learn from

himself that he was the actual, and the sole, draftsman of the treaties which regulated the affairs of Europe for nearly half a century, and he became the right-hand man, almost the *alter ego*, of Prince Metternich, then at the height of his power and influence. The details he gives us of the Austrian policy after the peace are therefore of the most authentic character. But what a picture of selfishness, timidity, false views, false predictions, and reactionary fanaticism, he has left behind him !

The advance made by the world is greater than we had supposed, since this is the language of great continental statesmen, fifty years ago; and though they were continually predicting the ruin of nations, it is, happily, only their own system and their reputation that have perished. Yet there are Cabinets which are at the same dirty work still. It would be easy to extract from these volumes passages of the most striking resemblance, amounting to identity, with the despatches and Protocols that emanate to this day from Petersburg. The Reis Effendi was then, as now, returning the same answers to the same demands. 'Coercive measures' were then as much discussed as they were last winter, and with much the same result, until Russia declared war on her own account; and the Austrian statesmen, alternately screaming with terror or sunk in inaction, watched the steady but temperate resistance of England to the aggression of their northern neighbour.

We regret that it is impossible for us to give an adequate idea of the multiplicity of details, which are illustrated by this Gentz correspondence, which would deserve a far more extended examination than we can bestow on it. But it is a most important contribution to the secret history of the times, and we shall use it, here and there, when it throws light on the transactions in which the Duke of Wellington was engaged.

By way of illustrating the extraordinary applicability of Gentz's remarks to the present state of affairs, we will quote a page from a Report of November 2, 1824. It might have been written yesterday :—

'We are constantly reminded of the insurmountable difficulties opposed to the pacific intervention of the Powers at Constantinople. Yet I am persuaded, notwithstanding all that is said of the inflexible character of the Sultan and some of his advisers, that these difficulties would perhaps entirely vanish if the Porte could be persuaded of the *perfect disinterestedness* of those who offer this intervention. Let us suppose for an instant that Russia (and even France) were put aside in this matter, and that England and Austria, acting alone, offered their aid and advice to put an end, in the interest of the Porte, to a state of things from which her own resources fail to relieve her. Would

such a proposal be obstinately rejected? I cannot admit it. The history of the last century is full of instances in which the Divan has not only accepted but invited the friendly intervention of foreigners, in circumstances less critical than the present. If I am told that the case is different—that they are asked to make concessions and sacrifices contrary to the fundamental laws of their religion and their empire—I reply that everything must yield to necessity; and that no laws, either religious or political, can oblige a Government to perish rather than to capitulate.

‘No, I shall ever declare, this is not the real difficulty. That proceeds entirely from the *share taken by Russia in these transactions*, from the distrust, from the extreme repugnance, from the horror (to express it in one word) which that Power inspires to the Porte. And who would be clever enough to persuade even the least prejudiced Turk, that Russia only desires the preservation of the Ottoman Empire, the peace of Eastern Europe, and a little more liberty for her fellow Christians—that none of her measures, none of her declarations, are dictated by hostile sentiments, by ambitious views, by schemes of dismemberment, of conquest, and of dominion? Even if all these suspicions were false and fanciful (and they would be so if the Emperor Alexander were himself all Russia), no one could eradicate them in a country which has suffered so much in the last half century from the preponderance of so formidable a neighbour. That is what casts an irremediable shade over all the efforts of the Powers to bring the Porte to pacific and conciliatory terms. The Porte will listen to everybody else; but nothing but the last extremity of danger will induce it to listen to Russia.’ (*Gentz*, vol. ii. p. 405.)

How pertinent are these remarks! Russia is foremost amongst the Powers in pressing upon Turkey measures of toleration to the Christians; but it is precisely because this advice, however good it may be, comes from a tainted and a hostile source—that is from Russia—that the Porte strains every nerve to resist it. As long as Great Britain cultivated the most amicable relations with Turkey, her voice and her representations had great power at Constantinople; but from the moment that an English Minister was supposed to have allied himself with Russia, and to have borrowed the tones of General Ignatieff, he had no weapon left in his hand.

It is necessary to go back to the year 1824 to take up the threads of these negotiations. In that year Lord Strangford, then British Ambassador at Constantinople, had succeeded in terminating a dispute between Russia and the Porte, about the military occupation of the Danubian Principalities; and for these good offices he received the emphatic thanks of the Czar. M. Minciacki was at that time acting the part since played by General Ignatieff at Pera. Russia then proposed a Conference to be held at Petersburg on the affairs of Greece (December



1824). Mr. Canning sent his cousin, Mr. Stratford Canning, to that court, but with the singular injunction that he should *not* take part in the Conference, on the ground that Great Britain could not share in proceedings which in the opinion of his Majesty's Government could lead to no satisfactory result; that the aversion of the Porte to foreign interference was well known; that Ministers could not defend in Parliament their participation in so bootless a negotiation; and that the wisest course, in the opinion of the British Cabinet, was to suspend all interference for the present. Mr. Stratford Canning found himself in an awkward position at Petersburg, as the Conference went on without him. It is true that it led to no result except the maintenance of harmony and united action between the Powers. The Porte steadily rejected its proposals. All this resembles extremely the attitude of the British Cabinet last summer when the Berlin Note was presented for our acceptance.

It has been said, with more confidence than truth, that Mr. Canning took up the cause of the independence of Greece with great eagerness. Mr. Canning saw, like every man of sense and humanity, that the Porte must concede at least autonomy to the Greeks, and he negotiated in that sense at Constantinople. But his real object in sending the Duke of Wellington to St. Petersburg was, as he expressly states in the Duke's instructions, 'to prevent Russia from going to war'—a contingency the more to be feared as Mr. Canning believed that Alexander was on the point of making war at the time of his death; that Nicholas had expressed his firm resolution 'to carry out his lamented brother's intentions;' and that the sinister events which had attended his own accession to the throne might increase his desire to find employment for the army. Mr. Canning's argument was that no *casus belli* or right of war existed between Russia and Turkey—just as it would be hard to say what right of war exists at the present moment—and from this fact he deduced the conclusion that 'a war by Russia against the Porte, on any other account than that of the Greeks, would be a war of ambition and conquest, and it is not with respect to a war of that nature that England could take counsel with Russia, or could do otherwise than dissuade and deprecate it, and point out, in frank though friendly language, the wide and disastrous consequences to which it must inevitably lead.\*' As for direct intervention in favour of the Greeks, Mr. Canning thus defined in another despatch (quoted by M. Gentz)

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\* Canning's Instructions to Duke of Wellington, Feb. 10, 1862.

what were and are the correct principles of the British Government:—

‘We only admit of such measures as are proposed in countries which have proved their substantial capacity to maintain an independent existence, to establish a national Government, to control their military and naval forces, and to be answerable to other states for the observance of the law of nations and the duties that law imposes. We can only, in a word, recognise *what exists*. In Spanish America we have recognised no State in which the authority of the mother-country was not already quite extinct, and which had not established for itself a form of government with which we could treat.’

The Duke of Wellington expressly declared, in a letter to Capo d'Istria of October 12, 1827, that the object of the Protocol signed by his Grace at Petersburg was to maintain the peace of Europe more than to advance the interests of Greece; he repudiated the coercive measures which were annexed to it by the Treaty of July, since they were measures of war; and he added emphatically: ‘Il est difficile et même impossible de prévoir les conséquences de cette guerre; mais moi, l'individu qui ai été le négociateur du Protocole du mois d'Avril 1826, je dois protester contre l'idée que cette guerre, ou ses conséquences, soient les conséquences légitimes de cet acte.’ The circumstances which altered the situation were the introduction of the Egyptian fleet and army into the Morea, and the barbarous designs attributed to Ibrahim Pasha—designs which the Allied Powers were resolved to prevent. But the utility of referring to these occurrences at the present moment, and the lesson to be drawn from them, consist in this—that our attempts to come to an understanding with Russia on these questions have all begun by a Protocol of apparently a pacific character, and have ended by a demand for measures of war. There is, in short, this radical difference between the policy of Great Britain and Russia, that we have entered into these arrangements with the single purpose of preventing war, and Russia has entered into them for the purpose of drawing us into war, or at least of disarming our opposition to her own policy of aggression.

So, too, it may be pointed out that every one of the diplomatic campaigns opened by Russia from the Treaty of Bucharest in 1812 to the present day—Alexander's intrigues, Nicholas' threats, the Menchikoff demands of 1853, the Austrian Note (which so nearly resembled in its history a more recent Protocol), down to General Ignatieff's last manœuvres—are all directed to one end, namely, to assert the right of Russia to interfere in the government of the Christian subjects

of the Porte, and to enforce that right by coercive measures if necessary. With equal consistency, the British Government has, under statesmen of every opinion and every character, steadily opposed the right of Russia to assert or enforce any such protectorate. In 1853 Great Britain went to war to resist it. In 1856 she extorted from Russia a peace which absolutely annulled the claim. And Great Britain still holds that if the Ottoman Empire is to exist at all, and as long as it exists, it is impossible for a Sovereign State to surrender to a foreign and hostile Power the government of its own subjects. These are the principles which run through every part of these negotiations, whether they are conducted by Count Nesselrode or Prince Gortschakoff, by Mr. Canning or the Duke of Wellington, by Lord Palmerston or by Lord Derby; and they are so rooted in the policy and character of the two Empires that it would require much greater men than any of those who now figure on the stage of public affairs materially to change them. But it follows from this radical diversity of principle that the Eastern policy of the two Empires can never cordially agree. It has recently been asserted and argued in Parliament by a great authority that Russia actually did possess, and has possessed ever since the Treaty of Kainardji (signed in 1774) a right of protection of the Christian subjects of Turkey. Some such right was faintly conceded by that Treaty, and by the results of subsequent wars and treaties, at Bucharest, Akerman, and Adrianople, Russia somewhat extended her claims, until eventually, in 1853, it was upon these treaties, then existing, that she based the demands of Prince Menchikoff: the result was the Crimean War. But is it possible that any English statesman can have forgotten that the object and effect of the war and of the Peace of Paris was *to annihilate the whole series of antecedent Treaties* between Russia and the Porte? They had hitherto formed a connective chain, each link strengthening and renewing those that preceded it. But after the war of 1855, *none of them were renewed*—the whole structure was destroyed; Turkey was liberated from a web which it had taken Russia eighty years to weave round her; and in place of those insidious engagements she found herself in one common relation to all the Powers of Europe. To quote the old Russian Treaties at the present day, as the basis of a claim for intervention, is a complete anachronism. They are extinct, and we ourselves took care to make them so.

As there appears to be some misapprehension on this subject which it is desirable to remove, we will quote and publish the following passage from a private memorandum of the late Earl

of Clarendon, dated December 29, 1854, which shows clearly what were the views of the British Government and its allies at that time :—

‘There is no question at present of curtailing the territory of Russia ; there is no question of humiliating her, unless she chooses to regard as humiliation the intention of Europe to be safe from her aggression. England, Austria, and France are agreed about the guarantees upon which that safety will depend. They consider that Russia must no longer have the right, which she now possesses by Treaties, to enter the Principalities and to deal with that portion of the Sultan’s territory as her own. They consider that the navigation of the Danube must be secured, not by Treaty as now, which only secures the accumulation of obstacles to it, but by an independent authority at the mouths of that river. They consider that Russian preponderance in the Black Sea is incompatible with the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire and consequently with the equilibrium of Europe. They consider that it would be monstrous to renew that part of the Treaty of Kainardji *by the misinterpretation of which* the Emperor claims to interfere between the Sultan and twelve millions of his subjects, and virtually to obtain on land the preponderance he has acquired in the Black Sea—in fact, to displace the Sultan, and become the virtual, until he constituted himself the actual, and inexpugnable, possessor of the Ottoman dominions.’

These were precisely the principles and conditions which the allied Powers insisted on and obtained fifteen months later at the Congress of Paris.

M. Gentz supplies us with a very curious and apparently accurate account of the origin of the Duke of Wellington’s Protocol, in his reports to the Hospodar of May 31 and November 1, 1826, and we shall borrow from him some of these details. The object of the Duke’s mission to Petersburg was nominally to congratulate the Emperor Nicholas on his accession, but in reality to divert the new Sovereign from giving effect to the warlike schemes of his predecessor. Mr. Canning’s instructions to the Duke of February 10, 1826 (which are printed in the third volume of these Despatches), are a masterly survey of the whole question, and might very well serve as a vindication of the policy of her Majesty’s Government at the present time. The primary object of Great Britain was to prevent Russia from making war on Turkey ; the secondary object to obtain terms of separation or autonomy for the Greeks. Nicholas told the Duke that if he did go to war he would not ask for, or take, a single village of Turkish territory ; he also said that he cared nothing for the Greeks, whom he regarded as rebels against their lawful sovereign. The Duke told the Czar that if he went to war, he could as soon

turn the course of the Neva, as determine beforehand the limits of his operations. So matters went on, till the last days of the Duke's visit; and then, upon his asking for a written assurance from the Court of Russia, in conformity with the verbal promises and declarations he had received from the Czar, a Protocol was somewhat hastily drawn up, by the authority of the Duke himself. It is to this celebrated document that the following observations relate:—

‘This agreement was only inspired to the ministers of England and Russia, and by the mutual jealousies and fears, caused on the one hand by the threatening appearance of war imminent between Russia and the Porte; and on the other by the secret designs attributed to the British Government in Greece. [Mr. Stratford Canning had recently made a separate attempt at mediation between the Greeks and the Turks.] The parties to the Protocol, far from attaching much importance to it themselves, regarded it rather as a means of precaution, to be used on either side, in case the other party attempted to possess itself of the question. The document was drawn up in so vague and careless a manner that Mr. Canning would probably have disavowed it, if the name of the Duke of Wellington had not shielded the transaction. Such was the state of things down to the return of Count Lieven to London, when a change occurred, due in great measure to personal influence, of so delicate a nature that I can only describe it with considerable circumspection.

‘Count Lieven is a man of mild and agreeable disposition, whose talents are by no means brilliant. His mother held a place at court. The Emperor had just made him a prince, and Lieven would probably have been perfectly contented with his modest diplomatic situation, had it not been for his wife, Madame de Lieven, born Benkendorf. She is a woman of superior talents and excessively active, passionately fond of politics, and capable of treating them with the intelligence and acuteness of a consummate minister. She has carried on for the last eight years an intimate correspondence with Prince Metternich, to which the Prince has always attached the greatest value, because it gave him the most accurate information on the interior of the British Government and the Court of England. During the absence of her husband, Mr. Canning, usually indifferent to the charms and the society of women, prevailed on himself to approach Madame de Lieven; and by flattering her vanity, and showing her a degree of confidence rare in a man so close and impenetrable as he is, he succeeded in gaining her to his interests. Her own ambition contributed to this result. Madame de Lieven discovered in this connexion (which was exclusively political) a means of raising herself and her husband to a point of credit and influence to which she had in vain aspired. She hoped to play an important part, as well at Petersburg as in London; and to become the central point of a union, more or less durable, between England and Russia. Lieven gladly availed himself of so brilliant an opportunity; and as he, as well as his wife, exercise great influence over the flexible and feeble mind of Count Nesselrode, it was not difficult for them to engage him too in this strange coalition.’

The Duke of Wellington left Petersburg with the conviction that he had secured the peace of Europe by his Protocol. But it seems that the Russian Government and the combination organised in London between the Lievens and Mr. Canning took a different view of that instrument. Hence arose what afterwards became an open and vehement dissension between the Duke on the one hand, and the Minister acting with the Russian Ambassador on the other. Princess Lieven had a sincere regard for Mr. Canning; she sympathised with his generous sentiments; she admired his eloquence and his wit; and she always maintained that he had been ill-used by the Duke. However this may be, it is certain that the Court of Russia saw in Mr. Canning a Minister not unwilling to concur in the very measures of hostility to the Porte which the Duke had sought to avert. Mr. Canning's own views became more adverse to Turkey on the failure of his attempt at a separate mediation; and the Treaty of London, signed during Mr. Canning's own brief Administration, was the result.

When the Duke arrived at the head of affairs, six months later, on the dissolution of the Goderich Cabinet, the battle of Navarino had been fought—Great Britain and France had been led to assume a position nearly akin to that of open hostility to the Porte—the Ambassadors had been withdrawn from Constantinople—the affairs of the Ottoman Empire were in desperate confusion, and the Emperor Nicholas, not satisfied with the further concessions he had extorted by the Treaty of Akerman, was preparing for war. The Duke considered the declaration of the Czar that he now felt at liberty to consult '*ses convenances et ses intérêts*,' as a direct breach of the assurance given to himself by word of mouth at Petersburg. The first campaign was costly and unsuccessful; and the Duke's reflections upon those operations (in 1828) will be found in the volume immediately preceding that now before us. In the following year the Russian invasion was carried on with more success, and by July Diebitsch had won a victory which laid the Balkan and the road to Constantinople open to his forces. It is at this crisis, which seemed likely to prove absolutely fatal to the Ottoman power, that we resume our examination of these papers. The Duke's observation on it was as follows:—

'Walmer Castle, July 14. 1829.

'My dear Lord Aberdeen,—We must expect that this victory will raise the Russian demands, and I can't say that the Porte has any means of resistance.

'We are certainly interested in preventing the extension of the

Russian power in Asia, and particularly in preventing their having possession of Poti and Anapa. They feel that this is the case, and therefore keep secret from us this intended departure on their part from the letter and spirit of their engagement to the world when they commenced the war.

‘I quite agree with Lord Heytesbury respecting the nature of their power. But observe that they are harmless only when single-handed. If united with France or either of the great German Powers they are very formidable, and having the desire not only as a nation, but as individuals, to mix themselves up as principals in every concern, and having a real interest in none, I am not quite certain that they are not the most inconvenient for us to deal with on friendly terms of any Power of Europe. Whatever may be the course which the Greek question takes we have behind us a very difficult and important question, that is the guarantee.’

And he returned to this point a fortnight later, well knowing the importance of the Asiatic side of this question:—

‘It is believed that we object to any Russian aggrandisement in Asia, and particularly to the cession of these places; and that is true.

‘But the cession of these places, however important in itself, and however increased in importance by the manner adopted of obtaining it, is a trifle in comparison with the risk attending the continuance of the Turkish war. We ought not, we cannot advise the Turks not to cede Anapa and Poti without promising and giving them assistance; and Anapa and Poti are not sufficiently well known, nor, indeed, are they so important to our interests, as to induce us to incur the risk of involving ourselves and all Europe in war, in order to prevent these places from falling into the hands of the Russians. But the Emperor of Russia ought to be told a little of our mind upon this subject when the Turks shall be out of the scrape.

‘There is one thing which delights me in all this, and that is the proof afforded every day of that which I told Mr. Canning in April 1826, viz., that the Emperor did not care one pin about the Greeks, and that all that he cared about was his affairs with the Turks, and these very points Anapa and Poti.’

As the Russians approached Adrianople matters became more serious. Lord Aberdeen writes:—

‘It strikes me that Lieven and Madame de Lieven both look to the arrival of the Russians at Constantinople as a probable event. They talked of the necessity of confidence; and when I asked if they expected us to confide while Constantinople was burning, they both said that it was precisely the time when it was most required and would do most good.’

And the Duke replied:—

‘It is quite evident that everything in Greece, as well as in Turkey, is going on as badly as possible for the interests of this country. The affair of Greece was taken up in 1826 in order to prevent war between

Russia and the Porte, which our interference has since occasioned; and to prevent the establishment in Greece of an exclusive Russian influence, which has been established there under French as well as Russian protection, in a form, under circumstances, and by agency likely to occasion discontent, revolutionary notions, and possibly insurrection against our authority in the Ionian Islands. Then the only chance of terminating this war in Turkey is by concessions on the part of the Porte of territory, the demand of which is inconsistent with the promises and engagements made by the Emperor to all Europe; and the concession of the particular territory is, and is known by all Europe to be, injurious to the interests of Great Britain alone. Then if this or some such concession is not made, we must expect, in very few weeks possibly, to see a Russian army in Constantinople.

‘This is not a bright prospect, but it is not the less a true one.

‘There is very little use in making complaints upon any subject, unless one is prepared to strike a blow.’

This state of things was as opposite as possible to that which the Duke had desired; and it was aggravated by the undisguised attempt of the Lievens, who enjoyed considerable influence at the Court of George IV., to undermine and overthrow the Government of which he was the head. To this was added an internal danger. The King had never forgiven his Ministers for having wrung from him a reluctant assent to the Catholic Relief Bill; and the Duke of Cumberland, the head of the Orange party, had come over to settle in England for the purpose of working on the fears and prejudices of his brother. Wellington even saw reason to suspect that the Lievens had encouraged His Royal Highness to come over for the purpose of upsetting the Government; but this was strenuously denied. At any rate there is no doubt that a Russo-Cumberland cabal was using every means to poison the mind of the King; and if a man had not been at the head of affairs of whom George IV. stood in awe, the intrigue might have been successful. The Duke of Wellington continued to treat the Lievens with courtesy and respect, though he knew they were his mortal enemies; and he would not condescend to reprisals against them. But on the subject of the Duke of Cumberland’s intrigues he expressed himself with the greatest energy.

*To the Attorney-General.*

‘Walmer Castle, July 27, 1829.

‘My dear Sir,—I am very obliged to you for your note which I have received, and I will proceed accordingly. I believe that the political party to which you refer is very small indeed if it exists at all as yet. *But there is a personage in England who has little to fear, and nothing to lose, who possesses the means of mischief, who is very*



hostile to the Government; very bitter and very active, and who misleads the editors of these newspapers by the communication, as from authority, of falsehoods and calumnies. The extent of the mischief done in this way is inconceivable; and it is really necessary to incur some risk and inconvenience in order to deprive this personage of the instruments which he applies to such bad purposes. I always thought that we ought to have adopted this measure at an earlier period; but it is essential to adopt it now.

‘Ever, &c.,  
‘WELLINGTON.’

Sir Robert Peel entertained the same views of the Duke of Cumberland’s intrigues. He wrote to the Duke of Wellington:—

‘The Duke of Cumberland has no sort of influence over public opinion in this country, or over any party that is worth consideration. I do not believe that the most violent Brunswickers have the slightest respect for him, or slightest confidence in him. I think we should be particularly careful to exclude him from all interference, through private influence over the King, with the public measures of the Government. You may rely on my cordial concurrence in any measures, however decided, that are necessary for this purpose, whenever a case arises (as it has arisen in my opinion in the Greek case) of sufficient importance.’

With regard to the Lievens, the Duke thought that the wiser and more dignified course was to take no notice of their hostility; but he desired to vindicate himself at the Court of Russia from the calumnious reports they were supposed to be sending home, and with this view the Duke wrote as follows to Lord Heytesbury:—

‘London, September 8, 1829.

‘My dear Lord,—Lord Aberdeen has shown me your several letters and despatches on the subject of the Emperor’s displeasure with myself. I have known that since the year 1826 Prince and Princess Lieven have taken pains to represent my conduct, whether in or out of government, in the most unfavourable manner at St. Petersburg. I believe their displeasure commenced in a conversation which I had with Prince Lieven in the end of 1826, upon the intention then in contemplation of turning the Protocol of April, 1826, into the Treaty of July, 1827, to which I stated my objections so strongly as to declare that as a member of the then administration I never would agree to the plan. I was out of office from April, 1827, to the following January, during which time I know that the Prince and Princess wrote of me all the evil that they thought, and much more than they knew. From the time that I returned to office in January, 1828, the Prince and Princess Lieven have been what is called in regular opposition to the Government. They have misrepresented to their Court all that we have done, and particularly that I have done; they have been parties to all the party

intrigues against the administration ; and really if I had not the very best authority for what I say, I could not have believed it possible that persons who have been so long employed in public office in this country would have committed the extraordinary indiscretions in this way of which they have been guilty.

‘ However, I have never hinted a suspicion of such conduct. I have treated them both, as I do all the other ambassadors, with the highest distinction. I have been always upon cordial terms with Madame de Lieven, but coldly with Monsieur de Lieven since the scene about the Treaty in 1826. This is very much caused by his own manner towards me.

‘ I thought it right to have with the Russian Ministers the explanation which Lord Aberdeen will send you, in order to put an end to the perpetual suspicions and complaints of which we have heard, and to show the Emperor that we were not aware we had ever given cause of complaint.

‘ I particularly request, however, to be understood as not making any complaint of Prince or Princess Lieven. I know that all I have stated to you in this letter is true ; I know that their misrepresentations of things here, and particularly respecting me, have done all the mischief. But I can prove nothing, and I will not complain of any man so as to deprive him of his office without being able to prove that which I state against him. Besides that, to tell you the truth, I am perhaps vain enough to think that I am too strong for Prince and Princess Lieven, and that I prefer to suffer a little inconvenience to taking a step which might require from me some explanation.

‘ However, I have thought it as well to let you know how the matter really stands.

‘ Believe me, &c.,

‘ WELLINGTON.’

At this period the Duke stood in a very peculiar position. The old Tory party was divided by the more liberal principles of the Canningites, who had recently held office alone, and some of whom now rejoined the Duke in his Cabinet. But the Catholic question remained an impassable barrier of opinion ; and though the Duke and Mr. Peel leapt the chasm, they shook the allegiance of their followers for ever. In his foreign relations the Duke was equally embarrassed. He himself had signed, and indeed proposed, the Protocol of April 1826, which had led us to co-operate with Russia on the Eastern Question. That Protocol had been expanded by Mr. Canning into the Treaty of London ; and the cannon of Navarino had given deadly effect to it. The Morea, in pursuance of the same policy, had been occupied by French troops, whose presence the Duke viewed with great uneasiness. Although the Conference still continued to sit for the pacification of Greece, this deliberative body was strangely composed ; for one of the parties to it, Russia, was actually carrying on war

against Turkey, not for the general interests, but on her own account; another, France, occupied what was still Turkish territory, and was intriguing for Russian support; Prussia sent General Müffling to Constantinople to urge the Sultan to make peace by throwing himself into the arms or at the feet of Russia, insomuch that the Duke suspected Müffling of being a Russian agent; and Austria was only driven at the last extremity to mobilise a part of her army. England alone was perfectly neutral and sincerely desirous of peace. But England found herself entangled in protocols and engagements which bound her to act with the Powers which the Duke declared to be '*her worst enemies.*' The following Memorandum contains his view of the position in which we stood; and it might be equally applicable to more recent events:—

‘London, August 12, 1829.

‘It is admitted that the Porte might reasonably entertain doubts of the sincerity of the wishes of the Emperor of Russia for peace, or even of the expediency of complying with his Imperial Majesty’s terms. We are required to remove those doubts, and moreover to convince the Ottoman Porte that no assistance will be given by us to enable her to resist the invasion of her territories by the Emperor of Russia.

‘Before I consider of these propositions, I must point out on what ground we have stood since we were first informed that the Emperor of Russia intended to make war upon the Porte. We declined to engage in or sanction hostilities which we declared that we did not think necessary; and we foresaw and foretold the risk incurred of overthrowing an empire, and of disturbing the peace of Europe. We never doubted the result of this unequal contest, more particularly as two of the Powers interested in the conservation of the Porte as a Power in Europe were engaged in a Treaty with the Emperor for the settlement of Greece; but we foresaw that his Imperial Majesty was about to destroy the work nearly accomplished by seven years of the joint care, anxiety, and negotiations of all the Powers of Europe, including his own august predecessor and brother, and particularly of that very measure which has laid the Porte at his mercy in this contest. We foretold in the following words the consequences of the invasion of the Ottoman empire:—

*The Earl of Dudley to Prince Lieven.*

“London, March 7, 1828.

“The Ottoman Empire is not a country like some of those whose example we could cite within our own times, which, after having been invaded, resume their domestic tranquillity and their political existence upon the retreat of the invaders; once broken up, its capital taken, and its provinces in rebellion, the recomposition of it as an independent State would be a work scarcely within the reach of human integrity or human skill. A new order of things must arise in those countries of

which it now consists. What that order would be it is vain to conjecture; but we may venture to foretell that a final adjustment would not take place till after a series of troubles and disasters, for which the greatest benefits that could be supposed to arise from it could not for many years afford a sufficient compensation."

"Notwithstanding this disapprobation on our parts of the measures adopted by his Imperial Majesty, we have never ceased from that moment to this to make sacrifices in order to continue to act in the Greek affair with those Powers with which we were engaged in a Treaty, and to bring that question to a settlement, from the conviction that the solution of the difficulties attending that affair would bring the war in the East to a termination. The advice which we have given has been invariably directed to that object; and the delay in the termination of that affair must not be attributed to us. To the paper from which we have extracted what is above stated Count Nesselrode answered:—

"*Ni la chute de ce gouvernement, ni des conquêtes n'entrent dans nos vues, parce qu'elles nous seraient plus nuisibles qu'utiles. Au reste, quand même, malgré nos intentions et nos efforts, les décrets de la Divine Providence nous auraient prédestinés à être témoins du dernier jour de l'empire Ottoman, les idées de sa Majesté quant aux aggrandissemens de la Russie, seraient encore les mêmes. L'Empereur ne reculerait pas les bornes de son territoire, et ne demanderait à ses Alliés que cette absence d'ambition et de pensées exclusives, dont il donnerait le premier exemple.*"

"But we are now to remove the doubts of the Porte of the sincerity of his Imperial Majesty's wishes for peace, and to convince the Porte of the moderation of his demands, and of the expediency of complying with them.

"The difficulty of this question has always consisted in its having been made a personal one. We are told that the Emperor of Russia is a highly honourable individual. He says that he wishes for peace; and we must not only give credit to his assertions, but we must urge the Porte to give credit to them.

"I put the honour of the individual out of the question, and I look at the case only as it relates to the powerful monarch of a great empire. When such a one wishes for peace, and is desirous that other Powers should make known his wishes to his enemy, he explains himself to them frankly; and he commits no act which can render the negotiation of a Treaty of Peace more difficult."

The Duke then passes in review the conduct of the Emperor of Russia, which appeared to be singularly at variance with his assurances; and went on—

"But we are told that notwithstanding all this his Imperial Majesty intends to make peace: a peace which the Porte can accept, preserving its independent situation and power in Europe; that the King of Prussia is convinced that this is his Imperial Majesty's intention; and we are called upon to assure the Porte that the Sultan can expect no assistance from us, and that he ought to accept peace upon the terms

offered to him. Such a demand is in itself an insinuation against us. We do wish the Porte to make peace, because it is obvious that she is incapable of carrying on war; because her destruction would entail on Europe fresh misfortunes, and because the unfortunate policy of former years has deprived her of the assistance which she ought to have expected in the circumstances in which she is placed. We are, besides, engaged in a Treaty with the Emperor of Russia, the objects of which have not been accomplished.

‘But before we can take a more active part in any negotiations for peace, we must know the objects of the peace, and the terms, and the situation in which it will leave the parties. ‘WELLINGTON.’

And with greater energy in a private letter of August 21, to Lord Aberdeen, he exclaims:—

‘I confess that it makes me sick when I hear of the Emperor’s desire for peace. If he desires peace, why does he not make it? Can the Turks resist him for a moment? He knows that they cannot. Why not state in conciliatory language his desire for peace, and reasonable terms to which the Porte can accede? This would give him peace to-morrow. He is looking to conquest; and by-the-bye, the plunder of Constantinople, if nothing else, would satisfy more than one starving claimant upon his bounty, besides what it would give to the public treasury.

‘The wisest thing that Metternich ever did was to arm Austria as soon as the Turkish war commenced.

‘If he had not done so, Austria would have been attacked as soon as the Turkish war should be brought to a conclusion. I don’t believe one word of the desire for peace of a young Emperor at the head of a million of men, who has never drawn his sword.

‘Believe me, &c., ‘WELLINGTON.’

The Treaty of Adrianople was signed on the 14th September, 1829. To the statesmen and the public of Europe who were led to suppose that Marshal Diebitsch was at the head of a powerful and victorious army, and that he might have made himself master of the Turkish capital and all that belonged to it, it certainly appeared to be a striking sign of the moderation of the Emperor Nicholas that his forces should have been stopped in mid career, and on the eve of so signal a triumph. The truth was not known till long afterwards. The main body of Diebitsch’s army at Adrianople was reduced to ten battalions and fifteen squadrons, with which he had to keep possession of a city of 80,000 inhabitants, to face 30,000 Turks in Constantinople and 30,000 Arnauts at Sophia, and to pretend to carry on hostilities. Even in Petersburg the alarm was so great that on the 10th August a new levy of 90,000 men had been ordered. No wonder the Marshal fell down on his knees to thank Almighty God, when the Turkish Plenipotentiaries arrived at his camp, to throw themselves, as they

had been recommended to do by General Müffling, upon the generosity of the Czar. But the Duke of Wellington took a very different view of this Treaty. He judged it, not with reference to Turkey or the Turks, but with reference to the promises and engagements of Russia to the other Powers of Europe, to Great Britain, and personally to himself. It stung the Duke to think that the Treaty of Adrianople of September 1829 should trace its descent by the process of evolution from the Protocol of April 1826; and his remarks on the subject are extremely keen and important.

Whilst the progress of the campaign still hung in the balance, and it was doubtful whether Diebitsch could be stopped, the Duke wrote to Lord Aberdeen:—

‘It appears to me that Diebitsch ought to halt and negotiate if it be true that the Emperor wishes for peace. If he is not sincere in that wish, the relative military position of the parties leaves Constantinople, in my opinion, at Diebitch’s mercy. There is nothing to oppose him in front. His rear is to the Black Sea, of which he commands the navigation; and his communications with Burghas, &c., are secure. Even if the Grand Vizier, Hussein Pasha, and others could do anything from Schumla, they would not hurt General Diebitsch.

‘I think that the King of Prussia as well as the King of France are pledged to enforce peace upon the terms which General Müffling and General Guilleminot have encouraged the Porte to offer, if the Emperor or General Diebitsch should decline to accept them; if there should be an opportunity for their interference and for such enforcement. But there will be no such opportunity. The whole case depends upon the construction he will give to the instructions which he will have received; if he should have received any. If General Diebitsch should have halted and should treat, the whole case is safe. If he should not have halted, and should have got possession of Constantinople, and have brought Heyden’s fleet into the Dardanelles, there is an end to the Greek affair, and to the Turkish empire in Europe; and there will be no ground for Prussian or French interference on the score of either of the Emperor’s promises, or of any former transaction. The world must then be reconstructed; and there is no doubt that the best ground for a satisfactory reconstruction would be a cordial co-operation between England and France, that is to say, if the French Government has a will of its own.

‘Upon such a subject it is not for me to give an opinion suddenly. My opinion is that the Power which has Constantinople, and the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, ought to possess the mouth of the Danube; and that the sovereign of these two ought not to have the Crimea and the Russian empire. We must reconstruct a Greek empire, and give it Prince Frederick of Orange, or Prince Charles of Prussia; and no Power of Europe ought to take anything for himself excepting the Emperor of Russia a sum for his expenses.’

General Müffling, the Prussian emissary, certainly believed

that Diebitsch's instructions were to march on Constantinople without a pause, and he claims for himself some credit (in a letter to the Duke of the 30th Sept., p. 191) for the result. For he argues (and the observation deserves to be remembered) that the allied fleets in the Mediterranean could not have stopped the march of the Russian army, or come to the relief of Constantinople, because Diebitsch at Adrianople *was nearer to the Dardanelles than to the capital*, and had only to fall down upon the forts of the Dardanelles on the land side to isolate Constantinople from the forces of Europe. The occupation of the Thracian Chersonesus is a primary condition, *sine quâ non*, to the defence of Constantinople by the western or maritime Powers.

A little later, when the terms of the Treaty of Peace could hardly be known in London, the Duke wrote in a still more desponding strain, as if he thought the final catastrophe inevitable and had made up his mind to face it.

*To the Earl of Aberdeen.*

London, October 4, 1829.

'My dear Lord Aberdeen,—I return your paper. It would be absurd to think of bolstering up the Turkish Power in Europe. It is gone, in fact; and the tranquillity of the world, or what is the same thing the confidence of the world in the permanence of tranquillity, along with it. I am not quite certain that what will exist will not be worse than the immediate annihilation of the Turkish Power.

'It does not appear to me to be possible to make out of the Greek affair any substitute for the Turkish Power; or anything of which use could be made hereafter, in case of its entire annihilation and extinction. All I wish is to get out of the Greek affair without the loss of honour, and without inconvenient risk to the safety of the Ionian Islands.

'The choice of the Prince is very important, if we are to have a Prince; but that choice will not rest with us. It will be carried against our views and interests, and we must adopt other measures to secure these interests.

'After all, you must not be quite certain of Prince Philip.\* I know him; and I believe him to be as little friendly to this country as any other Prince on the Continent.

'Believe me, &c.,

'WELLINGTON.'

A week later, however, on the 18th October, the Duke wrote an elaborate Memorandum on the terms of the Treaty, which he conceived to be all but fatal to the sovereignty of the Porte in the Principalities and in its own waters. The conclusion of this important paper may be said to have a direct

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\* Prince Philip of Hesse Homburg.

bearing on the present state of affairs and the future relations of all the European Powers to Turkey. After discussing the provisions of the Treaty in detail, he goes on:—

‘These views are quite inconsistent with the Emperor’s professions and promises, and with the security of other Powers; most particularly of Austria, to whom the occupation of the Principalities for eleven years, after the professions made, are not only a serious injury but an insult. This injury and insult are aggravated by the prospect, afforded by recent transactions and by this peace, that the Ottoman Power must crumble to pieces, and that the Principalities must remain in the hands of Russia, and with them and with Silistria alone, the command of the navigation of the Danube and of the Black Sea.

‘These are the considerations arising out of recent transactions and the Treaty of Peace.

‘In discussing the effects of this Treaty of Peace I see that I have omitted to state the influence which it is calculated to give to the Emperor of Russia over the Christian subjects of the Porte of all denominations.

‘The whole of Armenia, Persian as well as Turkish, is now the dominion of his Imperial Majesty. The Servians, Wallachians, Moldavians, Greeks of the Morca, and the Islands, &c., will have been delivered from the Turkish domination; and it cannot be doubted that the measures completed by this Treaty of Peace must encourage other nations of Christians to endeavour to attain the same advantages by similar means.

‘The other Powers of Europe and all parties in Europe must view this Treaty of Peace in the same light as we do. They may not have such reasons as we have to look with jealousy and anxiety at its consequences; but they must all consider it in the same light as the death-blow to the independence of the Ottoman Porte, and the forerunner of the dissolution and extinction of its power. Some may look to advantage from the partition of the spoil, as France and possibly Austria; others may consider the general war, which will be the consequence of the dissolution of the Turkish empire, as affording a chance of new combinations and a fresh partition of territory, as the Liberal party in France and elsewhere, and possibly Prussia. But the attention, the hopes, and expectations of all will be excited, and there is no chance of any Power disarming.

‘There is no doubt that it would have been more fortunate and better for the world if the Treaty of Peace had not been signed, and if the Russians had entered Constantinople, and if the Turkish empire had been dissolved. The natural course would then have been for the great Powers of Europe to concur in discussing the disposition to be made of the wreck of the Turkish monarchy, including those important parts of it which the Emperor of Russia has taken to himself. It is difficult now to have such a discussion.

‘If France or Prussia were disposed to take any steps in concert with this country to prevent the evils which must be the consequence of this Treaty of Peace, they would before this time have approached us.



France will not move without England, and Austria without Prussia, and Prussia will not move without being certain that the movement will be agreeable to the Emperor of Russia. The object of our measures, whatever they are, should be to obtain an engagement, or at all events a clear understanding among the five Powers, that in case of the dissolution of the Turkish monarchy the disposition of the dominions hitherto under its government should be concerted and determined upon by the five Powers in Conference. It is obvious that in the existing state of the Turkish Power such an agreement cannot form the subject of a treaty or convention. The hypothesis on which such agreement would be founded would cause the evil immediately, against the consequences of which it would be intended eventually to guard.

‘The object must be approached then by another mode, probably a guarantee with an engagement between the Powers that they will consider as a subject for general discussion and concert any measures to be hereafter taken respecting the Turkish empire. I am aware of the objections to a guarantee, particularly in this country and as applied to a country which, as in this case, we have not defended and have allowed to be conquered and overturned. But a concert growing out of a guarantee appears to me the measure the best calculated as well to calm the anxiety, the fears, and expectations which must be the result of this transaction as to satisfy this country that the best that could be done has been done for its interests. This measure, however, will not prevent the necessity for our making a remonstrance to the Emperor upon what has passed.

‘This remonstrance, strong in facts yet moderate and respectful in language, should be so drawn as to be producible if necessary; but it should not be produced or ever come to light if we should be able to attain our object, that of obtaining a concert upon the future fate of the Turkish dominions. It might lead to this desired concert by drawing from the Emperor a proposition that it should take place; or by inducing other Powers to propose it upon seeing the statement of our opinion upon what has passed and our views of the future. If a concert should take place, our answer to the public would be that we are assured that the crumbling to pieces of the Turkish government would not create a war, and would not occasion such an accession of dominion and power to any State as would alter the general balance of possession and give reasonable cause of apprehension to others.

‘WELLINGTON.’

These are, we believe, as nearly as possible the principles which regulate, at this moment, the policy of the great Powers of Europe; and though the dissolution of Turkey has not made such rapid progress as was anticipated fifty years ago, the remedy proposed is the same.

In justice to the Emperor Nicholas it must be said that he released the Porte from some of the harshest conditions of the agreement, and reduced the indemnity; but the Duke of Wel-

lington condemned the Treaty not for its effect on the Turks, but for its consequences to ourselves and the other Powers of Europe.

‘This government admits that if the Treaty of Peace is to be considered only in relation to the *status quo* of the belligerents at the period it was negotiated and signed, it is moderate. The Grand Seignior, his family, his government, his capital, his arsenals, and everything belonging to him, were at that moment in the power of the Emperor of Russia. But that is not the view in which we think the Treaty ought to be considered. We think that it ought to be considered in relation to the Emperor’s previous professions and promises; particularly by this government, which professed its intention of not delivering its opinion, till the peace should be concluded; which was kept in the dark upon the terms intended to be dictated, till those terms were actually concluded and signed; and to which hopes have been held out of an inclination to modify those terms.

‘After such a war it is not easy to discover the terms of peace, which would leave the Porte in a state to exercise with independence the powers of its government. But this I must say, that if the negotiators of the Treaty of Peace—instead of keeping steadily in view his Imperial Majesty’s professions and promises; his professions to maintain the independence of the Porte; his promises not to add to his dominions; and his Imperial Majesty’s relations with his Allies, particularly England and France, whose governments have expressed an anxious interest to maintain the independent existence of the government of the Porte—had desired to destroy that government by the demands of Russia, by the weakness in which they have left it to resist these demands, and by the surrender of the independent exercise of powers, without which no government can exist in a state of independence, they would have dictated exactly the Treaty which has been concluded.

‘There is one point, however, upon which our interests in the Mediterranean particularly require that this government should have explanation. That is, the right of the Porte to regulate the resort of ships of war to its own waters. This is a point upon which all the Powers of the Mediterranean must feel an interest; and we must know whether the Porte is, or is not, independent of Russia in the exercise of the powers of government in relation to it.’

Amongst the curious episodes with which this volume abounds none are more amusing than those which relate to the King and other members of the Royal Family. The Duke, who knew them well, and would have fought for the Crown, like an old Cavalier, had it hung on a bush, has certainly not spared the illustrious personage who happened to wear it. In the middle of August 1829, just as Diebitsch was crossing the Balkan and Polignac opening his ill-omened campaign against the liberties of France, George IV., suffer-

ing from cataract and the distressing symptoms of the malady which was within a year to end his life, conceived the notion that he would take a trip to Paris! We believe this strange whim has never been mentioned before: and this is how the Duke of Wellington dealt with it.

*To the King.*

Walmer Castle, August 26, 1829.

‘Sir William Knighton has communicated to me your Majesty’s wish to go to Paris; and I assure your Majesty that nothing would gratify me more than to promote any wish of your Majesty.

‘It is needless to discuss the state of the law upon the subject of the King quitting this country; as what I am now about to submit to your Majesty turns upon the circumstances of the time.

‘There is no doubt that it is important that all the friendly relations between your Majesty and the King of France should be cultivated as much as possible; and particularly those of a personal nature. The happiness and prosperity of your Majesty’s kingdom, and the peace of the world, depend in a great degree upon these relations.

‘But I am confident that your Majesty’s presence at Paris at the present moment is not calculated to improve those relations. The King of France has lately made a change in his ministry which, whether beneficial or otherwise, is very unpopular at Paris; and is most falsely attributed to the influence of your Majesty’s servants. Nothing would be more false than to state that the cause of your Majesty’s visit to Paris at this moment, unexpected as it is, is the desire to countenance, support, and establish the administration recently formed by the King of France. But however unfounded such an assertion, it would be openly made by some, and believed by others, to the great inconvenience of the King of France and his government.

‘It will be impossible for your Majesty to visit Paris assuming any title or in any character which can conceal that which belongs to you; and I consider it to be essentially necessary that your Majesty should be received upon your arrival at Paris, not only by the King and his Court and his servants, but by the public at large, with the attention, respect, and affection which are due to you. If I have not mistaken the state of the public opinion at Paris at the present moment, I cannot doubt that you would not be received as the King of this country, whatever his title and character, and particularly your Majesty ought to be. I believe that the King of France would not have the power to protect your Majesty from those effects of the public temper occasioned by the late changes in his ministry falsely attributed to your Majesty’s counsels.

‘It is not fit that your Majesty should be placed in the way of risking such events; which would be equally disagreeable to your Majesty’s feelings and to those of your people, as they would be undeserved, and as they would eventually prove detrimental to the friendly relations between the two countries.

‘I beg that your Majesty will believe that, in writing upon this sub-

ject, I have been guided solely by my desire to prevent the occurrence of circumstances which will hurt your Majesty's feelings, and will make you very uncomfortable; and will for that reason greatly irritate all your people.

'All of which is humbly submitted to your Majesty by your Majesty's most dutiful and devoted subject and servant,

'WELLINGTON.'

So no more was heard of the Parisian excursion!

But his Majesty was not always so easily dealt with. He had conceived, as is well known, an inveterate hatred against Mr. Denman for something he had said at the Queen's trial. The story has been fully related by Mr. Greville and by the Duke of Wellington. But it now appears that in spite of Denman's disavowal of a malicious intention and the King's magnanimous declaration of pardon (which had been drawn up by the Duke), George IV. still declared that he would never admit him to his presence; and his obstinate vindictiveness gave rise to violent altercations with his Ministers. It would take a good deal to wring such a cry as this from the stern Duke:—

*To Sir William Knighton.*

'November 10, 1829.

'My dear Sir William,—I saw the King, and had a very distressing scene with him. It ended by his approving of the act of his ministers of last night, and his determining that he would hear no report till the Recorder should be well enough to make it. His majesty did not mention your name, and I did not tell him that I had seen you.

'If I had known in January 1828 one tithe of what I do now, and of what I discovered in one month after I was in office, I should never have been the King's minister, and should have avoided loads of misery! However, I trust that God Almighty will soon determine that I have been sufficiently punished for my sins, and will relieve me from the unhappy lot which has befallen me! I believe there never was a man suffered so much, and for so little purpose!

'Believe me ever yours most sincerely,

'WELLINGTON.'

No sooner was the independence of Greece extorted from the Porte, than it became necessary to decide who was to be King of the Hellenes. The Duke of Wellington knew Capo d'Istria too well to have any faith in him; for it had transpired that whilst this patriot was protesting of his pure devotion to the interests of Greece, a sum of 40,000*l.* was actually placed to his credit in London by the Russian Government, on the very day the Treaty for the emancipation of the Greeks was signed. Indeed, Capo d'Istria was at this very time dissuading

Prince Leopold from accepting the Greek Crown, and he was himself assassinated by a Greek not long afterwards. Prince Leopold was the English candidate, not because he had been connected by marriage with this country, but because he was the man best qualified for such a task. But George IV. treated his son-in-law with a royal hatred, and was soon found to be carrying on every species of intrigue, through the Duke of Cumberland and others, to procure the election of some other German Prince.

It is impossible within our present limits to enter upon the very varied topics to be found in these volumes. They are an invaluable contribution to the history of the times, and we highly applaud the courage of the noble Editor in taking care that his father's opinions and correspondence should be published in their integrity. No memoir of the Duke of Wellington can have half the value of his own letters. The greatest of men are, after all, but short-sighted mortals; and one is surprised to perceive how little the Duke seems conscious that he was himself standing on the brink of a precipice, that his Government was incurably weak, that his party was broken up, that the old Tory principles were worn out, and that England was on the eve of the most momentous changes she had witnessed for a hundred and fifty years. When these things happened, it seemed to the old Tory servant of the Crown that the crack of doom was come. But happily he outlived the catastrophe, and in his later years he saw his country, under the rule of a more honest and enlightened Court, restored to entire peace and raised to an unprecedented point of prosperity by the triumph of the very principles to which he had been himself most opposed.

It is, fortunately, not our duty to follow the oscillating and uncertain tendencies of political events and pending negotiations which have swung many of our daily and weekly contemporaries to and fro, with singular inconsistency, in the course of the last few months. Our object is rather to unravel this tangled web, and to mark out some definite system of policy, by the application of fixed principles and historical traditions; and we see no reason to depart from the course we have hitherto pursued. In reviewing the 'Two Chancellors,' in July of last year, we showed that the result of Prince Gortschakoff's schemes and intrigues had been to place Russia in the alternative of a rash war or an inglorious peace. In October we pointed out that the scheme and object of the Russian Minister was to shake off and annul the restrictions

and obligations of the Treaty of Paris, by inducing the other Powers, and especially England, to relax their hold on those conditions of peace; and we demonstrated that the occupation of Bulgaria was not the easy task which some enthusiastic persons had imagined, and that unless the assent of England and the absolute neutrality of Austria were secured, such an enterprise would have obstacles to surmount even more perilous than the resistance to be anticipated from the Turkish fortresses and fleet. In January we anticipated that the work in which the Conference at Constantinople was at that moment engaged would probably fail, as similar negotiations had often failed before, because the Porte would never consent, until compelled by force of arms, to surrender the essential conditions of sovereignty; and it might confidently be predicted that there was only one Power by which the force of arms would be applied at all, and that Power could only go to war at its peril. These propositions, which were a good deal contested at the time, are now established by all the force of reason and experience: they are become facts. The Bulgarian agitation of last autumn was a mere wind-bag: no sooner was the bladder pricked than it collapsed altogether.

We say therefore to the distinguished members of that Conference, in the words of Touchstone to Corin in the forest of Arden, 'Come, Shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.' But it is not a matter of regret, in the interest of this country, that the Ottoman Porte declined the proposals of the Conference; for if they imposed an obligation on the Turkish Government, they imposed a duty, not less onerous, on ourselves—namely, that of controlling the administration of a State not forming part of her Majesty's dominions. The more the inconveniences of divided sovereignty are considered the more irksome does the responsibility attached to it become. To assume any share in the government of the Turkish Empire, in its present condition, is a task which might well daunt the most enthusiastic politician; but to assume it with limited and divided power and unlimited responsibility is little short of an act of madness. We should bind ourselves to enforce terms which other parties would seek to evade; to make those terms acceptable to races of men whom we wish to protect, although they would probably be deceived by our philanthropy; and to provide means at the cost of this country for carrying into effect these magnanimous designs. Those are duties which British Ministers, already overburdened with the cares of an immense empire, would do well not to accept. It is not within

their power or their capacity to set right all that goes wrong in the universe ; and it is in the highest degree dangerous and impolitic to assume functions they cannot thoroughly discharge. It should never be lost sight of, that whosoever contributes to the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire by external means, is bound to erect some form of government in its place, and to assume the liability of maintaining order in the Sultan's dominions.

The Ottoman Empire is apparently in a state of revolution. Two Sovereigns have been deposed within the last year. Two Ministers have been assassinated. A third Minister, on whom the hopes of all the well-wishers of Turkey were fixed, and who might possibly have been the Turgot or the Necker of the falling State, was dismissed by a palace intrigue, which only conferred fresh lustre on his character and policy. No occurrence at Constantinople would surprise us. We are only surprised that more violent occurrences have not already taken place. But the more alarming we consider the state of the Turkish Empire to be, the less should we be disposed to interfere in it. There never was a case in which the doctrines of non-intervention were more absolutely recommended by experience and reason ; and we mean by the doctrines of non-intervention, not only that we should not interfere ourselves in the relations of the Turkish Government to its subjects, but that we should resist by every possible means the interference of any other State in so complicated a problem. If there are, as we trust there may be, the elements of a future Government amongst the mixed races and religions of the Ottoman Empire, let them have fair play ; and it may be hoped that after a period of agitation and conflict society would recover its balance and self-control. Up to the present time, the Turkish Parliament, still in its infancy, has surprised the world by the dignity and independence of its attitude ; it evidently contains men of a different stamp from the Pashas of the Divan ; and the representatives of various creeds have thus far united in a common attempt to save their country. But no such result is to be obtained by foreign intervention, which would only be a pretext for foreign conquest and an endless source of jealousy and dissension to the world. We are therefore emphatically for non-intervention—the policy which has been so loudly professed and eagerly practised by some of those who now hold an opposite language ; but a non-intervention which should imply a vigilant attention to the designs and actions of other Powers, and a determination to oppose them if they become adverse or injurious to the interests of the British Empire.

If hopes can still be entertained that the Turkish Government will have the wisdom and the strength to enter upon a course of reform and to conciliate its own subjects and the Powers of Europe by adopting the measures recommended by the Conference, it is clear that these beneficial changes can only be accomplished in a state of peace. As long as the existence of the Ottoman Empire is threatened by formidable rebellions, fomented by foreign emissaries and assisted by arms and funds supplied by foreign associations—as long as immense hostile armies are hanging on the Turkish frontiers both in Europe and Asia, and apparently only waiting the signal of invasion—the Porte is compelled to concentrate all its energy and all its resources on measures of military preparation. The finances and the population of the Empire are strained to the last extremity for the purposes of national defence; and it is unreasonable to suppose, as long as such dangers threaten its existence, that the country can be relieved from the burdens and abuses which press so heavily upon it. The first condition, therefore, to enable the Porte to meet its financial engagements, to reform its vicious system of taxation, and to reduce its armaments, is to secure it from military aggression from without. It is vain to hope for any substantial measures of reform when the enemy is at the gates; and whatever may be the vices of Turkish administration, they have been augmented a hundred-fold by the cruel necessities of her position and the menacing attitude of her neighbours.

The novel and extravagant doctrine that the misrule or anarchy, which may unhappily prevail in a country, confer upon other States a right to interfere in its affairs, and even to make war upon it for the purpose of enforcing their own conceptions of justice and policy, appears to us to be unsound and full of danger. The French Revolution of 1791 was a period of anarchy and misrule, but we hold that it did not justify the Declaration of Pilnitz and the subsequent invasion of France. Great Britain abhors the slave trade and the state of slavery, but she never went to war to put down the traffic or to emancipate the American negroes. As a question of humanity, no case could be stronger than that, but the sympathies of humanity, however just and noble, cannot override the rights of sovereignty or the obligations of international law. A State has no right to go to war unless its own interests are positively and directly injured. Wars of sympathy are too apt to be mere pretexts for wars of ambition. As far as the welfare of the Christian subjects of the Porte is concerned, in which we



take a sincere interest, there can be little doubt that much more might be obtained for them by friendly and disinterested language than by the terms of menace and vituperation which were addressed to Turkey. In selecting Mr. Layard as our temporary representative at Constantinople during the convalescence of Sir Henry Elliot, the Government has placed at that important post a man of very advanced and decided Liberal opinions, who himself belonged to Mr. Gladstone's Administration in 1868, but at the same time a Minister thoroughly acquainted with the East, just and friendly to the Turkish Government, and far more likely to obtain from their confidence and good will what has been refused to intimidation.

The British Government have, after great deliberation and hesitation, agreed to sign a Protocol with Russia and the other Powers, in which, no doubt, the main principles which we all desire to see adopted by the Porte are expressed; but the application and even existence of the Protocol is made dependent on its pacific character. If, therefore, Russia intended that this engagement should supply her with a groundwork for ulterior operations and sanction her military preparations, she has been defeated; and it is not impossible that this instrument may promote the maintenance of peace. If, on the contrary, Russia only sought to extricate herself from a false and dangerous position, it was right to afford her any facilities for that purpose; though we can hardly conceive that the momentous question of peace or war, affecting the lives of millions and the destinies of empires, turned on the acceptance or rejection of a few lines in a protocol by the Ministers of a foreign State. If that were so, Russia would have ceased to be mistress of her own actions, and her policy would be regulated in Downing Street. We are not yet in possession of the motives which have decided the conduct of the Queen's Ministers on this question of the Protocol; and there is probably much in connexion with the negotiation of this document at the other Courts of Europe which may be known to the British Government, but which they have not the right to disclose. Upon the whole, it would perhaps have been more consistent with the policy of this country and the opinions of this nation to enter into no written or positive engagements at all with the Continental Powers of Europe, on a question which is still so threatening and so obscure. We confess that the history of the Protocol of April 4, 1826, which we have related at length in the preceding pages, has on our mind the effect of a warning voice. But, on the other hand, this negotiation may have elicited from Austria and Germany a more distinct intimation that

their neutrality could not be relied on; and recent experience must have satisfied the emissaries of Russia, that although all Europe is anxiously desirous to see reforms effected in the administration of the Turkish Empire and in the condition of its Christian subjects, all Europe is equally determined that no intervention, based on these specious grounds, shall be made subservient to the purposes of Russian aggression.

## NOTE

### *on 'Railway Profits and Railway Losses.'*

In the 'Edinburgh Review' for April, 1876, we took occasion to call attention to the steady decline in the proportion of the net receipts to the capital invested in the railways of the United Kingdom; and to give the reasons, as far as they were suggested by the information then accessible, which appeared to us in great measure to account for the phenomenon. We pointed out the suspicious character of the mode of keeping railway accounts, and the fact that neither the public, the shareholders, nor the Board of Trade could ascertain, from the published accounts or returns, the respective profit or loss of either of the three main branches of business now carried on by railway companies, viz. the passenger, the merchandise, and the mineral traffic. We cited facts that seemed to indicate that, on the long lines, this last department of business was carried on at a relative, if not at an absolute, loss; and we urged on all concerned the duty of ascertaining, beyond question, what rates and fares were remunerative, and what were not.

A considerable amount of information has reached us, from different sources, since the publication of the paper in question. And it is only right to say that not only the balance of such information, but every item of its detail, has been such as to confirm and strengthen the views we formerly ventured to express. The admirable reports of Mr. Danvers on the Indian Railways, and the minute care with which Mr. Rendel has analysed and tabulated the results of their working, are such as to enable the student to ascertain the relative cost of the various descriptions of traffic on these lines, and to show that while the transport of passengers at very low fares, even approaching one-third of a penny per mile, may be remunerative, when the numbers are large, the same rule does not apply to goods. The cost of conveying a ton of merchandise appears to be about equal to that of conveying three passengers for an equal distance. From Louisville, in America, we have received a pamphlet written by Mr. Albert Fink, the Vice-President and General Superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville and Great

Southern Railroad, containing an 'investigation into the cost of transportation on American railroads,' which is a model of patient accuracy of detail. Each of the above reports is, indeed, drawn up on the usual basis of the 'train-mile.' But each writer admits the inaccuracy of that basis, and affords the means of reducing his calculations to the true unit of the ton-mile. From the publications of the Institution of Civil Engineers we learn that experiments have recently been made in America on the resistance of railway trains (by means of a new scientific instrument called the dynograph), the result of which has been that the speed of the heavy trains is now being increased, in order to save expense. From travellers in France and Belgium we have instructive accounts of the lucrative activity of the internal navigation of the former country, contrasted with the stagnation produced by government interference in the latter. Finally, we have seen the best Walls' End coal quoted in the Thames at less than 16s. per ton; a fact which shows that the railway companies are now competing with a rate of freight not exceeding 4s. per ton for from 250 to 300 miles of sea-carriage.

Under these circumstances we think it right to call attention to a small pamphlet recently published by Mr. William Fleming under the title of 'The Index to our Railway System and our Leading Lines.' Mr. Fleming has submitted the 'Railway Returns,' published by the Board of Trade, to an exhaustive analysis, the results of which he has presented to the eye in two large tables. One of them gives the details of our railway system, taking England, Scotland, and Ireland apart and in mass. The other gives somewhat similar details as to twenty of the most important railways. Although we cannot admit that 'everything relating to railways in general, and individual lines in particular, as property and means of investing money, can be learned by a consideration and comparison of the facts which these tables contain,' we only except to the remark on ground which has been taken by Mr. Fleming himself, when he says, 'It is rather humiliating that, after fifty years' experience of railways, we have no data of, or hardly even the means of approximating, the intrinsic loss and gain per passenger and per ton of goods per mile.' The following facts, which come out from Mr. Fleming's figures, demand very careful attention.

During 1875 the expenditure of  $20\frac{1}{2}$  million sterling on the railways of the United Kingdom has added only  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. to their length, but 3.33 per cent. to their cost, the additional cost of the English lines being nearly 1000l. per mile. The increase of the gross receipts on the English lines has barely exceeded half the average yearly increase between 1871 and 1874. 'The expansion of traffic has not kept pace with the expenditure of capital; and the relative decrease of expenditure (due to fall in price of coal and wages) merely leaves them to gain the same profit as in 1874.' The tonnage of minerals is greater in every instance, except the Great Northern; but 'the lines of least mineral traffic show the highest earnings per train-mile.' 'As the growth of traffic on the goods lines is not keeping pace with the expenditure of capital, and, notwithstanding the general decrease of

'working charges, are not equal in their profits to former gains, it shows 'that lower dividends are inevitable.'

Thus far Mr. Fleming draws his own inferences. We have only to add a word as to certain results to be derived by a comparative analysis from some of his figures, which throw much light on the question for the solution of which, by direct analysis, the railway companies refuse the materials.

The contention against the carriage of minerals by railways is two-fold: first, it is alleged to be unremunerative; secondly, it is said to be the main cause of collisions. Definite figures are attainable from Mr. Fleming's tables which illustrate each of these propositions.

First, it is certain that the proportionate cost of working charges, including maintenance, locomotion, and repairs, increases with the increase of the proportion borne by receipts from mineral traffic to gross receipts. Thus, the Metropolitan Railway has only 2·3 per cent. of mineral traffic. Its working expenses, as above defined, amount to 15 per cent. of its gross revenue. The South Eastern Railway has 3·8 per cent. of mineral traffic. Its working expenses amount to 21 per cent. of revenue. The Brighton has 7 per cent. of mineral traffic; working expenses 24·5 per cent. The London and North Western has 21 per cent. of mineral traffic. The working expenses come to 28·7 per cent. of revenue. The Midland has 27·5 per cent. of mineral traffic. The working expenses amount to 29 per cent. of revenue. The North Eastern has 37 per cent. of mineral traffic. The working expenses amount to 35·5 per cent. of revenue. Roughly speaking, for every additional 1 per cent. of revenue derived from mineral traffic, the working expenses are increased by an amount equal to one-half per cent. of gross revenue. The incidence of other expenses is less regular. The Government duty, of course, diminishes as passenger traffic declines. But traffic charges, which form a considerable item of general expenditure, rise from 11 per cent. on the Metropolitan, and 12·9 per cent. on the South Eastern, to 17·9 per cent. on the Midland. It is thus evident that the increment of mineral traffic is attended by a more than equivalent increment of working cost.

The direct effect on dividend of the class of traffic encouraged by the managers of railways, and of the cost, in capital and in working expenses, incurred for the service of such traffic, is strikingly illustrated by the contrast presented by the experience of four years on the South Eastern, and on the Midland, railways. In 1871 the Midland had a larger traffic per mile than the South Eastern, the figures being 4,580*l.* for the former, and 4,322*l.* for the latter railway. The capital expended per mile on the South Eastern was 59,900*l.*; that on the Midland, 42,161*l.* The proportion of net traffic receipts to capital was 3·91 per cent. on the Southern Line, 5·91 per cent. on the Northern. By 1875 the gross traffic of the South Eastern had increased by 25½ per cent.; or to 5,416*l.* per mile. The capital cost per mile had increased about 2½ per cent., or to 61,435*l.* The mineral traffic had proportionately decreased; the proportions of mineral to total gross revenue being 4·15 per cent. in 1871, and 3·76 per cent. in 1875. The consequence of this change was the rise of the proportion borne by

net revenue to capital, from 3·91 to 4·52 per cent.; which is an improvement of the value of the property by 16 per cent.

On the Midland the traffic revenue was increased, during the period in question, by nearly 13 per cent., or from 4,580*l.* to 5,159*l.* per mile. The large proportion which mineral traffic bore in this increase is shown by the fact that the proportion of mineral gross revenue was 23·24 per cent. of total gross revenue in 1871, and 27·75 per cent. in 1875; an increase of nearly 20 per cent. The capital account had been coincidentally increased by nearly 12 per cent.; or from 42,161*l.* to 47,804*l.* per mile. The consequence was the reduction on the proportion borne by net traffic earnings to capital from 5·91 to 5·05 per cent., involving a deterioration of the property by more than 14½ per cent., a depreciation which has to be contrasted with the increase of 16 per cent. in the value of the South Eastern line. There has thus been occasioned, within four years, a difference of proprietary value between the non-mineral and the mineral lines cited, amounting to more than 30 per cent.

The statistical comparison of the number of train accidents with the proportion of mineral traffic has no less instructive results. Thus, on the Metropolitan and the Metropolitan District lines, where the mineral traffic earns less than 3 per cent. of the gross revenue, and where the interference of mineral trains with passenger traffic is at a minimum, more than 3,000,000 of passengers per mile are conveyed in a year; and the ratio of train accidents has been only one to every 17,000,000 of passengers.

On the South Eastern and Brighton lines the mineral traffic averages only 5½ per cent. The passenger traffic amounts to upwards of 70,000 passengers per mile per annum. The train accidents have averaged one to 4·8 millions of passengers.

On the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway the passenger traffic is about 79,000 passengers per mile per annum, or 12 per cent. more than on the last-named pair of lines. The mineral traffic, however, forms nearly 18 per cent. of the whole revenue, being thus three times as great in proportion as on the South Eastern and Brighton lines. The train accidents in 1875 (which was rather a favourable year than otherwise) were one to every 1·73 millions of passengers; thus increasing on the accident rate of the last quoted pair of lines at a rate slightly in excess of the increase of the proportion of mineral traffic.

On the Midland and North Eastern lines, where the mineral traffic averages 32 per cent. of the gross revenue, the rate of accident expectation is slightly less than on the Lancashire and Yorkshire, being one in 1·82 million passengers carried. But this comparatively low rate is at once explained by observing the small number of passengers per mile actually carried by these lines, which only averages 22,500, or less than one-third of those carried by the Lancashire and Yorkshire. Thus, while the mineral traffic approached the double of that carried by the former line, there was only about one-third of the amount of passenger traffic with which it could interfere. The results were approximately much the same.

It thus appears that while an enormous amount of passenger traffic,

unmixed with any other, may be conveyed with a very high degree of safety, collision and fatal accident dog the wheels of the mineral trains with a certitude measured by the extent to which this unremunerative traffic interferes with the conduct of the passenger trains.

Any words at our command would only impair the effect of the mute eloquence of these facts.

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## NOTE

*to the Article on 'Brigandage in Sicily,' p. 505.*

On the eve of going to press we receive the annual report of Signor Mangano Pulvirenti, acting public prosecutor at Palermo, on the results of the administration of justice within the jurisdiction of the Court of Appeal of Palermo in 1876. The whole population of the island of Sicily is about two millions and a half: that of the province of Palermo about 600,000. In 1876, 17,042 persons were tried, 7,481 for crimes, and 9,561 for misdemeanours. The number of murders and murderous assaults followed by death was 662, of which 267 were assassinations, besides 666 murderous assaults not followed by death, 27 extortions by threats, 31 carrying off of persons. The whole number of convictions was 13 to death, penal servitude for life 61, penal servitude for a shorter term 290, imprisonment 415, besides some minor punishment. *In 6,217 cases the prosecution was abandoned for want of proof to convict.* The total number of accused persons who got off without punishment was 10,490. Meanwhile the regular bands of Leone, Nobile, Merlo, and Calabrese infest the island with the utmost audacity, and the number of accomplices who escape justice and are condemned in contumacy '*sono rappresentati da enorme cifre!*'

These official statements bear out every thing we have said in this article. We doubt if such a disgraceful record of unpunished crime was ever laid before the world.



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